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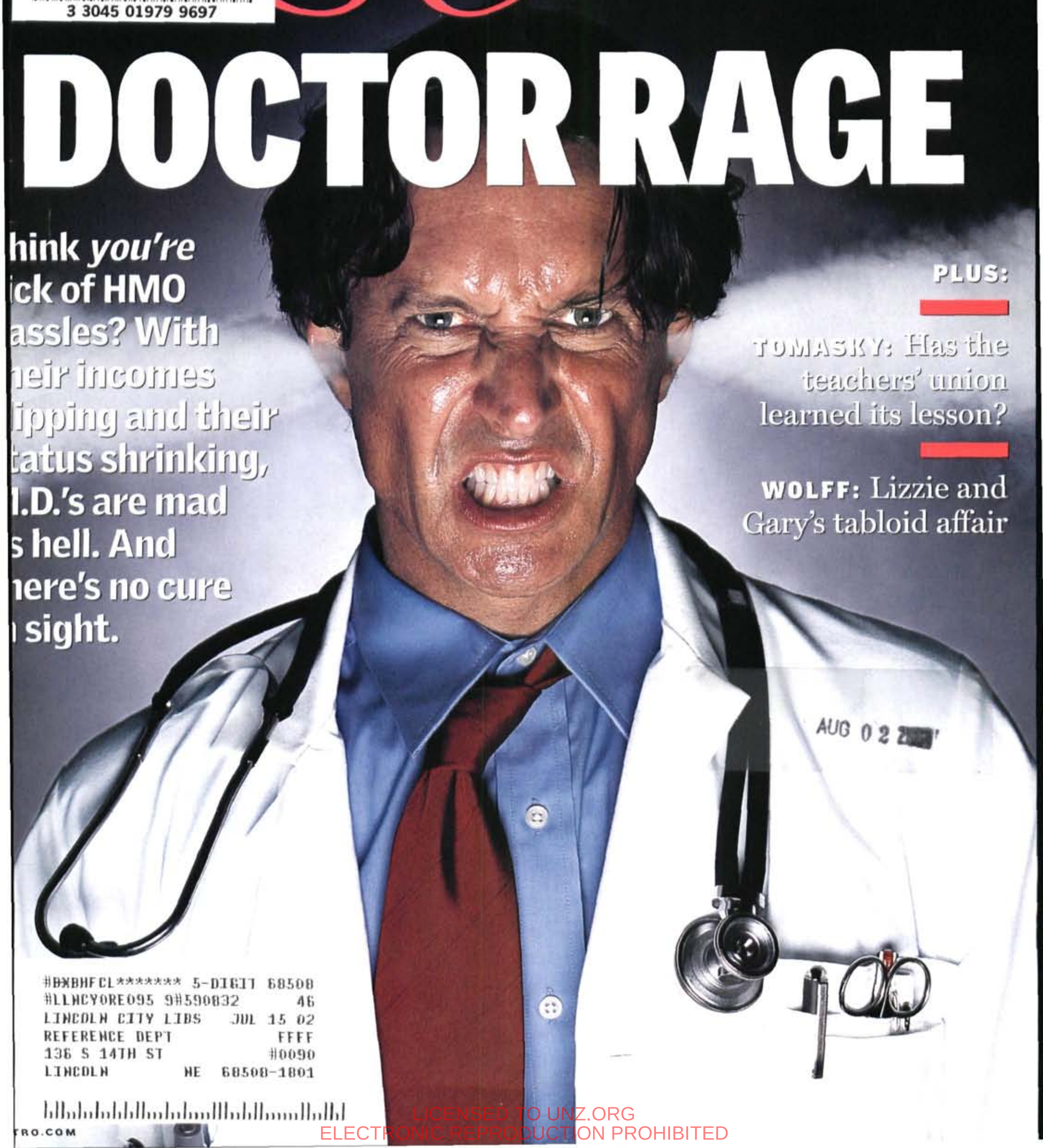

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**TOMASKY:** Has the teachers' union learned its lesson?

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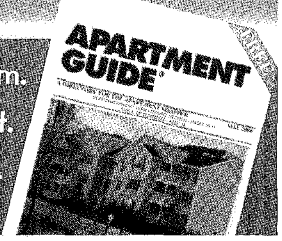

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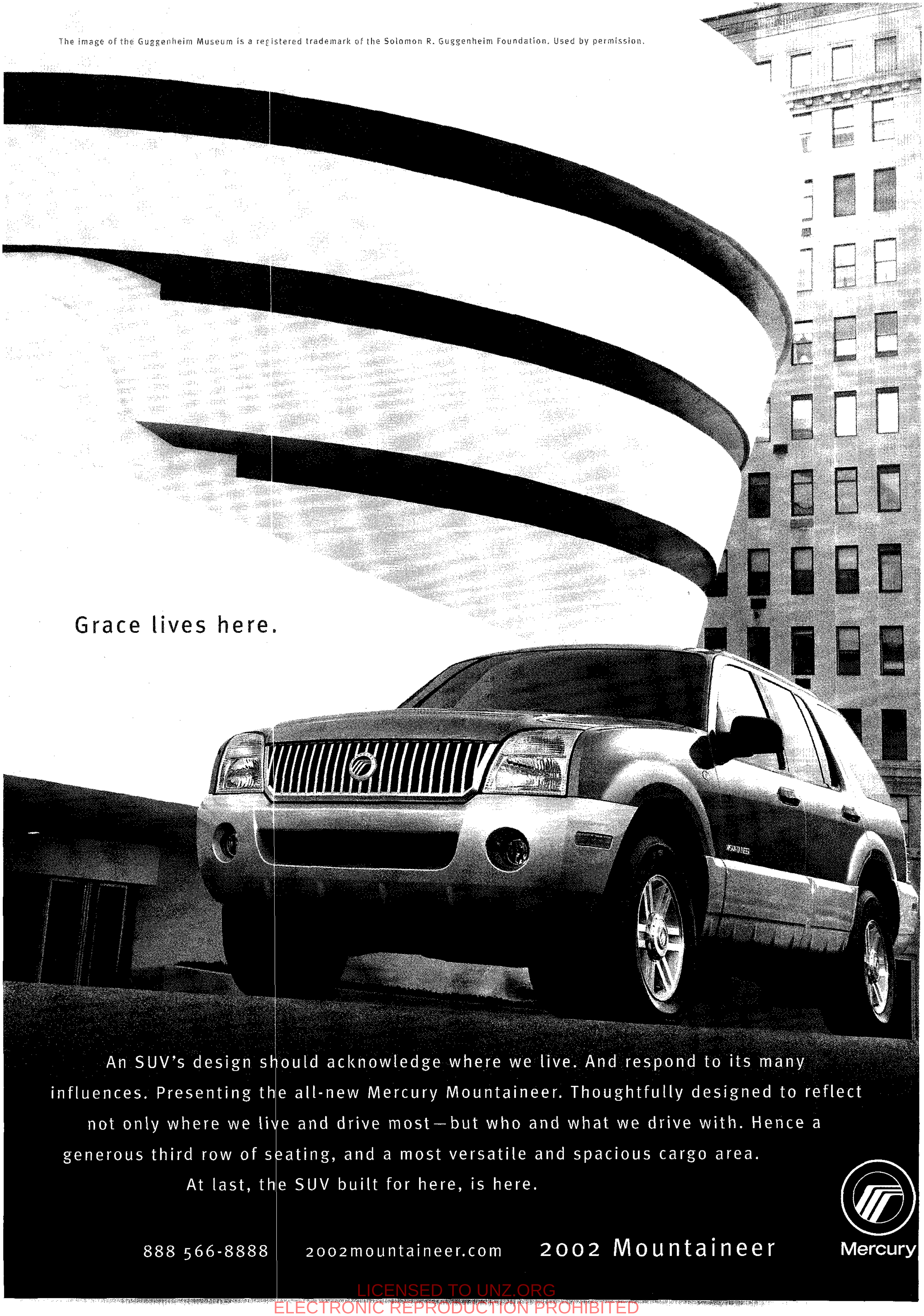

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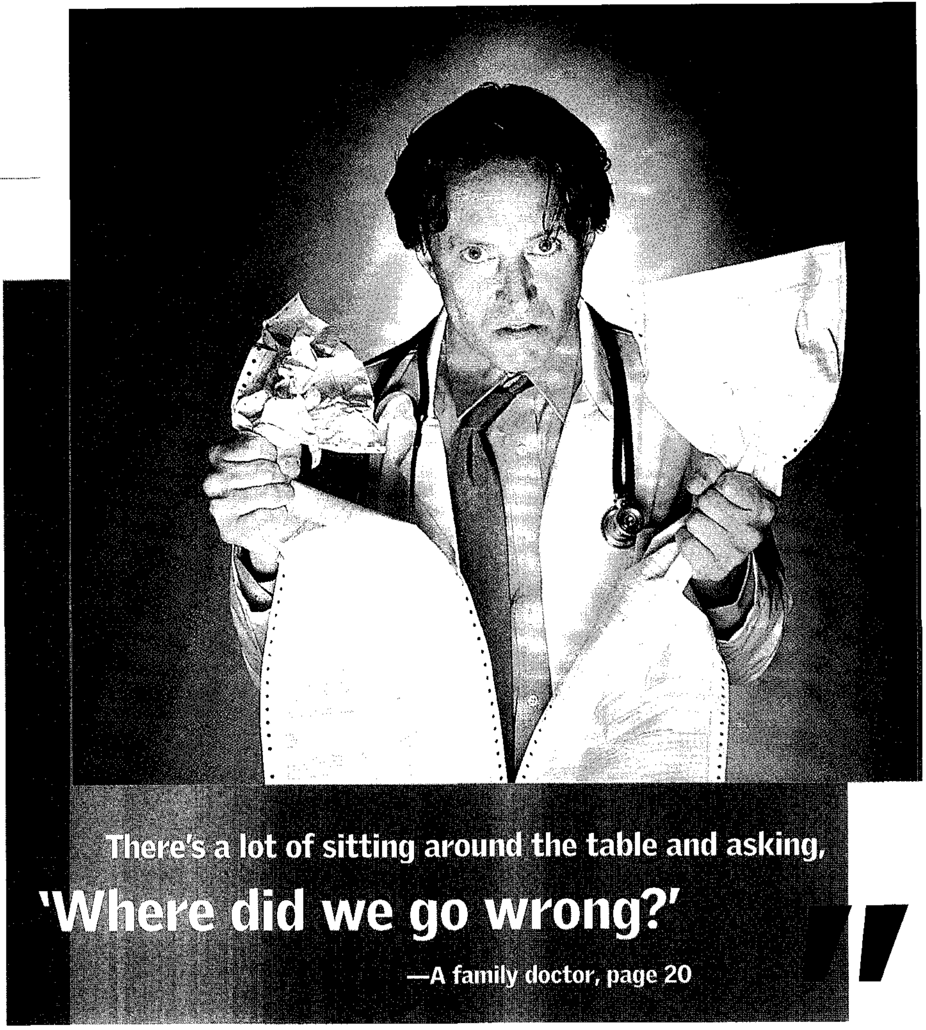

"There's a lot of sitting around the table and asking, 'Where did we go wrong?'"

—A family doctor, page 20

20 **Medical Malaise** By Steve Fishman
Once upon a time, doctors who made it through those eight grueling years of medical training were rewarded with a professional life that virtually guaranteed affluence, independence, and nothing short of reverence from their health-care colleagues and the culture at large. That was before managed care swamped them with paperwork, chipped away at their incomes, and turned them into cogs in the health-care machine. Or at least that's their self-diagnosis. And you were wondering why their bedside manner can leave something to be desired.

26 **Where Cars Go to Die** By Mark Jacobson
It was a quest to find the unfindable: a bench seat for a buddy's 1979 Chevrolet Caprice Classic. And it took the author to the Boulevard of Broken Cars just east of Shea Stadium: the vast auto graveyard at Willet Points Boulevard. Call it Karmandu.

28 **The Art of the Con** By Anthony Haden-Guest
The dealers in the rarefied circle in which Michel Cohen moved thought nothing of handing over $1 million on a handshake for the promise of a Picasso or a Chagall. When the genial Frenchman vanished—having conned his victims out of as much as $100 million—it became clear the art world's connoisseurs hadn't spotted this fake.

34 **A Curious Case** By Boris Kachka
Stepson of *Partisan Review* editor William Phillips, Allen Kurzweil spent his formative years in fierce intellectual crossfire. No wonder he likes to retreat to the New York Public Library—or that it took him nine years to research his ingenious, circuitous new novel.

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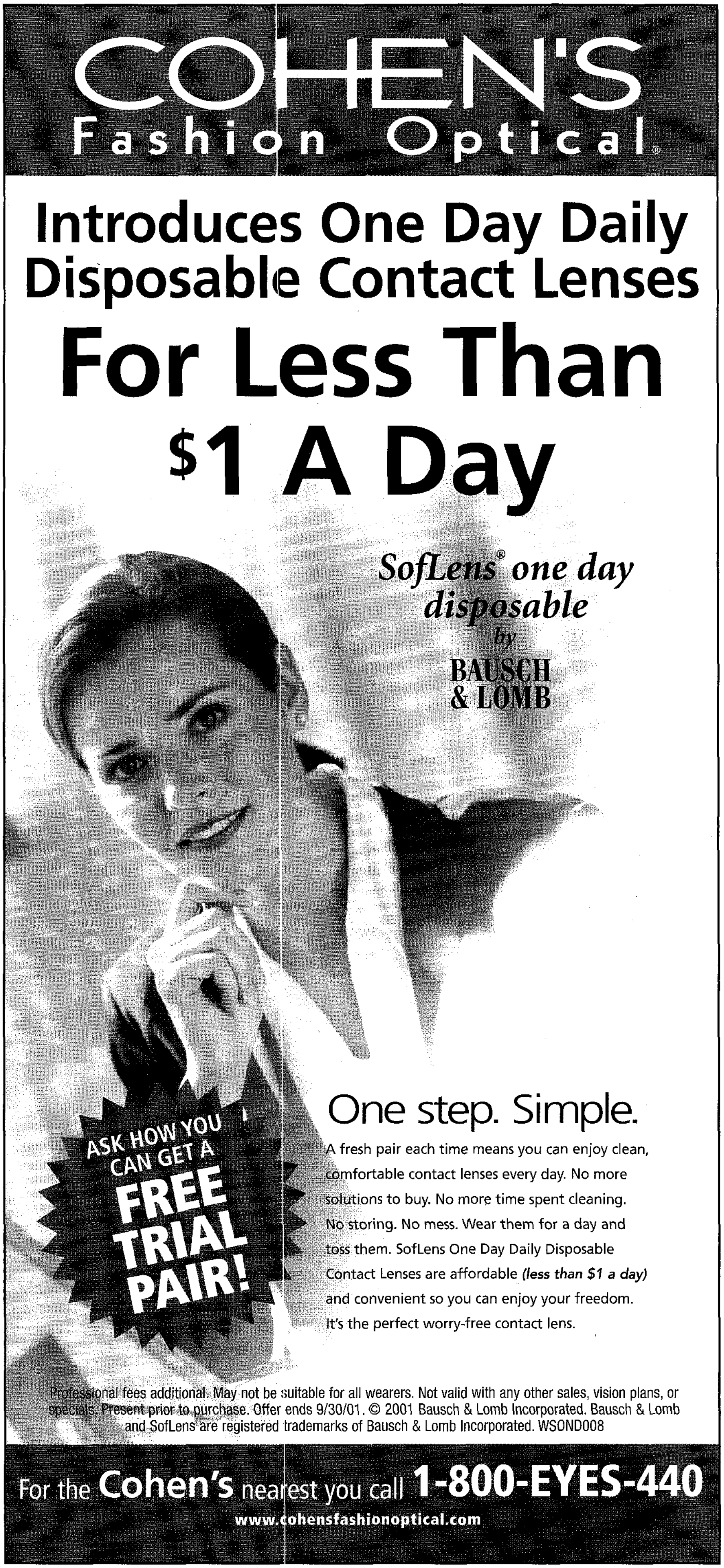

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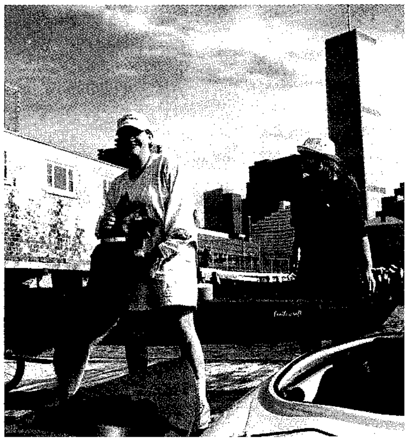
# Letters

> "The water in New York is a great resource. Why does it take out-of-towners and critics to see that?"
>
> —Nancy Frehling

## Water on the Brain

The timing of "Just Add Water" [by Joseph Giovannini, July 16] was perfect for us! After years of visiting New York, my husband and I had the opportunity this June to arrive in New York on our new boat, which we were bringing from Rhode Island to Florida. What an exciting way to visit the city! But it was clear to us how undervalued the waterfront is by New Yorkers. Hardly anyone was outdoors on the terrace, and no one took the time to stop and look out at the marina. The water in New York is a great resource. Why does it take out-of-towners and critics to see that? Look what cities like Baltimore and Savannah have done to develop their waterfronts. This could indeed be a project for the twenty-first century!

**Nancy Frehling,** MIAMI BEACH, FLA.



**Aww! He thinks he's people!** Dog paddling at the Downtown Boathouse.

After twenty years of schlepping to the Hamptons, I've discovered New York City's waterfront—and love it! I Rollerblade along the East River from Gracie Mansion up to the Triboro Bridge—it's smooth, uncrowded, and only a few feet from the river and its activity. Yes, you have the FDR traffic on the other ide, but like a true New Yorker I see only the good.

**Michele Goldman,** MANHATTAN

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In "Just Add Water," North Brooklyn's waterfront received not even an honorable mention. That's a big oversight in an article trying to promote creative uses of New York's waterfront. North Brooklyn neighborhoods have won a new state park that will give waterfront access and allow for evening entertainment and theater, as well as provide premier playing fields for NYU. *New York*'s article didn't even reference it. Further up the river, the Monitor Museum has been founded and plans a floating home on the water. A bit of history, cultural events, and—yes—the Manhattan skyline as a backdrop. Magnificent, but not mentioned in the article either. North Brooklyn residents want projects for the waterfront. They fight hard for them. They have overwhelming support from Assembly Speaker Sheldon Silver, the governor, and other elected officials. All we need is for you to write about us, too.

**Joseph R. Lentol,** BROOKLYN
ASSEMBLYMAN, 50TH DISTRICT

## Glenda the Good

The attitude of some New York City fashionistas toward the new *Harper's Bazaar* editor, Glenda Bailey ["Bazaar Behavior," by Alex Williams, July 16], is simply ignorant. That her background or accent is deemed worthy of comment in discussions of her ability is sad. The truth is that her predecessor, Kate Betts, for all her background and Princeton polish, cost Hearst a fortune thanks to her hirings and firings, only to produce a magazine that was deathly dull and that deservedly slumped at the newsstand. In contrast, Bailey is considered one of the true magazine geniuses of our time by her peers. She may not be tall and blonde, but then neither was Diana Vreeland. Watch out, Anna Wintour.

**Robert Johnston,** LONDON, ENGLAND

## School-Board Scapegoat

It's gratifying to see *New York* Magazine take the time to do justice to a story ["Tales Out of School," by Yvonne M. Durant, July 16]. Irving Hamer deserved better than the pile-on the press has subjected him to. Your thorough and accurate reporting contributed heretofore absent balance and completeness. It continues your tradition of sophisticated coverage of New York City public affairs.

**Helen Hill Updike,** MANHATTAN

## Double Standards

I take exception to the criticism of *Blue* ["In Brief: Theater," by John Simon, July 16] that it is "completely free of racial problems." If this were a similar play about a thriving middle-class white family, it would not be criticized because it ignores racial problems. It was a treat to see a play about a black family without racial overtones.

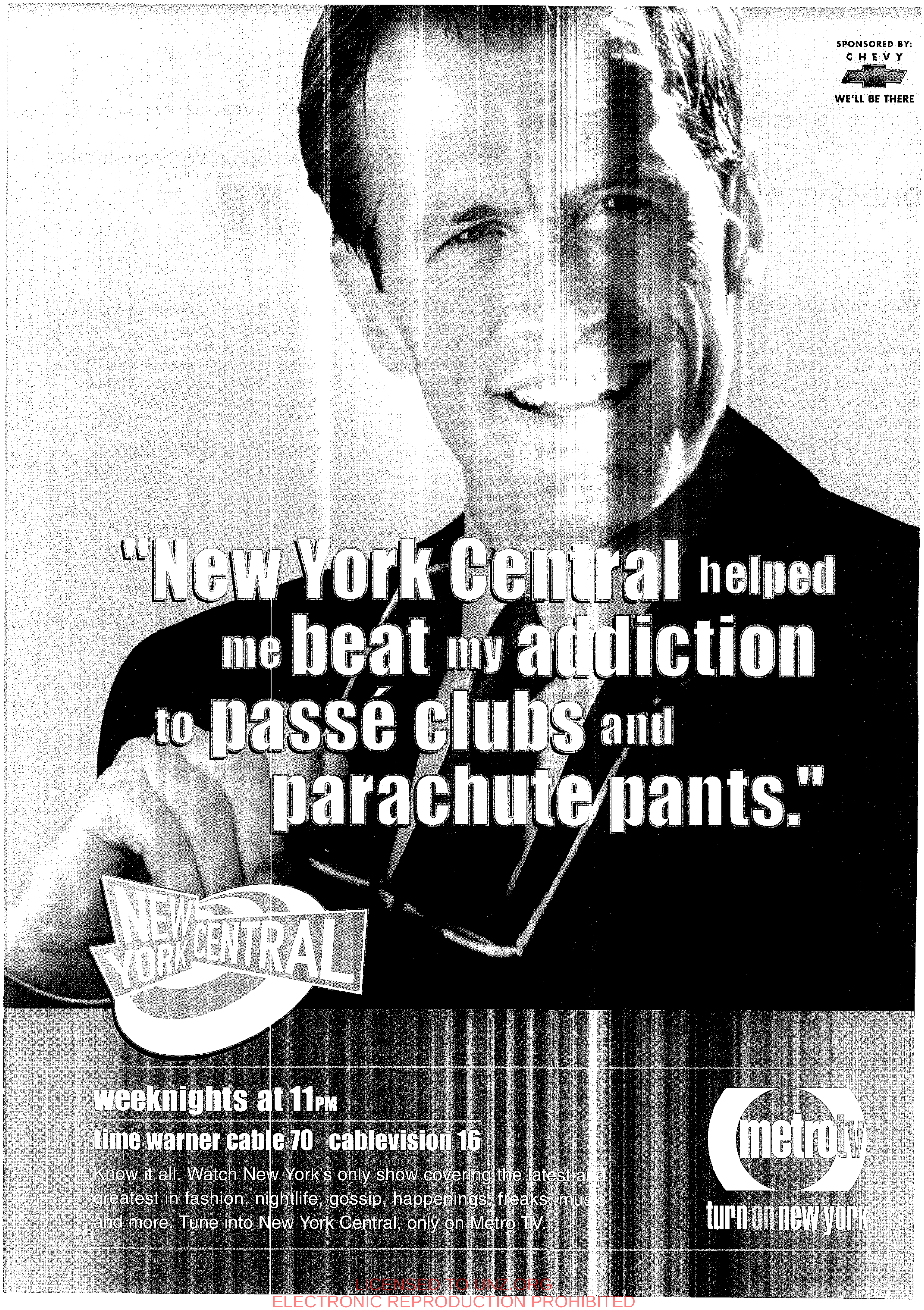
**Mary Louise Dillman,** WEST HEMPSTEAD, N.Y.

## Divine Judgment?

Why was it necessary to refer to Allah in your otherwise excellent article on Mary Jo White ["Making the Case," by Nina Burleigh, July 9]? Ms. Burleigh's statement that the thunderstorm may have been an angry reaction from Allah to the verdict on the bombing of the U.S. embassies in Africa portrays Islam as a religion that promotes terrorism. It is unfortunate that so many terrorists hide behind the shield of Islam, but surely educated journalists can show some restraint in stereotyping Islam in this manner.

**Shazia Khawaja,** MANHATTAN

hotograph by Xavier Guardans.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# Intelligencer

By Marc S. Malkin

## Lizzie Grubman: Signature Dish

First there were the **Lizzie Grubman** jokes and the "Lizzie's Hamptons 500" Internet video game. Then there was the rather boorish New York *Post* contest launched last week (first prize: one Mercedes-Benz SUV). Now, here come the autograph hounds. Bizarre, yes. But it seems there's a burgeoning market for Grubman's signature. After Grubman was quoted in *New York*'s 1999 Hamptons issue declaring that Twice Upon a Bagel in Wainscott had the best bagels on the East End, the magazine's cover and Grubman's snippet were blown up to poster size and displayed in the shop. Grubman autographed it with YOU GUYS ARE THE BEST, LIZZIE. Two years and one horrible accident later, shop owner **Steve Vaccaro** says customers have offered as much as $25,000 for the blowup. "People have been making comments," he says, "asking if I'm going to take it down, how much do I want for it, am I going to put it on eBay. The Grubmans have been customers for six years. I'm just not willing to write someone off like that."

## Wintour's Not Too Sure About Having *Sex*

**Sarah Jessica Parker**'s character on *Sex and the City* may worship *Vogue*, but the fashion bible's editrix, **Anna Wintour**, isn't returning the love. Wintour recently received a letter from *Sex and the City* producers requesting permission to shoot an upcoming episode at her office (for all you *Sex* fans, we won't say why), but Wintour's not ready for her close-up. We overheard Wintour at last week's premiere of *Apocalypse Now Redux* telling her 15-year-old son, **Charlie**, that she'll probably pass because she hasn't been too impressed with the series' third season. Charlie wisely countered that the publicity would be good for the magazine. Wintour, however, worried about how she'll be portrayed. "They've already written the part that's based on me," she said, "but I am afraid she will probably be dreadful."

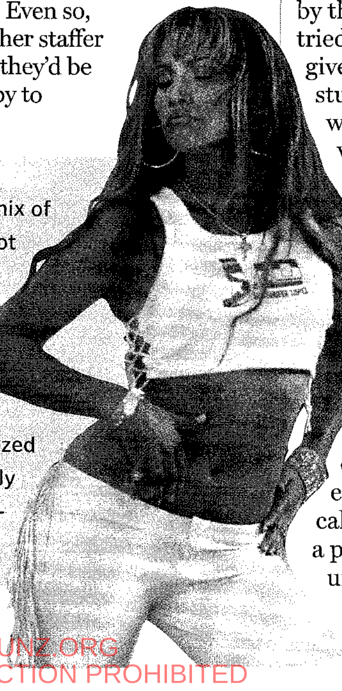
## Annie Leibovitz's Ribbon Cutting

Tie a yellow ribbon round the old oak tree and **Annie Leibovitz** will likely rip it off. On two different occasions, the photographer made her employees cut down yellow ribbons that the Live/Work Coalition—a group lobbying to extend the city's loft laws into West Chelsea—has tied around trees in front of her 26th Street studio. The ribbons—intended to raise awareness of the plight of local artists facing eviction—have appeared throughout the neighborhood recently. "We had no idea that those were *her* trees that are planted on the sidewalk," snipes coalition member **Eileen Kelly**. Kelly claims a Leibovitz employee told her that they were under strict orders by Leibovitz to remove the ribbons. "We have photo shoots and celebrities here, and it doesn't look good to have these bright yellow ribbons," one staffer says. Even so, another staffer says they'd be happy to display the ribbons now: "We didn't know what they were for. But now that we do, we'd be happy to leave them."

## A Mademoiselle in Distress

It's true, the goodie bag at *Mademoiselle*'s party at Cabaña in Southampton for covergirl **Kristin Davis** *was* better than most. But junior socialite and real-estate heiress **Marjorie Gubelmann** may have gotten a little carried away. It seems that by the time the millionairess tried to claim one of the giveaways—a SAK tote stuffed with about $300 worth of freebies—there were none left. But Gubelmann—who appeared in last summer's BBC documentary on the Hamptons, *Manhattan on the Beach*, proclaiming that "new riche is better than no riche at all"—didn't want to go home empty-handed. Onlookers laughed as she frantically searched the room for a possible stray, peeking under tables and pleading

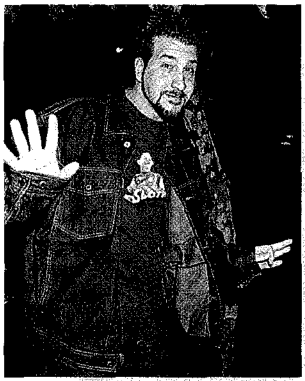
## Matt Lauer: A Fate Worse Than Death?



**Jennifer Lopez** may be wishing she'd never used the N-word in the remix of her "I'm Real" single. She's apparently received death threats since Hot 97 morning hosts **Star** and **Buc Wild** started blasting her on their show for using the word because she's not African-American. A source tells us that Lopez was so worried about the threats that she actually considered canceling her July 13 performance on the *Today* show. A *Today* rep says the show knew of no threats but that producers beefed up security in order to handle the 6,000 or so people who squeezed into Rockefeller Plaza for the free concert. Lopez's rep insists her only real fear was **Matt Lauer**: "She was nervous about Matt Lauer's questions, like 'Are you pregnant?' and 'Are you getting married?' There was never a doubt Jennifer would perform."

hotographs: from top, Robin Platzer/Twin Images; Lau Thomas/Gamma Presse Images.

# Intelligencer



## Traci Bingham Goes Commando

Former Harvard student and *Baywatch* alum **Traci Bingham** had a slew of single men—including **Jimmy Fallon, Chris Kattan, Breckin Meyer**, and even **Hugh Hefner**—to choose from at 'N Sync's record-release party in Los Angeles last week, but she decided to go straight for one of the big guys instead—24-year-old 'N Sync-er **Joey Fatone**. A spy at the bash reports that after only a few minutes of chatting with Fatone, the skimpily clad 33-year-old Bingham leaned close and cooed into his ear, "You know, I never wear underwear." Fatone, who's been linked with women's-wrestling champ **Chyna** in recent months, was less than impressed. "He kind of politely smiled and looked at her like, 'Why are you telling me this?' " says our source. "And then he just walked away."

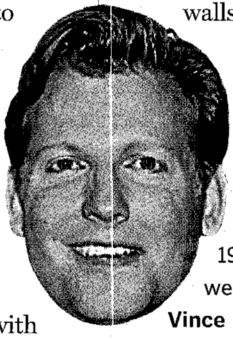
with staffers to help her find one. "People turn into greedy creatures over gift bags," reports a fellow partygoer. "You could put a dead animal in a paper bag and people would try and take two." Gubelmann confirmed that she still wants a bag and won't be happy until she gets one. *Mademoiselle* has graciously offered to send her one.

## Art Patrons Duped by Rogues' Gallery

Nonprofit arts foundation Gen Art is dedicated to showcasing emerging artists, so you'd think the organization would have a clue as to who those artists are—or, in this case, aren't. At the recent opening of a Gen Art exhibit at the Puck Building, co-curator **Jon Raymond**, along with **Hilary Swank** and husband **Chad Lowe**, was splattered with a cream pie thrown by a man protesting the anti-police artwork of Zelig Kurland. But we've since learned that Zelig Kurland doesn't exist. And neither do artists Heath Bieferman, Darius Rinaali, or Betsy Tripi—in fact, ten of the fourteen artists featured in the show are fictitious, and the pie and protest were staged as well. Unfortunately, Gen Art organizers still don't get the joke. They insisted to us that all of the artists were real and, to vouch for their authenticity, referred us to the curators. "Most of them were fake," confirms co-curator **Jay Sanders**. "It seemed like the best thing to do, since we felt like Gen Art was just asking us to provide props for their party." The bogus artworks on the walls were created by Raymond, Sanders, and a bunch of their friends.

## Scotch Guard

**Sandra Bernhard**'s no fan of **Madonna**'s fashion choices. While having breakfast at the Bus Stop café the day after Madonna's first New York concert at Madison Square Garden last week, one of our spies saw Bernhard snatch up a newspaper from the counter. Pointing to the front-page photo of the Material Girl in her punked-out Scottish attire, Bernhard sneered, "What the hell is that?"



## Craig to Jenna: Joke's on Me

First Daughter **Jenna Bush** has every reason to be fed up with the beating she's taken on late-night TV. But confronting **Craig Kilborn** in a bar probably won't help matters very much. A West Coast spy reports that the 19-year-old Bush was in a Los Angeles watering hole last week when she spotted Kilborn drinking with **Vince Vaughn**. Bush, who's spending the summer in L.A. as an intern at entertainment firm Brillstein-Grey, introduced herself to Kilborn and then pleaded, "Will you stop making fun of me on the air?" Sure, Kilborn said. But then, without missing a beat, he cracked, "So, can I buy you a beer now?" For the record, our spy did not see the underage Bush drinking, although most of the friends she was with seemed to really be enjoying themselves.

**RUNWAY BRIDE:** We're happy to report that preparations for the highly anticipated October wedding of supermodel **Christy Turlington** and director-actor **Ed Burns** in Italy are coming together nicely. Not only will **Bono** walk her down the aisle, but now we hear that Turlington has asked **John Galliano** to design her dress.

**PUPPY LOVE:** Jewelry designer **David Yurman** and his wife, **Sybil**, love their 6-month-old Maltese, Sushi, so much they can't bear to leave him home alone. The couple brought Sushi along to a recent dinner honoring Saks Fifth Avenue chairman **Philip Miller** at the historic Harold Pratt townhouse, where they kindly asked to check the dog at the coatroom. A fellow partygoer reports that Sybil made sure to bring home a doggie bag filled with treats, including veal scaloppine from Glorious Food.

**BURGER HEAVEN:** When **Bil Clinton** was introduced to **Lee Dunham** at a breakfast with the New York City Partnership business group at Harlem's Bayou restaurant last week, Partnership prez **Kathy Wylde** pointed out that Dunham was the first person to open a McDonald's in Harlem, in 1972, not far from Clinton's new office. Clinton, who had just finished a breakfast of bacon and grits, smiled. "I know," he said, according to a spy. "I'll be seeing all of you there in twenty minutes."

*With Catherine Townsend and Aric Chen.*

Photographs: from top, Henry McGee/Globe Photos; Chris Weeks/BEI; Fitzroy Barrett/Globe Photos; AP Wide Worl

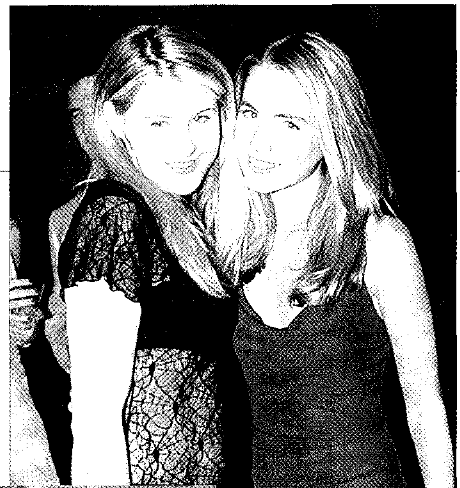
## Animal House

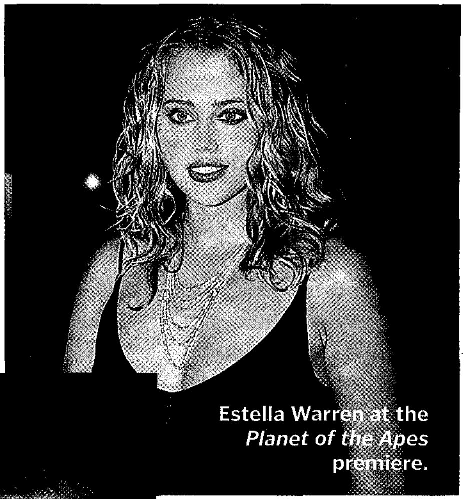
On July 23, a crowd gathered at Roseland to celebrate the premiere of *Planet of the Apes*, **Tim Burton**'s adaptation of the cult-camp classic starring **Mark Wahlberg**. The director, hanging out with muse **Lisa Marie** and singer **Rufus Wainwright**, described his own disquieting history with primates: “Growing up, I had this neighbor who had a pet spider monkey,” he said. “One day, the monkey decided to move into my garage, where it disappeared after two weeks. Years later I was moving a bookshelf, and there I see this freaky monkey corpse!” At that point Burton walked away, leaving listeners somewhat at a loss for words. *Boys Don't Cry* director **Kimberly Peirce** was asked if she'd had any odd wildlife experiences of her own. “Good question,” she said. “Do ex-girlfriends count?” DAVID AMSDEN

## Sea Legs

On July 21, **Kyle MacLachlan**, **Betsey Johnson**, and **Russell Simmons** boarded the Lady Pita, in Sag Harbor, to spend time with pal **Kristin Davis**. Speaking between nibbles of crab roll and repeated applications of lip gloss, the actress recalled past maritime adventures: “We were filming a scene for the show recently where we had to keep circling in the Hudson,” she said. “Some of the crew ended up throwing up. It wasn't pretty.” Just then, a guest slipped and tumbled down the spiral staircase, shattering her glass of Veuve Clicquot. “Ooohh, I fell down my stairs in L.A. once,” winced Davis, who was being toasted for her *Mademoiselle* cover. “But t wasn't *that* bad. I hope she's okay.” No worries—the young lady was fine. D.A.

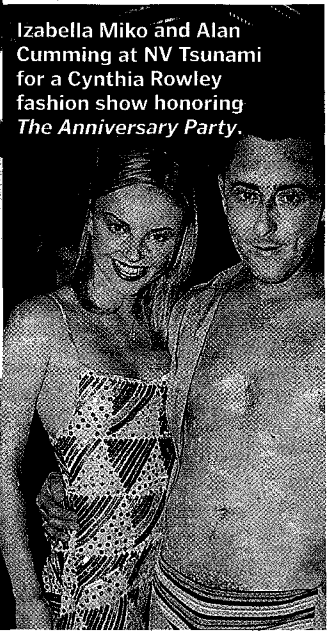
**Photographs by Patrick McMullan**


Marcia Bregman an Amanda Hearst at the Parrish Art Museum's Midsummer Gala.


Estella Warren at the *Planet of the Apes* premiere.

Tilda Swinton at Spa for the premiere of *The Deep End*.

Kristin Davis and Bob Colacello aboard the Lady Pita.


Izabella Miko and Alan Cumming at NV Tsunami for a Cynthia Rowley fashion show honoring *The Anniversary Party*.

Patti Scialfa and Bruce Springsteen at a benefit for the Horticultural Society's Greenhouse Project.

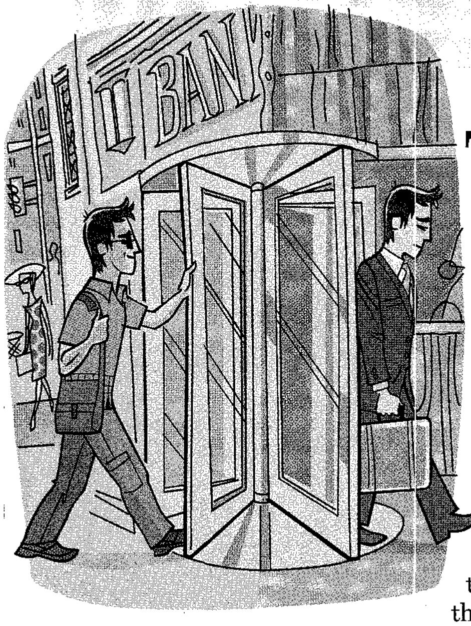
Julia Child and B. Smith at the Wölffer Estate for Chef and Champagne.

Glenn Close and Joel Grey at the Mary Boone Gallery for an auction benefiting Friends of the High Line.

Greg Jarrett and Rikki Klieman at the American Park Restaurant for Court TV's tenth-anniversary celebration.

In business matters it exacted a limpid and impeccable honesty—**Edith Wharton**

# GOTHAM



## To Tie For

Young Wall Streeters are worried their banks are going to put them back in suits this September. And retailers say: Amen! By Amy Larocca

Most mornings, the bankers ascending from the subways at Wall Street look like so many Cabinet members on a Camp David retreat—all ill-fitting khakis and creaseless, glistening topsiders. But in every trading room in town, rumors are flying: Business casual is about to become history. "I heard that it's all over at Goldman Sachs, J.P. Morgan, Deutsche Bank . . . everywhere," whispered one banker. "That right after Labor Day, everyone's going back."

The days of dressing to impress your dot-com client are over. Former paper millionaires are stumbling around Williamsburg in guayaberas and bedhead, while the pleated-twill refuse they left in their wake struggles to make sense of itself.

"It'll be very hard on us," says a worried trader. "Some people have given their suits to charity."

"Obviously, everyone is losing their jobs," said another, "so it's not like people can argue."

Young bankers are torn about the return to the dress of their elders. "We're much more comfortable dressed like everyone else," one explains. But they don't want to lose their jobs. They still want to inch toward SoHo lofts with plasma-screen televisions. They'd rather not have to settle for another summer share. And if that means buttoning up, they'll button up. But they might not like it. "It would be," says one, sighing, "seriously uncool."

If the banks have plans for back-to-school surprises after Labor Day, they're keeping them to themselves. "So far, we've made no plans," said a spokesperson for Goldman Sachs. "But we do have our bankers keep suits here for meetings."

However, retailers are convinced that a shift back to formality—which they've been cheerleading since dry-cleaned denim on casual Fridays first showed its dorky face—is already taking place. "I've heard more than rumors," says Clifford Grodd, president of Paul Stuart. "I've seen the bloody heads! I said all along that the business environment would suffer. It's too confusing! Many of our customers represent the heads of the firms, and I've watched their thinking metamorphose. Now they recognize that what the young guys wanted was a palace coup. They recognize that the lines of authority have blurred, that the work effort has slackened. There's no doubt in my mind that the dress code will come back."

"There's definitely movement this season," says designer John Varvatos. "It's more toward suits. People keep telling me the same thing: Guys just didn't get it."

In a world of "mandals" and Lycra blends, after all, suits are safe. While golf shirts and Dockers may breathe a little better on the subway platform, there's plenty of comfort involved in not having to second-guess your zip-front leather jacket and knowing that your most burning sartorial concern is more like this: "Am I really senior enough for French cuffs?"

### A Casual History

**1991**

Patrick Bateman, hero of the novel *American Psycho*, was an icon of suit culture. But Christian Bale's 2000 movie portrayal of the natty maniac seemed quaint.

**1995**

Razorfish founders Craig Kanarick and Jeff Dachis came to epitomize casual cool as their stock rose toward its $56 peak. Its price now? 49 cents.

**2000**

Gerald Levin of Time Warner and Steve Case of AOL cross-dressed at the press conference announcing their merger. The confusion continues.

Photographs: from left, the Neal Peters Collection; Darryl Estrine; Andrea Renault/Globe Photos; illustration by Chuck Gonzales

**Modern Humorist**

# Sub Wayward

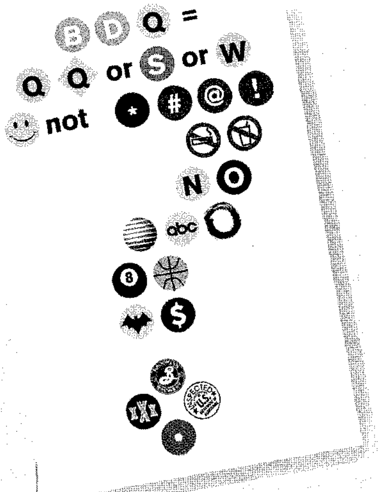
The Manhattan Bridge service changes are too complicated to explain on a poster. They are not complicated enough to inspire a Philip Glass opera but would make for a white-knuckle *Law & Order* crossover event. They are trashy enough to make a great summer read but not worth buying in hardcover. The only way to explain the service changes is through a series of Spanish-language comic strips wherein the trains are metaphorically represented by young people confronting HIV. The changes took effect July 22, 2001, and are scheduled to end in brutal hand-to-hand combat on March 7, 2009.

BDQ trains have new names and attitudes.

The D is now the new Q and is finally out of the closet. The old Q is now the Q Diamond. The B is now the W but never existed in the first place. W trains have all the characteristics of N trains. They make all local and express N stops on the N line in all boroughs, according to the N schedule, and they are labeled with the letter N. Q Diamond trains that attempt to masquerade as W trains will be demoted to E trains, the "untouchables" of the subway system.

The G train will no longer terminate. It will run from eastern Queens to the earth's molten core.

The old Q was played by Desmond Llewelyn. Dame Judi Dench is the new M. "Take the A Train" by Duke Ellington becomes "Smooth Operator" by Sade. "Sade" is pronounced "Q Diamond."



Special K is now Fiber One. Circle K becomes Hy-Vee and terminates at 34th Street.

On weekends, the R train is pronounced "Shar-day."

MODERNHUMORIST.COM

## THE BIG QUESTION

### If Lizzie Grubman can't return to P.R., what should she do?

**George Wayne,** *Vanity Fair* columnist: "Move to Harlem, shave her head, and become a Jewish-American priestess version of Mother Hale."

**A. J. Benza,** author, *Fame: Ain't It a Bitch:* "Lizzie is the publicist for my book. Let's just hope she takes the train to work."

**Dar Williams,** singer-songwriter: "Wander around the Hamptons with a wooden bowl, raising funds for poor, yet telegenic, children."

**Joanna Molloy,** *Daily News* columnist: "Not making license plates, I hope. Maybe she'll follow her father into the law after all her legal navigating."

**Dimitri Boylan,** CEO, HotJobs: "Obviously she belongs in a controlled environment—perhaps a theme park. I suggest a career as a Disney villain."

**Bobby Zarem,** P.R. man: "I like Lizzie. She should continue what she's doing, but not with Peggy Siegal. I just wish Peggy had been outside the club—her mouth is so big it would've stopped the car."

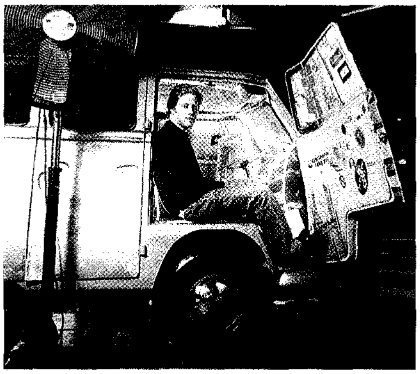
**Carrot Top,** comedian, AT&T pitchman: "Become Halle Berry's assistant."

JADA YUAN

**Nightlife**

# Wetlands Sinks

"Damn! What are we going to do with the van?" Twenty-eight-year-old club owner Pete Shapiro is distraught. He's just discovered that the Wetlands Preserve, his thirteen-year-old jam-band club and save-the-world hangout on Hudson Street, is falling victim to overdevelopment, much like the spotted owls it once championed. The shuttering of "the 'Lands" means the club's psychedelia-splattered, activist-pamphleted VW bus must be towed from its stage-eft parking spot by mid-September. Then the building will be converted into luxury condos and the club's hallowed hippie space on the ground floor—where floral murals of Jerry Garcia and Santana still hang—will become office space: from Deadhead to Dilbert. "We kind of knew it was coming," says Shapiro, who recently produced the IMAX concert film *All Access*. "In New York, the live-music venue is an endangered species."



"Wetlands was pretty darn important," recalls Phish's Trey Anastasio, who rode the crest of the jam-band craze starting in the eighties. "If there was a scene, it kind of congealed there."

Now the 'Lands, which Blues Traveler's John Popper nicknamed "Sweat Glands" because of its one-time lack of air-conditioning, is closing—but Shapiro is already scouting real estate for another activist club, a nonprofit "Lincoln Center for rock music." He's lined up support from enviro-friendly fashion designer Todd Oldham and is in talks with Island Records founder Chris Blackwell. "We want it to be huge," he says, "but you can't build another Wetlands—it takes thirteen years to get that kind of graffiti."

Meanwhile, he's calling Wetlands vets like Dave Matthews and Rancid, hoping they'll play in the club's last days. But he doesn't plan to follow Twilo's lead and auction the van on eBay. "The 'Lands isn't really like that," he says. "We'll probably just give it to a friend." LOGAN HILL

hotographed by Danny Clinch. Illustration by Jessica Kasper.

# Real Estate

EDITED BY CHRISTOPHER BONANOS

# The Price of Fame

## Landlords think that a star's lingering spirit casts a spell over prospective tenants. But renters are rejecting phantom celebrities.

When Jennifer Lopez's $25,000-a-month rental came back on the market, it had a great selling point: *Puffy slept here.* But J.Lo's former pad is still empty. "We can't even get anyone to pay attention at $20,000," admits Robert Eychner, president of Eychner Associates. "Market conditions are market conditions."

Celebrity apartments often sell for inflated prices. (Halstead's Robin Horowitz notes that Ed Burns paid $1 million more for JFK Jr.'s loft than the apartment downstairs sold for.) But after a star's short-term rental, tenants are a lot less willing to pay a surtax. "The practical ones don't give a hoot," says George Arana, a senior associate at Halstead. "Sharon Stone lived on West 10th Street, and the owner thought she could get $500 more a month, but she was nuts. It sat there for a month and a half losing money, so she raised the rent even more to compensate." Three months later, she dropped the price—and found a taker in days.

The same fate may be in store for this season's *Real World* rental, which is going empty at $38,000. "Seven brats and a camera crew just can't get into a co-op," notes Eychner. "So they ended up paying a premium on a rental"—$55,000 per month for the former-chorizo-factory triplex at 632 Hudson Street. "It makes a strong impression on the owner, who thinks that because a celebrity paid extra, regular people will be willing to pay even more." Still, "the owner spruced it up," maintains Eychner. "We'll probably get about $30,000. It's a very sexy apartment."

Some shoppers can even be turned off by ghosts. "There was a brownstone in the East Village that the Grateful Dead supposedly lived in, and I couldn't give it away," says Arana. "It's a *feng shui* thing—bad karma."

Still, there will always be starstruck tenants. When Ben Affleck's TriBeCa place opened up, says Arana, "one single female attorney had the hots for Ben, and kept saying, *He slept here!* And it was just the room, not even his bed." AMANDA MAY

## Vornado Twist

# Unexpected Development

Vornado Realty Trust chairman **Steve Roth** knows real estate—but even he's not immune to a purchasing misstep. When he built the Park Laurel, the luxury tower over the YMCA at 15 West 63rd Street, Roth kept a twenty-ninth-floor apartment for his family's use. Like most advance buyers, he liked what he saw on paper: the mogul-size space, the giant terrace. But expectations and real-estate reality are two different things in New York, and—says a source familiar with the deal—once the building was finished, Roth realized that his outdoor acreage gave him zero privacy. Fortunately, he didn't have much trouble flipping the place, and pulled down $8.2 million. (Roth's representative, Louise Sunshine, confirms the sale, though she denies that the privacy factor entered into his decision.) Unsurprisingly, given that it's Roth's own development, he made the deal himself, without a broker. C.B.

## Big Deals

### Upper East Side

**901 Lexington Avenue**

4-bed, 3.5-bath, 2,482-square-foot condo. Ask: $2.695 million. Sell: $2.1 million. Charges and taxes: $2,849. Nine months on market.

Should Central Park start looking suspiciously stumpy this winter, someone might want to sniff out this investment-banking couple: They bought this "old-world-style" co-op largely because of its four wood-burning fireplaces, all of which they plan to use. "They came from a little one-bedroom where they had one fireplace and used it all the time," says their broker, Anderson Realty's Barbara Anderson Terry. And they do have a legitimate need for extra heat—Mrs. Banker has a bun in the oven. MONICA KHEMSUROV

### Upper West Side

**2373 Broadway**

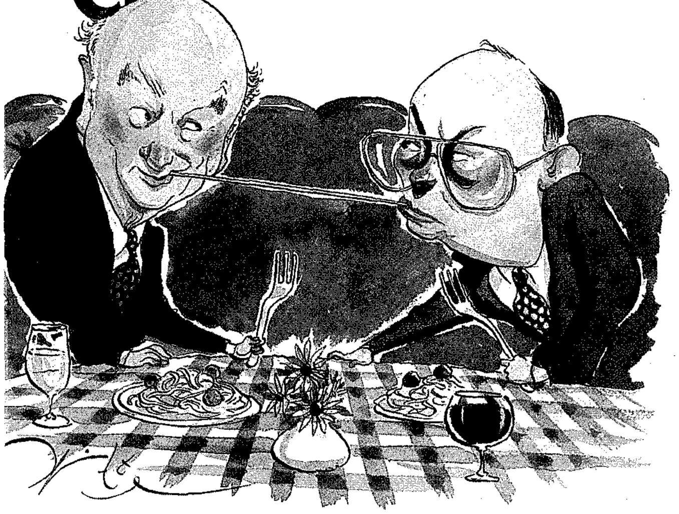
3-bed, 3-bath, 2,200-square-foot co-op. Ask: $1.9 million. Sell: $1.95 million. Maintenance: $3,195. Two weeks on market.

This buyer must have been tired of the usual complaints from his mother—*you never call, you never visit*—especially since she lived in his building, just an elevator ride away. So he finally just bought her a place on his floor, according to Douglas Elliman's Douglas Heddings. In fact, he was so eager to have his mother living steps away that he offered $50,000 more than the asking price, *in cash*, outbidding three other shoppers. Of course, he may not have been acting purely out of filial duty: His mom now has two extra bedrooms, so she can take his two kids for the night anytime. EMILY GITTE

Photograph by Marina Garnier. Illustration by Brook Meinhard

# I'm Right, You're Wrong

## ED KOCH VS. AL D'AMATO



Our dyspeptic couple spit out Condit and chew over the mayoral race. (Has Al gone Green?)

**Jennifer Senior:** Let's start with everyone's favorite summer topic: Gary Condit. When I was a young reporter on Capitol Hill, it was certainly my impression that plenty of congressmen stray.

**Ed Koch:** I don't think that's true. I was there for nine years. Some members engaged in sleazy behavior, but the vast majority went home at night. Washington, D.C., is *not* a bacchanal.

**J.S.:** Should Condit resign?

**Al D'Amato:** *Of course.* He's a total *lowlife.* It has nothing to do with whether he's had sex with this young lady or not. But repeatedly lying, and then attempting to get someone *else* to lie—

**Ed:** He's not worthy of being a congressman.

**J.S.:** On to more pious men, then. Bush met with the pope last week. What nickname do you think he got?

**Al:** Pain in the stem cells?

**Ed:** Papa?

**J.S.:** During W.'s last trip, the press seemed to delight in noting how many Europeans think he's a moron.

**Ed:** I think he's handled himself very well. And now what's so extraordinary is you have all these European leaders saying, "Isn't it terrible about the missile shield?" but Putin is saying, "Why don't we sit down and talk about it?"

**Al:** And who's leading the European opposition? The *French.* The *one* country that wouldn't let our planes fly over it when we went after that son-of-a-gun in Libya. The French are the leaders of nothing more than pastry, I mean really, *pastry*—

**Ed:** I prefer Italian pastry, Al.

**Al:** Ed, I have to tell ya, Mama agrees with you.

**J.S.:** Maybe we should move on to more parochial matters, like city politics.

**Al:** Listen—the next mayor of New York? Mark Green.

**Ed:** I don't think so.

**Al:** He has run the best campaign by far. I've had my clashes with him, but he's bright and he works harder than the other three Democratic candidates combined. I think he wins 40 percent, without a runoff.

**Ed:** I don't think he can avoid a runoff, and I don't think he's gonna win one. Here's my thumbnail sketch: Green is the most radical. If you want Lindsay revisited with a little Nader thrown in, he's your guy. In Freddy Ferrer, you've got someone who believes in class warfare and wants to raise taxes. Hevesi has said he's for paying reparations to African-Americans for slavery—

**Al:** He said that? Where the *hell* does someone running for *mayor* get off saying we should pay *reparations* for *slavery*? If that's not pandering, I don't know what is.

**Ed:** He's doing so badly with blacks, this is his way of trying to reach them. I'm supporting Peter Vallone. He is totally without charisma, but he knows how to make decisions, and he's the one who represents the city best, if you believe that encouraging middle-class values is what this city wants. I'm hopeful he's going to win.

**Al:** Notice what my friend said. *Hopeful.*

**J.S.:** None of the Democratic candidates seems to be able to articulate an interesting vision for New York in 2001.

**Al:** The only candidate who's taken on anything of substance in the past week, and it's not the same tired crap—I mean, we *all* want better schools—is Mark Green.

**Ed:** I detect that you're becoming a supporter.

**Al:** I'll tell you why. He's done something Rudy has failed to do. He said, "Let's expand the Javits Center."

**Ed:** Al, *everybody* wants to expand the Javits Center.

**Al:** But he's the only one who came out and said it.

**J.S.:** I know he's one of your employers, but why do you think, after spending $8.1 million, that Michael Bloomberg is barely an asterisk in the polls?

**Ed:** Let me tell you the problem with Bloomberg. He's a very able administrator, but he has a tin ear. Al?

**Al:** [*Shrugs.*] I think when you have 22 consultants, you get in trouble.

**J.S.:** That was brave of both of you. On to Rudy. What should he do with his last five months? Other than go to Yankees games.

**Al:** Improve his golf game.

**Ed:** Actually, he's improved as mayor.

**J.S.:** Really?

**Ed:** Yes. Because he's said less. [*D'Amato laughs.*]

**J.S.:** Speaking of golf, Bill Clinton opens his doors in Harlem on July 30.

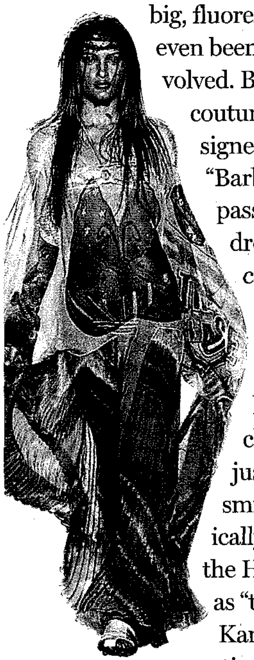
**Al:** *Bill* cheats at golf. I mean, one mulligan, yes. A breakfast ball, okay. A *lunch* ball, okay. But Bill: Stop it. The caddies are talking. ■

Illustration by Michael Witte.

# Style

AMY LAROCCA

## Couture Sutra



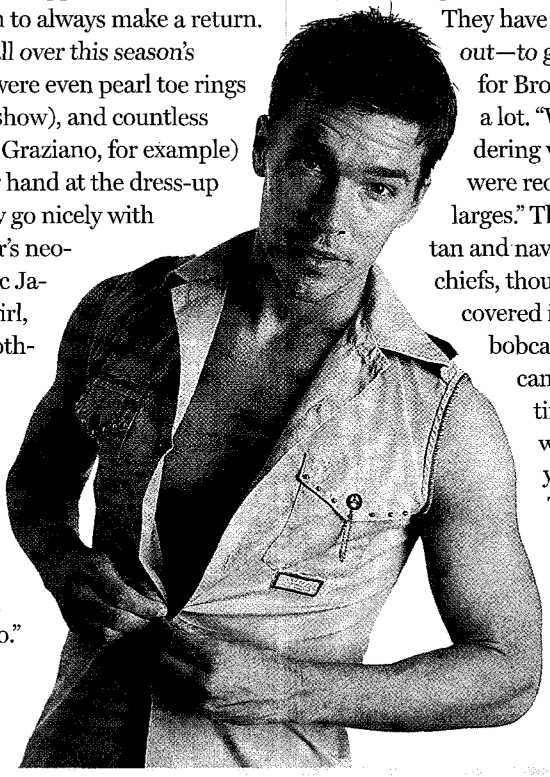
John Galliano, head designer at Christian Dior, has done quite a lot to change haute couture. Recent collections have been inspired by *The Matrix* and featured multi-thousand-dollar versions of big, fluorescent pants. There's even been the odd codpiece involved. But in his most recent couture show, which the designer pronounced was "Barbie Goes to Tibet," a passage of long, caftanlike dresses in butterfly and cartoon prints bore some naughty surprises on the backs: The cartoon figures (some looked like Pokémon characters, others were just grinning, seventies smiling faces) were graphically demonstrating what the House of Dior describes as "the various poses of the Kama Sutra." "It was all very tie-dyed and handpainted," said Mark Walsh, a designer and couture dealer who spotted the X-rated cartoons from his seat. "But if you looked closely, you saw things. Unmentionable things. Now I realize what those smiling faces are smiling about."

## Pearl River

Whatever you do, don't credit this season's revival of costume pearls to a recent wave of Bushism—they're pure Coco Chanel. "Her first pearls were a simple strand around her neck, back in 1924," says Caroline Rennolds Milbank, a fashion historian who's working on a book about couture accessories. "It was the first time a designer had shown costume jewelry, and they really took off." And while they disappear from time to time, they seem to always make a return. Big pearls are all over this season's Chanel (there were even pearl toe rings in the couture show), and countless imitators (R. J. Graziano, for example) have tried their hand at the dress-up perennial. They go nicely with Miguel Adrover's neo-prep, with Marc Jacobs's thirties girl, and with fall's other revival, the Little Black Dress. "Not only are pearls classic," Milbank says, "but knocking them off is classic, too."

## Village Scout

One thing the Supreme Court has no jurisdiction over—thank God—is what you wear. This summer, Henri Bendel is carrying blouses by an L.A. company called Industry Rag that look nearly identical to Boy Scout uniforms, but with cap sleeves and a slim, narrow fit. "We made one with long sleeves for Usher," says Edward Bromberg, who designed the shirt. "But they were originally made for women." They have been selling out—to gay men. Which, for Bromberg, explains a lot. "We'd been wondering why all the shops were reordering the larges." The shirts come in tan and navy (no neckerchiefs, though) and are covered in patches—bobcats, eagles, American flags—plus a tiny chain on which to hook your penknife. There's also a little studding, which, last time we checked, was not in the Boy Scout handbook.



### Smart Set

## Sameer Reddy

Not many people leave college with a terribly clear idea of what they'd like to do, aside from trading in their futons for real mattresses. But in the year since Sameer Reddy graduated from Bard, he has started a media and design consultancy, designed a sushi restaurant-nightclub that will open in Detroit this fall, and amassed a collection of vintage couture that has caught the attention of the city's savviest fashion-philes. "I'm obsessive," he says with a shrug, sorting through a rack in his Chelsea apartment. "I shop *every* day." The result is a meticulously organized tour of fashion from the thirties through the eighties, with perfectly maintained pieces by each era's most important designers (Chanel, Kenzo, YSL, Alaïa). Reddy plans on dealing to private clients and will debut his findings at a trunk show at the Time Hotel on August 8. "Recycling fashion concepts is both practical and beautiful," Reddy says. "That's why I think all this interest in vintage is entirely modern."

Photographs: clockwise from top, Firstview.com; Andrew McCaul; Karen Pearson; courtesy of Christian Dior.

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## Michael Wolff THIS MEDIA LIFE

# The Perfect Storm

**Behold! Lightning has struck twice, delivering unto us two irresistible tabloid extravaganzas. A meditation on the making of the Summer of Lizzie and Gary.**

YOU DON'T GET TWO SCANDALS AT ONCE. IT'S almost unheard of. A scandal in full tabloid overkill diminishes everything around it—including other scandals. Also, the law of short attention spans comes into play.

I'm not even sure anyone fully appreciates just how difficult it is to manufacture one great tabloid story—what social, dramatic, and media forces have to converge—much less two in a season.

Two is a minor media miracle. By comparing them—the facets and qualities that have turned Gary Condit and Lizzie Grubman, as opposed to other unsavory and narcissistic people, into media phenomena—we might well be able to isolate the chance components that create a perfect media storm.

**Protagonists we love—or love to hate.** From the start, I've been puzzled by the lesser-light quality of Grubman and Condit. Neither, until just recently, was all that notable. As downfalls go, Condit and Grubman did not drop from any great height.

Condit is a $145,000-a-year member of the House of Representatives. The House, if you think about it, is like a large sales organization. After the top executives and star performers, it's a mass of regional salesmen, most of whom are chronic underperformers, working their remote territories. The media, grasping for celebrity bona fides, has repeatedly described Modesto, California, the community Gary Condit represents, as "Condit Country"—the implication being that he's a local baron, the *man* in his town. This is surely stature inflation—few people anywhere can even name their congressman. (I'm struggling now to think of mine.) By any measure of fame and power in this money-media-celebrity age, Gary Condit, until his troubles began, was a basic nobody.

For her part, Lizzie Grubman's primary claim to notoriety—before her "Fuck you, white trash!" smashup in a Hamptons parking lot—was a story that appeared in this magazine in 1998 by my colleague Vanessa Grigoriadis called "Power Girls." It was a send-up. A wry, tongue-in-cheek tale of narcissism among a group of celebrity publicists (part of the point was that they were nobodies flying around town on celebrity coattails). The story was not about the women themselves so much as the subset, the demimonde, in which they thrived. It was a comic piece for which the movie rights were bought; in the prospective movie version, the names would surely have been changed—because they're irrelevant. The power girls are generic models of graspy, vulgar, nineties-ish (or maybe eighties-ish) behavior.

It's true that Lizzie's father, Allen Grubman, is often portrayed as a figure of wealth and renown, which would provide Lizzie with an inherited height from which to fall (the relatives of the rich and famous are an acceptable subset of the rich and famous). But there's substantial inflation here as well. He appears from time to time in the party pictures and gossip columns, but only because he's in proximity to celebrities. In actuality, he's just a lawyer with a niche practice advising big-money talent. He's a service provider, a string puller.

And yet, on further thought, it may be that the very lack of real presence, or uniqueness, or recognizability, has benefited these stories and is a secret part of their appeal. They're a way to deal with our ambivalence about celebrities—hating but loving them (that's why Puffy got acquitted). In this instance, focusing on two people who are just placeholders for celebrities, we can enjoy being righteous critics of our base, corrupt, and soulless world.

Condit and Grubman are abstractions. Symbols. It's social realism.

Condit stands for the out-of-it-ness of Washington, the cluelessness of Congress, and the ultimate political hypocrisy: womanizing. What's more, he's linked to the powerfully incriminating words "Washington intern" (although Chandra Levy's position at the Bureau of Prisons seems, frankly, like a step down from an actual Washington internship).

**Full-court press:** Condit dodges the cameras as he leaves his D.C. apartment; Grubman supplies sound bites before her court appearance.

Grubman equals the Hamptons, publicity parties, rope lines, *Sex and the City*, Manolo Blahnik stuff. Worse than being a meretricious celebrity herself, she's a *hanger-on* to meretricious celebrities, a service person like her father. (There are all kinds of unexpected class issues here, including Lizzie's being white trash herself on many hierarchies.) It's the powerlessness of what she did at the Hamptons nightclub that, finally, defines her. She's an impotent bully.

Condit and Grubman may be nobodies but they're nobodies made to order.

Photographs: from left, AP/Wide World Photos; Craig Warga/Daily News

**Perps who look the part.** If Condit had been gray-suited and businesslike, instead of having a weakness for California casual wear and big-shoulder designer suits, and if Grubman were prettier, classier-looking, if her glare weren't so eagle-eyed greedy (she's looking for celebrities in the crowd), they would not be so comically appealing to the cameras.

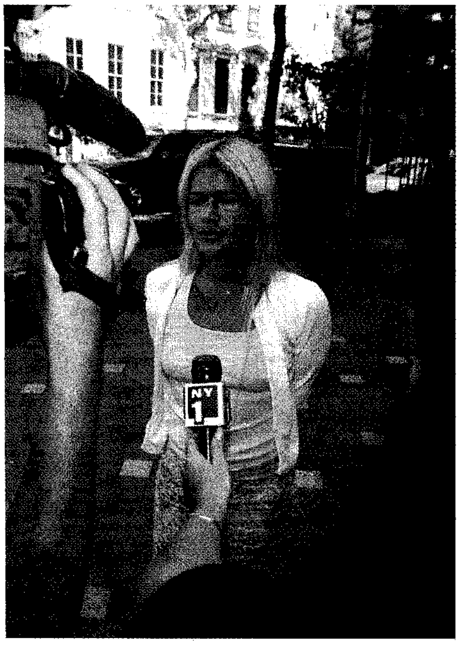
We know right away who Gary Condit is—the picture is perfectly clear. *I'm a phony,* is the button he wears.

*I am my hair.*

*Plus, speaking of white trash, there's my brother.*

Lizzie Grubman, who suffers from an overly literal name (her camp has worked to change the pronunciation of the name from Grubman to the almost French-sounding Groobman), is as cosmetically aware and as aggressively fashionable as any young woman can be. And yet it's of strikingly little help—that's how powerful her unloveliness is. And, again to her misfortune, this unloveliness does not manifest itself as vulnerability. It's high-gloss glamour that doesn't hide her take-no-prisoners ambition. (She bears a resemblance to Donatella Versace—the cosmetically impervious sister of Gianni Versace.)

You don't need depth with surfaces this vivid.



**Delicious irony.** A scandal requires some poetic justice, some fundamental comeuppance.

The Condit and Grubman affairs are both tales of P.R. run amok, spinners being unspun, spinners unspinning spinners.

Grubman, of course, is an old-fashioned press agent, or new-style scenester (as a further class comment, her P.R. niche is far from the world of big-time public relations—it's a penny-ante, low-margin part of the business). But Condit, too, spent a decade working P.R. for a health-care company.

Grubman, who has clients like Puffy and Britney Spears, is brought down by the gossip columnists who make up her primary relationships. It's an insider thing. What's more, Grubman works with Peggy Siegal, a famously difficult party thrower and celebrity handler—so it's like getting two for one. Then, too, Grubman hired the ultimate New York P.R. fixer, Howard Rubenstein, to spin for her—so it's open season on him as well. It's a pile-on.

"The media, grasping for **celebrity bona fides**, has repeatedly described Modesto, California, as 'Condit Country.' But this is surely **stature inflation**—few people anywhere can even name their congressman."

In Condit's case, it's bad P.R. versus good P.R. He delayed, stonewalled, blamed the victim. Where did he go to P.R. school? We hate politicians because they spin—and we bring them down when they don't spin well.

His downfall, though, is not just the result of his own poor skills but of the Levy family's magnificent operation. The family has a big, blue-chip firm on its side—Porter Novelli, the financial, packaged-goods, corporate P.R. giant, owned by Omnicom, the international marketing conglomerate. (Who is paying for this? Or is this pro bono? Which is a funny idea—pro bono P.R.)

It's P.R. people unleashed on P.R. people, which, for the media, is a deeply satisfying spectacle.

And it probably means a whole new kind of P.R. practice. Don't sue, publicize (or first you publicize and then you sue).

**A merciless prosecutor.** You can't have a scandal unless someone says it's a scandal.

The big piece of bad luck here for Condit and Grubman is that, along with the disappearance of Chandra Levy and the incident at Conscience Point, a new editor was starting at the New York *Post.* Rupert Murdoch, undoubtedly despairing of the paper's continuing, possibly endemic, financial losses, brought in Col Allan, an Australian tabloid master, to engineer a turnaround. The stories have been shortened, and coverage is even more breathless. It's become more a supermarket tabloid than a New York tabloid.

But most important, he's given the full Murdoch tabloid treatment—the Clinton, O.J., Son-of-Sam (still the *Post*'s halcyon moment) treatment—to Condit and Grubman. He even made Dan Rather's refusal to air the Condit story a sub-scandal.

What's more, the *Post* is good at this—it has good police reporters (there are not too many left in the world). It's been able to feed both stories with new tidbits (the absence of information will kill a scandal). But it isn't just the *Post*'s ebullient shocked-*shocked*-ness and its dogged reporting that has moved the Condit and Grubman stories, but also the anomalous position of the paper. While it has only a modest readership, it's the best-read paper by people in the media—it's the gossip paper of record. This is what bookers on the cable-news shows call work: They read the *Post.*

**An emotional payoff.** A tabloid story has to get personal. The media has to put aside its objectivity and take a rooting interest. You want reporters to take up the fight of good against evil (O.J.-era Dominick Dunne comes to mind).

I've been catching my colleague Lisa DePaulo, who now writes for *Talk* magazine, on the various cable shows. In most of her work, and certainly at cocktail parties, she has always seemed to be a gossipy, no-nonsense, we-all-know-everybody-is-spinning-everything kind of reporter. But here, permitted some special access to the Levy family (undoubtedly by the family's P.R. reps), Lisa has become a grim, teary, righteous spokeswoman for the relatives of the missing girl. Lisa represents Chandra.

As for my own objectivity, I find myself rooting for Lizzie Grubman to be run out of town.

Honestly, I may enter the *Post*'s contest for a Lizziemobile. This is *way* more fun than Wingo. ■

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# Michael Tomasky THE CITY POLITIC

# Seeing Green

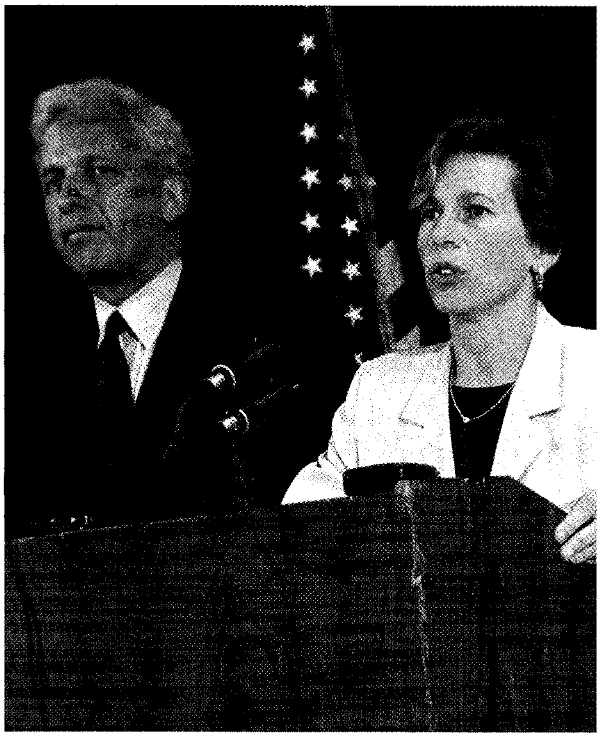
## When Randi Weingarten broke bread with her nemesis, mayoral candidate Mark Green, maybe the teachers-union head was reading the writing on the blackboard.

I HESITATE TO USE THE WORD *INTERESTING,* since this mayoral election has yet to live up even to that lukewarm billing, but certainly the most meaningful development of this campaign, for my money, took place at a Cosí sandwich shop on Park Avenue South on July 17. There and then, Randi Weingarten, the head of the teachers union, sat down with her nemesis, Mark Green.

All right. It may not rank up there with Tom Daschle's secret meetings with Jim Jeffords. But this assignation, reported in one quick sentence by Joel Siegel in the July 22 *Daily News,* is one of those chaos-theory-esque slight breezes that might have a dramatic effect on this race's weather patterns. And more than that, it suggests to us something about where post-Rudy New York may be headed and what the stakes are in this seemingly stakes-less election.

Weingarten controls one of the city's most politically powerful unions. She needed little time, after succeeding Sandra Feldman in 1998, to assert a prominent role in city and state politics, backing Chuck Schumer's effort against Al D'Amato that year and being one of a select coterie of New Yorkers who traveled to the White House in the spring of 2000 to urge Hillary to run. In big-time elections, she's two for two.

Meanwhile, she has presided over an era of relentless public-relations disasters for her beleaguered union. The *Post* and the *News* love nothing more than to take their considerable buzz saws to the teachers union; scarcely a week goes by without one of them presenting a new tale of woe about a teacher who can't spell the word *blame* or a pedophilic pedagogue caught in a love nest with a student. Tabloids being tabloids, some of the swipes are over the top and certainly one-sided (you don't read many newspaper stories about talented, hardworking teachers), but some are richly deserved. Unions by their nature exist to protect the lowest performers within them, which is not so bad if we're talking about tree-pruning crews; but it so happens that the lowest-performing teachers affect the lives of hundreds of thousands of mostly poor children. This is a problem both philosophical and practical, which is a bad kind of problem to have.



**Truce?** Teachers' union head Weingarten (with Green in 1999).

Among those who have noticed this, and thus found it politically advantageous to take a whack at the union, is Green, currently the Democratic front-runner. Green's education platform is studded with proposals that aren't to Weingarten's liking—for example, he wants to reassign the best teachers to the worst schools, and he would institute regular teacher testing.

We'll get to the merits, but first it should be stated that the politics of these proposals have come a gusher for Green. For a pol, defending the teachers' union is on a par with speaking out on behalf of Lizzie Grubman. The press has made more in the past few months of Bill Bratton's support of Green, but in terms of shoring up his centrist credentials, and making him palatable to, say, the *Daily News* editorial board (a feral UFT critic and our most reliable bellwether of which way the centrist winds are blowing), his anti-UFT positions on the above-named issues and school governance have done him far more good than the Bratton endorsement. Weingarten knows this and therefore places roughly the same degree of trust in him that Ronald Reagan did in Daniel Ortega.

But Green is twelve or fifteen points ahead of his rivals; with each passing week, more and more insiders are willing to venture that Green just might hit 40 percent in the primary, obviating a runoff and making him the odds-on next mayor. Weingarten knows this, too. Hence, the meeting.

It was secret (until, of course, Siegel found out about it). It was a power play on both sides—neither camp admits to having initiated, or even especially wanted the sit-down. It was short of convivial: "We had taste-testers," Weingarten jokes. But it was also the product of Weingarten recognizing that she may well have to pick up stalled contract talks with Mayor Green. "

Photograph by Richard B. Levine

said I was sorry that things had gotten so vituperative," she says, "and I hoped they wouldn't be in the future. And I apologized for that, actually."

Weingarten says a possible endorsement wasn't discussed, and I feel confident in telling you that John Podhoretz will endorse Green sooner than the UFT does. But the meeting may mean that the union will stay neutral unless the dynamics of this race change dramatically in the next three weeks. (Weingarten says a decision, which has been put off for months now, will finally be made by August 22.) Neutrality would amount to a victory for Green and a big blow to Alan Hevesi, who has been banking on the union's support all year.

WEINGARTEN SAYS SHE AND GREEN HAVE "a fundamental philosophical disagreement" and that Green just wants to "get tough on teachers." She claims the union is "open to" moving the best teachers to the worst schools, but she argues that such a policy can create a gaping hole in the school the teacher was forced to leave. She insists that the UFT is not about protecting the weakest links and says the union, through an internal-review program, has counseled hundreds of bad teachers to leave the profession.

All this may be true. But the P.R. on it has been wanting, and what New Yorkers know is that some teachers can't spell *blame*. The next mayor will press the UFT for big changes and will be right to do so. He will also have to show them the money, because teachers do deserve higher salaries, but the reality is that it'll probably be concessions first, money second. Meanwhile, the wagons are circling on other fronts. Assembly Speaker Sheldon Silver has convened a panel to look into school-governance reform (believe me, on this topic, even convening a panel is a major break with past practice), and Hillary, speaking to—guess who?—the *Daily News* editorial board, has called for mayoral control of the schools, which Green supports and Weingarten has opposed.

Some conservatives have fretted that once Rudy goes, life will return to the (bleak) status quo ante. That may happen in some respects, but it won't happen with the schools. There's too much energy now moving in the direction of change. Weingarten can either fight it or manage it. Her sit-down with her bête noire, whoever initiated it, suggests she may be ready to do the latter. ■

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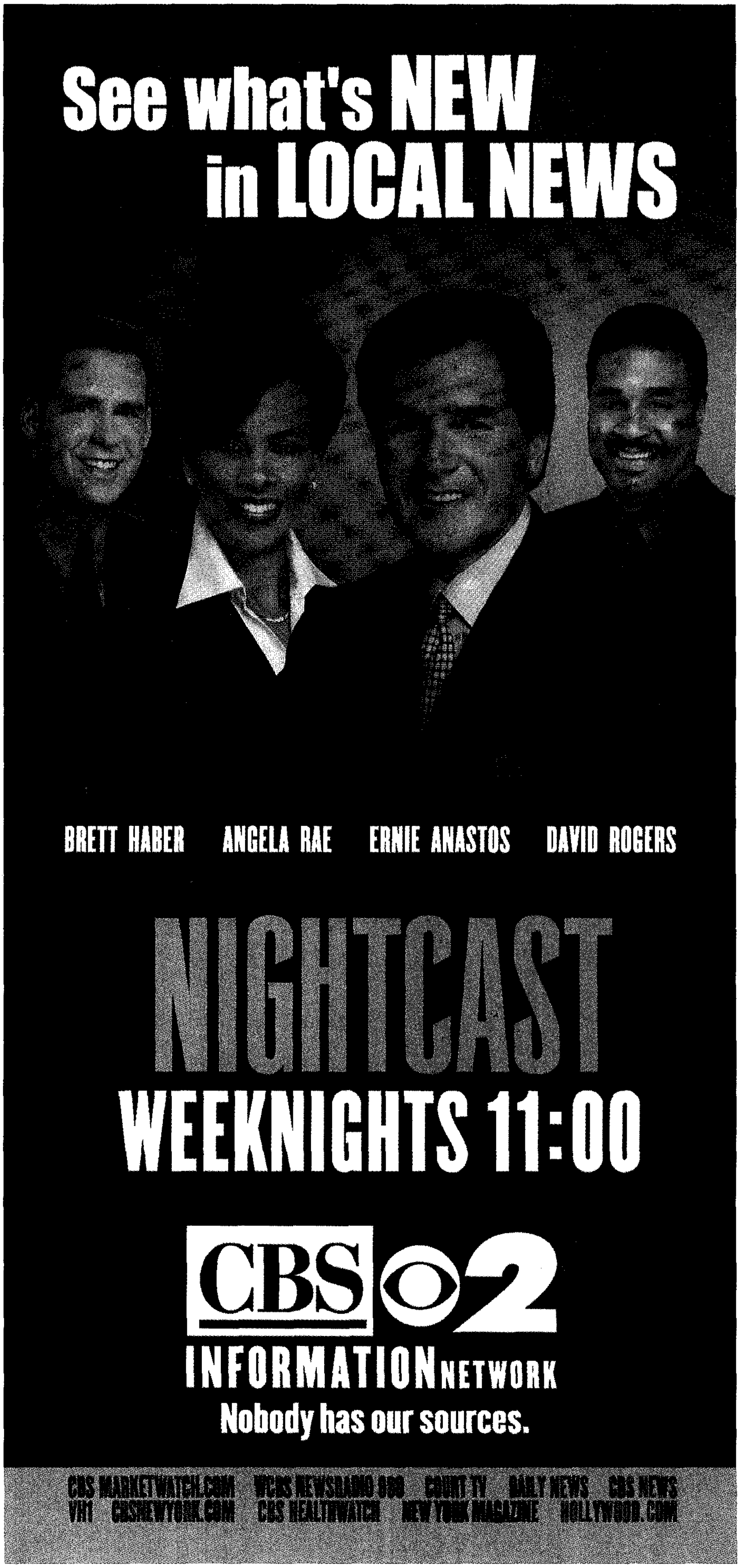

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# Doctor Feelbad

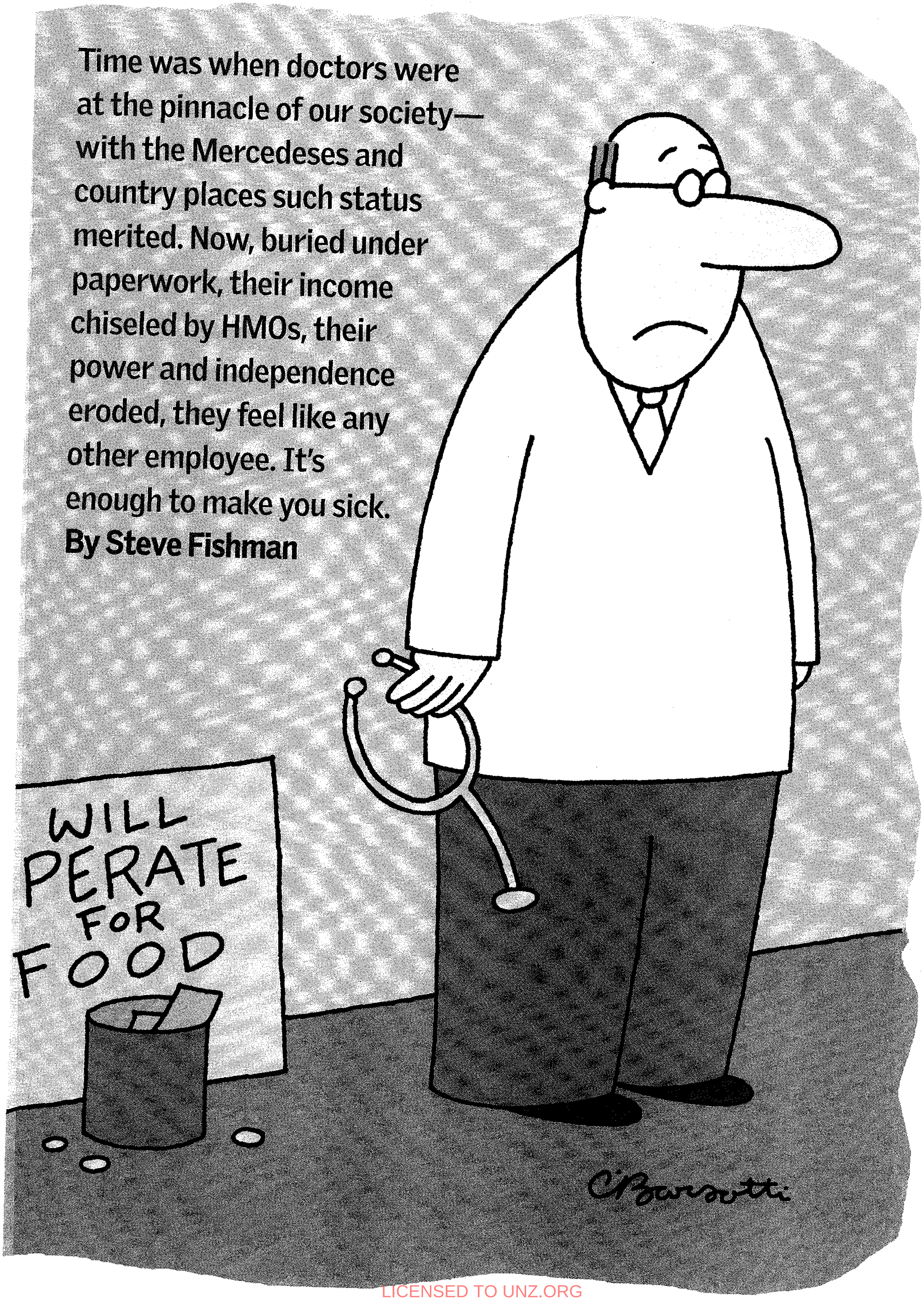
"VACATIONS? ARE YOU KIDDING?" MARK FOX IS A PHYSICIAN. HE'S GOT A HANDLEbar mustache, a sharp widow's peak, a bright tie, and his own private practice in Scarsdale. He's 53, in the prime of his career, and just now, seated behind the desk with a life-size plastic nose on it—he's an ear-and-nose specialist—he is recalling how he used to take vacations. "Every winter and every summer," he says. Photos of high-mountain camping near Mount Rainier hang on his office walls. First the summer vacations disappeared. "Haven't had one in five years." This year he skipped the winter vacation. Fox's own doctor has urged him to take some time off. He doesn't disagree. "I have increased stress, high blood pressure," he says. He's so wound up by the time he gets home from the office that his wife won't talk to him for an hour afterward. He's watched a couple of physician friends undergo open-heart surgery. Still, he's reluctant. His income dropped 25 percent in one recent year. And if he's not working, he's not only losing income. "I'm still paying for the overhead," he says, and it's doubled in recent years. So what does he do? "I tighten my belt and get a headache," he says.

Dr. Bernard Schayes, a 43-year-old internist on the Upper East Side, is the kind of doctor who puts his cell-phone number on his office answering machine. He likes to be available to patients. Of course, when he was starting

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES BARSOTTI

Time was when doctors were at the pinnacle of our society—with the Mercedeses and country places such status merited. Now, buried under paperwork, their income chiseled by HMOs, their power and independence eroded, they feel like any other employee. It's enough to make you sick.

**By Steve Fishman**



out, availability was easier—he lived around the corner in a two-bedroom apartment. But he had two kids and private-school bills of $30,000 a year. (He also owned a Mercedes and a Jaguar.) Then his income dropped. "There's no way to live in the city anymore," he says. He moved to Roslyn, Long Island, where his children attend public school. Now he wakes at 5 A.M. and gets in his Acura, occasionally fielding phone calls from patients on the way. First, he heads to his part-time job at a nursing home, where he works before his own office hours begin.

Not long ago, doctors had it all. They did challenging work—they saved lives!—and didn't have to worry about money: They earned tons. They regularly visited the Mercedes dealership. They island-hopped on vacation. They owned the best real estate. Their kids went to private schools. Everybody wanted to marry a doctor. Or be one. Half a dozen years ago, most doctors—three fourths in one survey—were happy.

No longer. Doctors still say it's a privilege to be a physician, to intervene in people's lives in times of need. "But there's a gloom now," says one family doctor. "A lot of sitting around the dinner table and asking each other, 'Where did we go wrong?' "

Doctors have lost ground. Insurance companies have ganged up on them. "I have anxiety about staying in business," says an internist who's put his own money toward payroll. The trouble isn't just financial. Perks, privileges, esteem (self-esteem too) have all been hit. Many physicians work longer hours. And now, it seems, all kinds of people—including clerks!—are telling them what to do.

Now, announces the *New England Journal of Medicine,* "many American doctors are unhappy with the quality of their professional lives." The literature on this reads like the intake form at a depression clinic: "increasing marginalization," "discontent," "confused," "angry," "insulted." (Is it any wonder med-school applications are down again this year?) Yes, the doctor is in, but in case you haven't noticed, there's a good chance he's seething. "It's no fun being a doctor anymore," is the way one puts it.

MEDICINE HASN'T ALWAYS BEEN A PATH TO privilege. For most of this century, doctors might have been stars in high school and college, but they were solid upper-middle-class earners, a notch above your general contractor, maybe. Then, starting in the sixties, Congress enacted Medicaid for the poor and Medicare for the elderly. The number of paying customers per doctor eventually quadrupled. "That was the goose that laid the golden egg," says Dr. Jerome Breslaw, a Manhattan gastroenterologist who began practicing in 1973. Doctors bought themselves Mercedeses, Cadillacs, Beemers. They went from upper class socially to upper class financially. Even in the eighties, when family doctor Mark Horowitz attended medical school, he thought, "Doctors are rich people." Mostly, he was right. Society's bargain with physicians seemed to be this: Spend ten years training, then you'll be taken care of. Shortly after Dr. Schayes, the Upper East Side internist who owned a Jaguar and a Mercedes, left his residency, he worked hard—including nights and weekends—but in the early nineties he earned upwards of $300,000 a year.

By the mid-nineties, circumstances had changed. "The general population decided we weren't worth all that much," says Schayes. Or, as he sometimes thinks of it, "people decided they wanted us to drive Acuras."

Actually, it was business that first made that calculation, since in large part business footed the bill for double-digit medical-cost inflation. Managed care was one result. This insurance scheme was sometimes hailed as a way to encourage preventive medicine and ensure quality, but its initial intent was to trim costs. Doctors could once charge as much as they wanted—a rare thing in business. In medicine, the law of supply and demand didn't seem to hold. No matter how many doctors crowded into one area—like Manhattan—fees seemed to do nothing but rise.

One way managed-care companies attacked costs was simply to reduce doctors' fees. "Where a fee was $1,000, now a doctor is getting $300," says Andrew Kleinman, a plastic surgeon in Westchester County. Once, patients were responsible for the shortfall. In managed care, physicians swallow the loss. "The insurance industry has created a slave workforce out of the doctor," says Moshe Rubin, a gastroenterologist at Columbia. That may be an overstatement, but no doubt that's how it feels. And as if reduced fees weren't enough, insurance companies have sometimes, willy-nilly, not reimbursed anything. "We're fed up but we're taking it," says Kleinman. Not always. (Recently, a group led by Kleinman went to the New York State attorney general's office, which threatened to sue before Aetna settled.)

Reduced revenue is only part of doctors' new burden. Managed-care companies also created all kinds of paperwork, tons of it, which they, using the jargon of the day, outsourced. In this case, they outsourced it to doctors. Suddenly, physicians had to beef up their staffs. Steven Fochios, an internist, has one employee who handles almost nothing but

"DOCTOR. DOT-COMMER. WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?"

the referrals required by managed-care companies. Ten years ago, Fox had one assistant; now he has four staffers to deal with the 64 different insurance plans he takes, most of which have different rules. His overhead accounts for almost 60 percent of revenue.

"The general population decided we weren't worth all that much," says **Dr. Bernard Schayes**. Or, as he sometimes puts it, "people decided they wanted us to drive Acuras."

Reduced fees and increased expenses put pressure on income, especially of primary-care doctors and pediatricians—the doctors most of us see most of the time. "I never expected that as my career progressed, my income would contract," says Mark Horowitz, a family doctor. "In the mid-nineties, it was easy to save and invest. Now there's less money in the kitty at the end of the month." These days, after eight years of training, a 30-year-old pediatrician can expect to earn $95,000. Starting internists probably earn $100,000 to $110,000. Not bad, perhaps. But the first year at one of the city's better law firms—that's after just three years of law school—will bring you close to $150,000. "And I can be on vacation and I'm always available to my lawyer friends," points out Adam Stracher, an internist at Cornell Medical Center. "And they have secretaries. They have expense accounts. You think we get tickets to Knicks games from our firm?"

Lately, lots of doctors have to pick up work on the side. Horowitz works as a medical consultant at Juilliard. One doctor got involved with a dot-com for a few years—which was the last time he flew business-class. Some physicians augment their incomes by selling herbs, food supplements, cosmetics, even household cleaners in their offices. Schayes sells vitamins. "I buy wholesale and sell retail," he says. "It was kind of embarrassing at first. But at the end of the year it makes a big difference." Last year, Schayes, an M.D. approaching the height of his earning power, earned about $120,000—which doesn't come close to buying what people once thought of as the M.D. lifestyle. Soon, Schayes figures, his wife will have to go back to work. She hasn't worked in five years while the kids grow up. "She doesn't want to, but I'm making her," says Schayes. "Besides, she's a lawyer. Her earning potential is greater than mine."

INCOME ISN'T THE ONLY FACTOR SQUEEZING the fun out of doctoring—and maybe not the key one. After all, doctors earn about $160,000 on average, which makes them affluent, by any measure. "I actually believe the biggest issues are not economic," says Dahlia Remler, an economist at Columbia.

Once, as Ed Salsberg, head of the Center for Health Workforce Studies, explains, "everything in health care revolved around physicians. They were king of the hill." Accordingly, they were treated in a kingly fashion. Every 50-year-old nurse remembers fetching coffee for a doctor, giving up her chair so he could sit down. The hidden curriculum of medical school is that the doctor is the decision-maker, the brain, the star. But these days, most doctors are just another member of the team. Teamwork is emphasized. Health care is thought to be a system, not something one person does to another. And so doctors have got a new title: health-care provider, a category that includes nurses and lab techs. That alone drives doctors crazy. It's like a demotion. "I'm no health-care provider," says one NYU doc testily, sounding like McCoy from *Star Trek*. "I'm a *doctor*."

Along with power, doctors had autonomy. But now the insurance companies behave like supervisory adults, like scolds suggesting—implicitly, of course—that doctors can't be entirely trusted. "You used to have a conversation with a patient and come to agreement," recalls Breslaw. Once, for instance, doctors could prescribe as many MRIs as they felt necessary. Managed-care companies, however, now insist they have to approve such expensive tests in advance.

These days, physicians have to get on the phone and plead their case. And with whom? "Now if I need to order a scan, I need to call not a nurse, not a doctor, but an *uneducated technician*," says Rubin, the Columbia gastroenterologist. Of course, no one in the industry doubts that too many unnecessary expensive tests were prescribed in the past—especially when doctors happened to own the CT or MRI scanners. What's more, as Christine Cassel, chair of geriatrics at Mount Sinai, says, "if you look at the literature on quality of care, there were huge divergences."

Different diseases are treated differently in different places with different results. Doctors haven't always taken responsibility for making sure quality is up to snuff. Still, doctors' pride hinged on a belief that the decisions they made mattered. Now, at every turn, insurance companies generate standards of care, templates that ride herd on them, as if they were unruly kids. "It is an insult, it's infuriating," says Rubin. "Though after a few years you stop taking it personally."

It's not just insurance companies that now oversee—and subtly undermine—doctors. At one time, most physicians were their own bosses, entrepreneurs who set up their own small businesses. That was part of the fun. "Now," says Fox, who is just such an entrepreneur, "I'm a dinosaur." There has been a vast, largely unnoticed change in the organization of the medical labor force. The solo practitioner, the one most of us grew up trusting, is nearly out of business. From now on, doctors will be employees like everyone else. Just 4 percent of new doctors in New York say they plan to open their own practices. As an employee, the doctor has a fixed retirement age and a set lunch hour—not that physicians ever take expense-account lunches. (This isn't the business world!) As employees, a lot of physicians won't have secretaries anymore, not their own anyhow. At Mount Sinai, specialists who once had assistants now have answering machines. Yes, there's a receptionist, a billing department. But they work for the administration, just like the doctor. "I can't hire or fire secretaries," explained one specialist at Montefiore. "I have no control over staff." Sure, you can always write up a secretary for misbehavior, but then a receptionist can write you up, too. "If we say one wrong thing, they go to the compliance office," said one doctor who was reported for raising her voice. "Apparently, I have to be on perfect behavior."

THE WORLD HAS CHANGED ON THE MIDDLE-aged doctor. And, to add insult to injury, the younger generation doesn't seem quite as upset. "We're less insane with it," says Stracher, 37 years old. "Our expectations are different. We didn't know a different way."

Making sure patients actually get better is still the responsibility of physicians, as malpractice insurers remind them. (And despite complaints, there's scant evidence that quality of care has decreased in recent years.) Still, these days, other values besides quality guide doctors through their day. Efficiency, productivity: That's what physicians hear. And just like factory workers at the beginning of the century, doctoring has been rationalized to increase productivity. In many practices, the system, even the building, has been redesigned to push the pace. Doctoring has been broken down into its component parts. Assistants take blood pressure. Nurse practitioners take histories. Physicians show up for the flourish, to review the treatment plan, as one puts it.

Doctors are lumped in with hospital colleagues as "health-care providers," which rankles. **"I'm no health-care provider,"** says one, sounding like McCoy on *Star Trek*. "I'm a *doctor*."

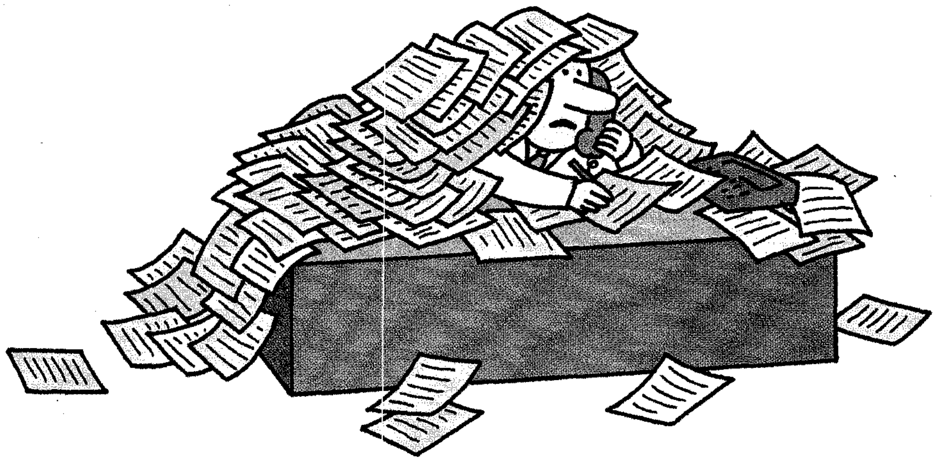
"This does not signify inferior care or second-class citizenship!" doctors Bruce Yaffe and Ronald Ruden felt obliged to alert their patients in a handout. The current system conserves the doctor's time. And time—this is the point—is limited. Increasingly, salaried doctors get paid based on how many patients they see. Even at academic institutions, the elite centers where research and teaching have thrived, docs now have monthly quotas of patients. If they don't make their numbers, they're called in to explain why. "We are the new factory workers," says one gynecologist. She may be right. "I have the feeling of being squeezed to see more patients to gain the same income," echoes a colleague. Extraneous activities—that is, non-income-producing—are less possible these days. Those, for instance, who'd like to devote more time to research increasingly look to drug companies. "You can't do that on the academic side anymore," says Dr. Rajiv Patni, who recently took a job at Pfizer. Teaching, too, is valued less. "The Department of Medicine must reduce its budget," explained a blunt letter to one Montefiore doctor, whose teaching salary was cut by a significant amount.

Maybe doctors once felt like kings of the hill. These days, a lot feel "like interchangeable parts," as one physician-employee put it. "A businessman looks at you and sees a medical license that he is going to plug into a slot in his organization," complained one physician. Of course, one reason employers can treat doctors this way is simple: There are too many of them. Doctors traditionally gained power by controlling supply and demand. No longer. In the past ten years, the number of docs has increased by 30 percent. (That doesn't even include physician assistants or nurse practitioners, who sometimes run independent medical offices. "In the future your doctor may be a nurse" is the warning issued by the American Nurses Association.) And as far as demand goes, doctors have never been overly worried about bringing in new groups of patients (like the 40 million uninsured Americans).

The oddest part of all this may be that though doctors *feel* harried, though they feel pressured to see more patients, studies actually show that patients spend more time with their physicians than they did ten years ago. Dr. Edward W. Campion, deputy editor of the *New England Journal of Medicine*, suggests office visits only *seem* short. The reason, he believes, is "because there is more to do, more to think about, and more that is expected." Has medicine simply gotten to be a tougher profession? Consider that one third of primary-care physicians believe the scope of their practice has increased in the past two years. And, alarmingly, one quarter say it's greater than it should be. Your internist, the doctor you saw when something—you weren't sure what—ailed you, was once the person who organized, who managed, your care. Now look: "The notion that the internist commands the field is absolutely gone," says David Rothman, a professor of social medicine at Columbia Medical School.

From the doctor's point of view, it can get worse when a patient is admitted to the hospital. Now hospitals have their own doctors working the case—a new category called hospitalists. "It's easy to get forced out of the loop. You're not always part of the team," says Gerald Leventhal, a Manhattan internist. You have to be pushy. The sicker your patient, the more you're excluded. If a patient ends up in the ICU, for instance, specialists and subspecialists take charge. "And nobody even calls you to tell you your patient had a coronary last night," says Leventhal. "Then when you arrive the next day and the family asks what happened, you look like a jackass."

People tell pollsters they still trust their doctors more than just about anybody else. (Patients in general don't seem to share doctors' discontent.) At the same time, patients increasingly act as if one physician is pretty much the same as



"LOOK, I'M SWAMPED. YOU CAN TAKE OUT YOUR OWN DAMN KIDNEY."

"AT MY SALARY? YOU BET I LIFEGUARD ON THE SIDE."

another. Lots of patients fork over nothing but a co-pay, the mandatory cash outlay that can be as low as $10, or even $2. "What do you value a physician at if you pay $2?" asks Stracher, who says that sometimes, for that amount, patients blithely skip even bringing along money. For two bucks, patients sometimes don't show up. Or they get the idea that—guess what?—doctors are only worth a few dollars. Fox recalls a patient with a $10 co-pay. She had a small tumor in a lymph node and wanted a second opinion on surgery. She was upset and nervous, and Fox spent more than 30 minutes calming and examining her. In the end, he assured her, she didn't need surgery. "That's the best $10 I ever spent," she gushed, leaving Fox nonplussed. To the patient, he thought, "that's what I'm worth."

The stable doctor-patient relationship, the building block of every successful practice, is pretty much a thing of the past. Once, doctors attended patients' bar mitzvahs and weddings. And doctors will tell you that following a patient over a long period actually makes for better care. These days, though, patients are attached to insurance companies that shuffle them around based on price considerations. You save the lives of two members of their family, then their insurance company changes because they change jobs, and they switch doctors. "It's like I used to go to Macy's to get pots and pans; now I go to Bloomingdale's," says Breslaw.

Some patients don't mind. One of the rights they've recently asserted is the right to convenience—*their* convenience. Now they find your name on the Internet and head your way because your office is close to theirs. Some doctors have already adapted. Horowitz knows that patients near his Wall Street office will call their internists back home in Westchester only to learn the next available appointment is in a week. What if they're sick today? At Horowitz's office, anyone can be seen the same day.

Patients are demanding in other ways, too. These days, they want to be partners in their care. They trundle into the doctor's office with a sheaf of printouts. Never before has so much information been available. They've got answers, or challenges. Many doctors like an informed patient. Still, it may be true, as Rothman argues, that the doctor's monopoly of medical knowledge is disappearing, particularly, he points out, with regard to young, well-educated, upper-middle-income women. Some time-pressured physicians clearly don't appreciate another demanding voice in their ears. "Suddenly they ask for records," explains a New York allergist. "But patients can't understand records, and now they need an explanation. That's not part of what I have to do. I don't have to be in a position to interpret records to patients."

Badgered on all sides, physicians seem to have come down with an old-fashioned case of alienation, the kind hourly workers used to suffer. "There's a sense they are doing this to us. *They* are the insurance companies. *They* is the government," says Cassel.

As Fox explains, "I don't have any clout." Insurance companies have clout, institutions have clout, even patients have some. And so, just like any disgruntled worker, doctors—doctors!—are turning to unions. "We get more calls than we can handle these days: otolaryngology groups, orthopedists, groups that used to be fat and happy," says Bruce Elwell, an organizer for the Doctors Council, which is affiliated with the Service Employees International Union and the AFL-CIO, the same organization that, it's worth noting, represents hospital maintenance workers. Lately, Fox, the Scarsdale otolaryngologist and lifelong Republican, has become an organizer himself. But Fox has signed on with the AMA's newly formed union—he's on the board. "The anger is still with me," he says by way of explanation.

Some doctors encourage their children not to be physicians. Some doctors say they wouldn't do it again. And some are actually leaving. Robert Aldrich has been a cardiologist for 22 years in Morris County, New Jersey, an hour from Manhattan. Or at least he was. On July 1, in the midst of his prime earning years, he bought an inn in Vermont. It's not retirement, exactly. "We have to earn a living," he says.

But that will be a pleasure compared with what he's leaving. "I feel in charge again," says Aldrich, who dreamed of a career in medicine from the age of 9. "I feel free again, released from prison." ■

Next week, *New York* debuts **Tough Medicine**, a column by Joanne Kaufman that will explore issues on the minds of both medical practitioners and patients in the changing world of health care in the city.

# AROUND THESE PARTS

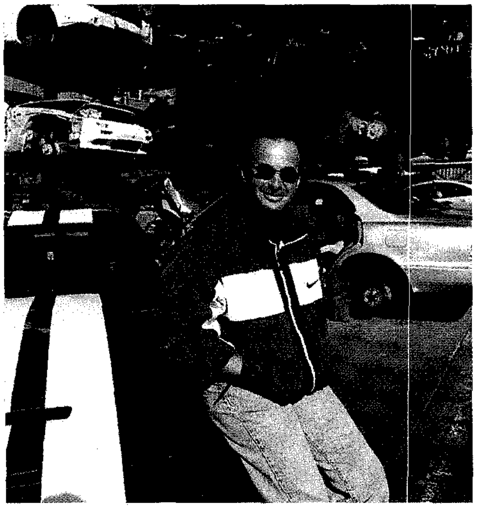
## Cairo has its City of the Dead, but Willets Point, the 40-acre site of Gatsby's ashpits, is the City of Dead Cars. Karmandu, I call it. By Mark Jacobson

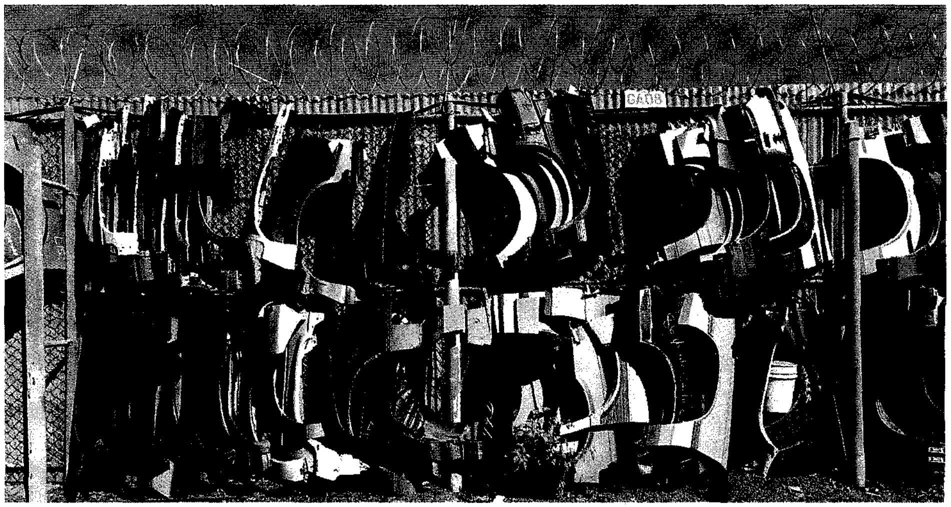
THINGS HAPPEN WHEN you have a car in the city. Back in the early eighties, when I was crazy enough to be living on St. Marks Place, I had the battery stolen from my '68 164 dual-carb Volvo. Some wretched skell reached up through the broken grille and opened the hood latch. My sister-in-law told me I better get the grille fixed immediately because once I moved the car the thief would know I had a new battery and take that one, too. Since I never listen to anything my sister-in-law says, I did not get the grille fixed. My new battery was immediately stolen. Pissed, I locked the third battery in the trunk and taped a note on the car saying "Fuck you." The next morning I returned to find "Sorry, man" scrawled at the bottom of the note.

Alas, all that remains of that beloved Volvo is the driver's-side-window hand crank, which I keep as a souvenir. The rest was donated to the Westport, Connecticut, volunteer fire department, which ripped open the car's roof like a can of creamed corn with its Jaws of Life as an "extrication" exercise. In this way, the Volvo joined so many of my other autos: my '65 Sunbeam Minx (totaled on the old West Side Highway), my Ford Econoline van (sold for $200 to a guy named Malcolm, to haul fish from South Carolina), my Dodge Dart (scavenged for parts, crushed to a three-foot-by-three-foot steel box), my Buick Special (also crushed), and my Ford Galaxie (bought because Lemmy Caution in *Alphaville* drove one, then stolen, never found). I mourn all these departed vehicles, to various degrees.

I was thinking of all these ruined vehicles while riding out to Willets Point Boulevard, site of the vast automobile graveyard and open-air parts bazaar just east of Shea Stadium. It was a mission, a quest. Looking for a bench seat for a 22-year-old Chevy can be called nothing else.

The car in question was my buddy Terry Bisson's 1979 maroon and silver Chevrolet Caprice Classic. When it comes to the automotive, Terry is my man. Firmly ensconced in Brooklyn for the past couple of decades, T.B. grew up in Owensboro, Kentucky. This was where, like dem southern boys like to do, he learned how to double-clutch and speed-shift at about the age of 12, screaming along in his uncle's '53 Ford with a beer between his legs. It was hell-raising, and if you're going to raise hell sans seat belts you might as well do it dodging the planes on the runways of the town airport, which had just been built by a company run by the grandfather of Johnny Depp, Owensboro's most famous son (if you don't count Bill Monroe, and NASCAR champ Darrell Waltrip). Having rebuilt a '48 Willys Jeepster before he was 17, T.B.—an erstwhile grease monkey turned famous sci-fi author and official biographer of Mumia Abu-Jamal—has a





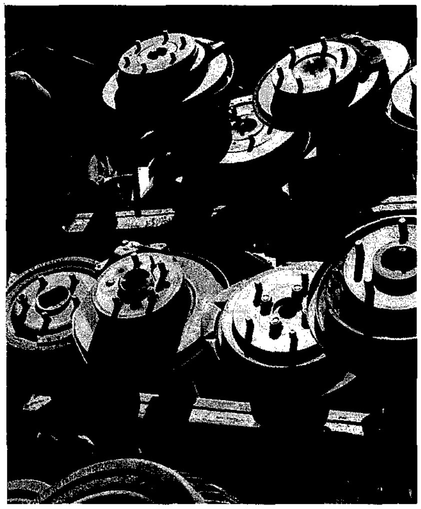
**Junk in the trunk:** Dan Sambucci Jr.; right, Sambucci Bros. Auto Salvage.

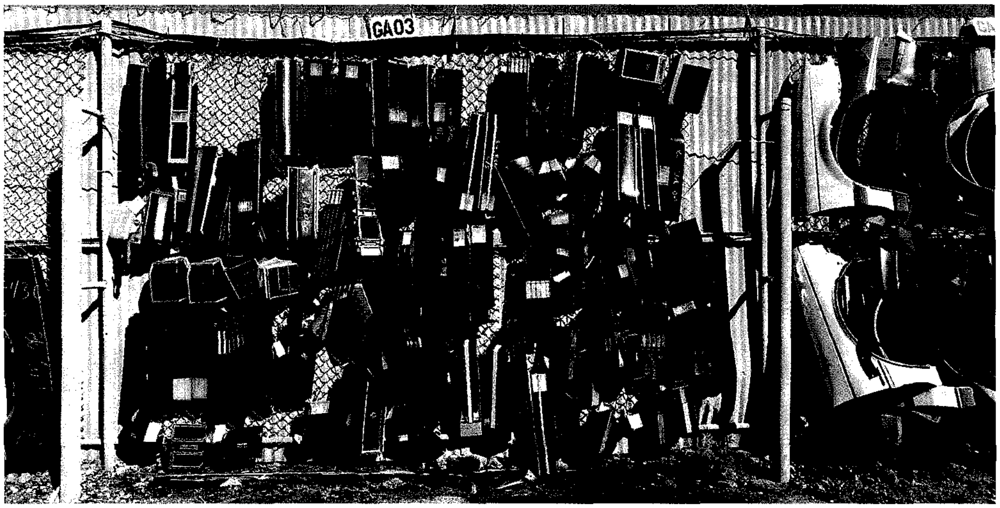
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAN STALLER

healthy respect for the potential life span of a good car, which in his case is as long as he can possibly make the fucker run.

It was a bench-seat-in-the-haystack sort of deal, we understood, approaching the banks of the fuming Flushing River, the great junkyard looming beyond like a deeply oxidized Oz. Still, T.B. was hopeful. After all, Cairo has its City of the Dead, but Willets Point, the 40-acre former site of Gatsby's ashpits, is the City of Dead Cars. If there was a Chevy bench seat to be found, it would be here.

Karmandu, I call it, owing to Willets's frontierlike, unpaved, and sewerless streets, which, depending on the weather, are either dust-choked or flooded. Also reminiscent of the Third World is the way dozens of hitherto unseen hawkers fly from their corrugated-tin offices to bang on the hood of your vehicle, demanding you purchase a used fender, a used transmission, a used windshield, a used CV joint. With John Rocker's 7 train rumbling through the monoxide-saturated air, Willets Point is a post-*Mad Max* caravansary, catering to all nationalities. Homesick cabbies from Quito seeking replacement glass can find solace at the Ecuador Body Shop. For refugees from the Taliban in need of a radiator, there is Kabul Auto Repair, Inc. (for Spanish-speaking Afghanis, the shop sign adds REPARACIÓN DE AUTOS). It is impressive to be here on evenings when the Mets play. You squint into the vapor lamps to see 40,000 rise to do the wave or boo John Franco, the bum, one more time. But nothing beats Willets seen during a winter's sunset, when silhouettes of ice-gleamed steering columns stacked on rooftops point upward like shrunken spaceships straining to the stars. It is enough to make any gearhead weak.





WE STOPPED FIRST AT SAMBUCCI BROS., INC., Auto Salvage. Mario Cuomo knew a guy there when he was a young lawyer. He represented the Sambuccis and several other Willets Point automotive pioneers against Robert Moses, who was looking for lebensraum for his 1964 World's Fair. "Moses wanted to build a ball field, he thought it would be easy to get rid of a few little oil-covered guys with a baling press machine. . . . We took Moses on and beat him," remembered Cuomo when I called him, clearly still relishing this vanquishing of the power broker. "Strange you bring up Willets Point," the former governor remarked. "It was a big case for me, it led to several others. Willets Point was really the beginning of my public life . . . a career begun in the junkyard."

Forty-one years later, hearing that Cuomo was still "miserable" over not receiving his full fee in the case, Dan Sambucci Sr., now 70 and leather-faced from a life of hard work, said, "Well, he got my part of the money. . . . The governor was educated, way up there, but we got along. He always got a kick out of how I talked, you know, from the street." Sambucci, who was born in Corona and bought his first wreck in 1949 with $20 borrowed from his mother, recalled when "this was country, green fields, and we'd burn those punk things to keep away the mosquitoes."

"Everything is different these days," said Sambucci, whose office sports a six-foot-tall statue of Jesus. "We got a League of Nations here now." Plus, he continued, with leasing and 100,000-mile warranties, people don't look for parts the way they did. "Mostly it's dealers who come in. You don't get the individual like before." Then again, the old wrecker reflected, with the city making intermittent noises about condemning the junkyards to build a new park for the Mets to lose in, life at Willets Point has taken on the ephemeral, doomed aspect of the cars that end up here. "You know: Here today, gone tomorrow," he said.

After that, Mr. Sambucci told us what we already suspected: He didn't have a bench seat for a '79 Caprice Classic. "That's pretty old," he said.

Over the next couple of hours, as we stepped gingerly over glass pellets strewn on the streets, the story was the same. There was no bench seat at Panjoti Body, no bench seat at Malek Motors, no bench seat at El Salvador Glass, no bench seat at F&F Auto Salvage near the La Guadalupana Restaurant's lunch wagon, and no bench seat at Agnello's, where the large letters on the to-do blackboard spelled MAKE MONEY. Over at Budget Wrecking they had a couple of black leather buckets, hidden away in a spider-filled trailer, that the Rastaman attendant said he might "bend to fit," but this seemed chancy at best. Over at Sunrise Auto Body Shop, a massive yard out by the old stone coal silos left over from the ashpit days, paydirt appeared palpable. There, beyond twin handwritten, bilingual remonstrations—NO PISSING and NO ORINAR—magically revved up and running just for our benefit, was a 1985 Caprice, which, when it comes to bench seats, is close enough. The condition was good, too. Nice gray velveteen with no rips.

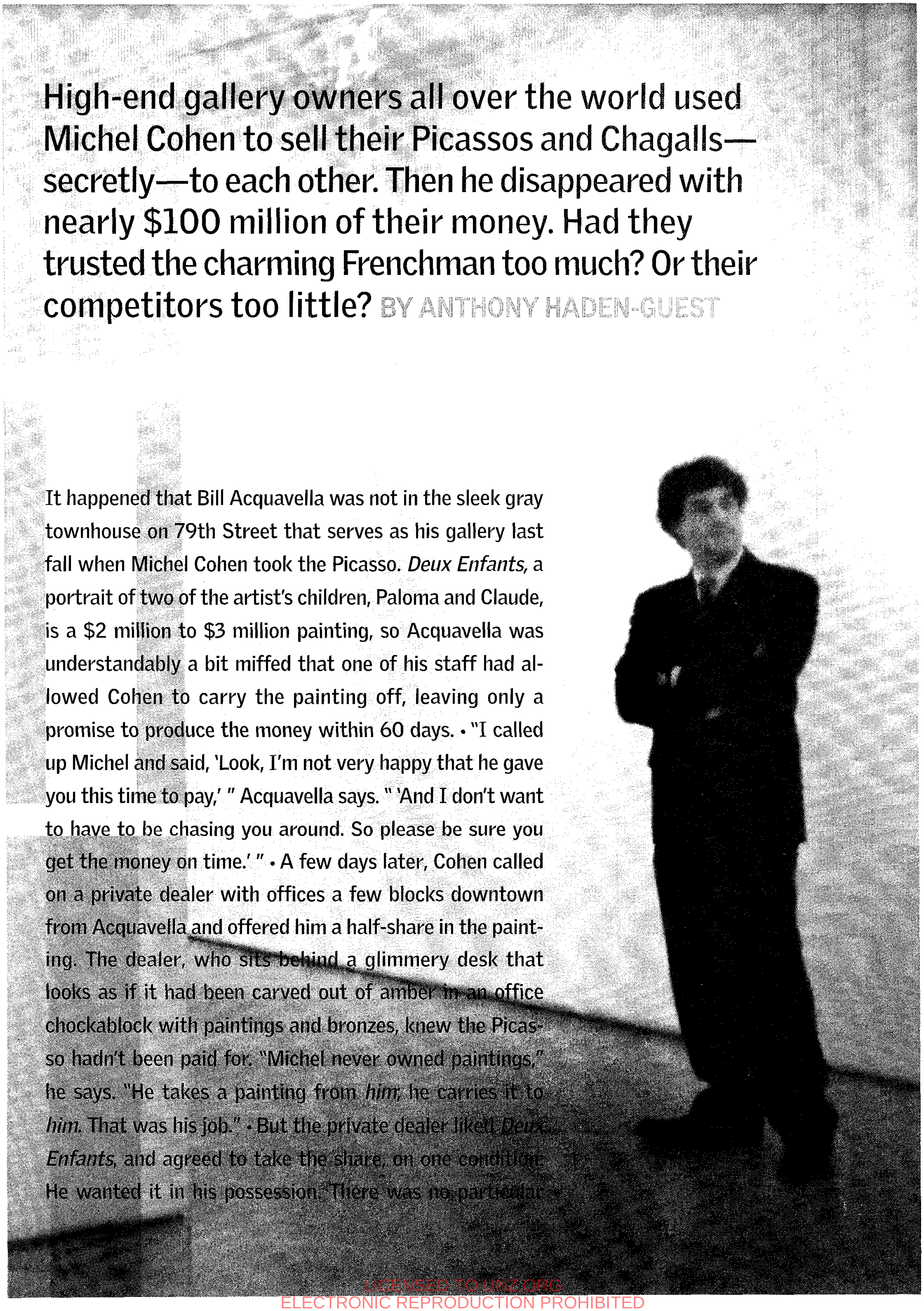
"How much?," T.B. inquired.

Natan, the doleful Semite in charge, scratched his head. "I give you for $60, no installation."

Unfortunately, the deal was soon dashed. Whoever purchased that old '85 Caprice, however many owners ago, must have been relatively flush. He'd ordered the power seats, an option the buyer of T.B.'s '79 model had eschewed. The '85 seats would not fit.

It was about then that T.B., veteran of such situations, *(Continued on page 78)*

# THE DOUBLE DEALER



**High-end gallery owners all over the world used Michel Cohen to sell their Picassos and Chagalls—secretly—to each other. Then he disappeared with nearly $100 million of their money. Had they trusted the charming Frenchman too much? Or their competitors too little?**

BY ANTHONY HADEN-GUEST

It happened that Bill Acquavella was not in the sleek gray townhouse on 79th Street that serves as his gallery last fall when Michel Cohen took the Picasso. *Deux Enfants,* a portrait of two of the artist's children, Paloma and Claude, is a $2 million to $3 million painting, so Acquavella was understandably a bit miffed that one of his staff had allowed Cohen to carry the painting off, leaving only a promise to produce the money within 60 days. • "I called up Michel and said, 'Look, I'm not very happy that he gave you this time to pay,' " Acquavella says. " 'And I don't want to have to be chasing you around. So please be sure you get the money on time.' " • A few days later, Cohen called on a private dealer with offices a few blocks downtown from Acquavella and offered him a half-share in the painting. The dealer, who sits behind a glimmery desk that looks as if it had been carved out of amber in an office chockablock with paintings and bronzes, knew the Picasso hadn't been paid for. "Michel never owned paintings," he says. "He takes a painting from *him;* he carries it to *him.* That was his job." • But the private dealer liked *Deux Enfants,* and agreed to take the share, on one condition: He wanted it in his possession. There was no particular reason, just that Cohen had seemed a bit antsy. "Maybe I was a little wondering," he says in accented English. "I said it will be safe with me."

Not long after, Michael Findlay, formerly with Christie's but now with Acquavella, chanced to drop by. "That's our Picasso!" Findlay said, surprised to discover *Deux Enfants* in the dealer's offices.

But Acquavella wasn't bothered when he heard. "It was fine," he says. "He had the right. He had bought it, and he wasn't late yet."

Acquavella might not have been so sanguine if he had known that, by selling the Picasso to Michel Cohen on terms, he was being unwittingly sucked into a record-setting art scam. For Cohen, who was a familiar character to name dealers all around the world, had created an intricate network of overlapping art deals to cover mounting losses from his other trading addiction—the stock market. By the time Cohen disappeared a few months later—art-world rumors have him hiding out variously in Cuba, Paris, and (most recently) Costa Rica—the swindle would have saddled a handful of secretive, high-rolling gallery owners and auction houses with losses totaling from $60 million to $100 million.

SLIGHT, DARK, HYPERKINETIC, AND famously sweet-natured, Michel Cohen is a charming Frenchman in his middle forties, based in New York and Malibu, who had established an impeccable reputation as a "runner" in the high-end art world. Occupying a special position in the complicated geography of New York art dealers, runners have the connoisseurship to be players but not the capital to hold expensive pieces until their value can be realized. They earn their orange-peel-thin commissions by making connections between buyers and sellers, even if it's just a matter of carrying a photographic transparency of a picture from one dealer to another, who might—unbeknownst to both—be across the street, or even in the same building.

Cohen was among the most active and respected of runners. "For me, Cohen was very useful," says Martin Muller, a San Francisco dealer with extensive business ties to Cohen. "He would know what we wanted and find it. Or he would find a client for something of mine. He allowed significant inventories to change hands."

And in what now seems like an all-too-telling choice, he called his company Pentimento—the Italian word for repentance, which also refers to those traces of a painted-out figure that emerge as a canvas ages. "He was someone who did business over and over again with all of us," says Acquavella.

Cohen's value to other dealers—and his ability to eventually betray them—was based on their penchant for secrecy. Heavyweight dealers jealously guard the small circle of clients their business depends on. Ever the silken go-between, Cohen facilitated sales while protecting each dealer's exclusive relationships; thus it is that in the mortifying aftermath of the Cohen affair, appalled dealers have been protesting that theirs is a "handshake culture" and "a system of trust."

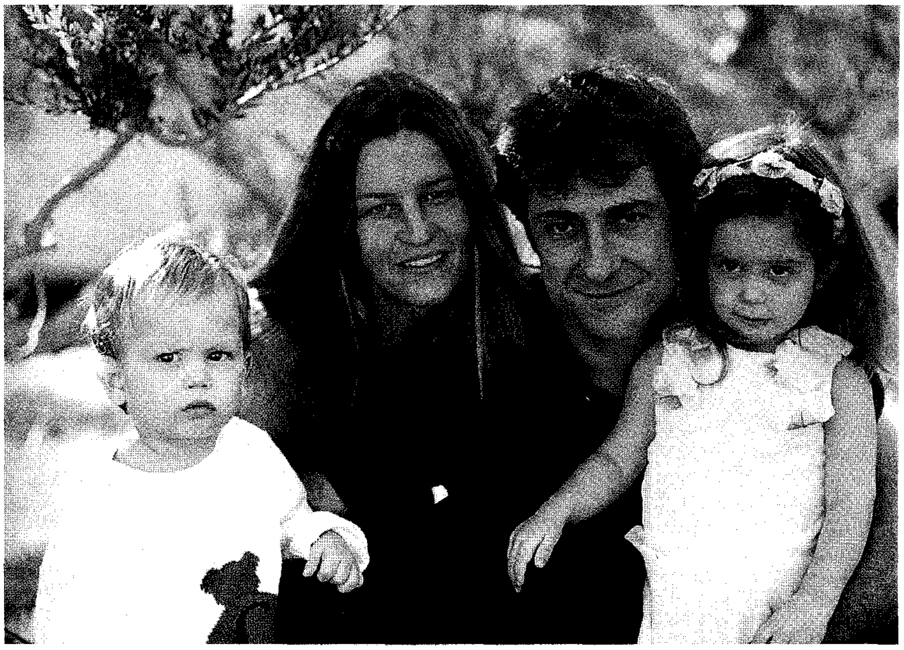
SECRECY AND HANDSHAKE CREDIT SUITED Cohen perfectly. But it is still not clear whether he had been planning to bite the hand that fed him all along or had merely fallen so far behind that he had to take drastic action. Whatever the case, he was looking for big bucks when, in March of 2000, he lunched with Martin Muller and his business-partner father at Miami's Smith & Wollensky. "He didn't want to buy one painting here, one painting there," the younger Muller says. "It was too much hassle. He wanted a more significant sum of money." At lunch, Cohen announced that he wanted to buy and sell in bulk. He pitched a $100 million deal.

In the end, the Mullers only lent Cohen $4 million to buy a Picasso (not Acquavella's *Deux Enfants*), to be repaid in July. But Martin was surprised by his manner. "Michel had always been extremely friendly and warm, but I found him cooler," he says. "He was constantly on the telephone. Not two or three times. Twenty times!"

The Mullers weren't the only ones Cohen had put the touch on. In April, Sotheby's lent him $1.3 million to buy a Picasso; in May, $2.5 million for a Chagall; in June, $1 million followed for a second one. In July, the auction house came through with $1.5 million for another Picasso, a loan that was upped to $3.6 million a bit later for another Picasso. He put up ten artworks as collateral, but his handlers at Sotheby's took possession of only three and apparently didn't check up on the whereabouts of the rest. Why should they? Over the years, Cohen had done millions in business with the house, and there were other incentives. He was to repay Sotheby's at two points above prime, plus a share of the profits. A sweet deal for the auction house, which was itself under financial stress from the recent price-fixing scandal.

In August, Cohen bought a Picasso from Swiss dealer Ernst Beyeler. "We had done business. He was nice—and quite correct," Beyeler says. "The price was $3.9 million," says Catherine Couturier, Beyeler's Paris rep. The painting was shipped to New York. "Usually, it stays in the warehouse until the people pay," Couturier says, "unless they are people we know very well. Michel I knew. And he took the painting from the shipper."

A week before Acquavella's money was due, he called Cohen and asked after his Picasso. Cohen promptly returned it. "I'm amazed I got it back," Acquavella says. "I think he thought I was going to



**Family man:** Noah, Ulrike, Michel, and Chloe Cohen in their family Christmas card from 1998.

Man in the middle: Martin Muller in his San Francisco gallery.

**"MICHEL HAD HIS OWN CHAUFFEUR AND APPARENTLY WAS TAKING A CHARTERED PLANE TO MARTHA'S VINEYARD EVERY WEEKEND," MARTIN MULLER SAYS. "SO MY FATHER WAS RATHER IMPRESSED AND THOUGHT, OKAY, THERE'S NO CAUSE FOR CONCERN."**

make so much noise that I might have caused the whole scene to explode."

On Halloween, Michel telephoned Jean-François Gobbi, a dealer in Europe, offering a Monet, *Le Repos Dans Le Jardin Argenteuil*, which happens to belong to the Metropolitan Museum. He said it was Nazi war plunder and that the Met had agreed to sell it for $5 million, with two thirds to go to the claimants. Michel said that he had found a buyer at $6.8 million. If Gobbi put up the dough, they would split the profit. Like most good cons, the back story—that the painting was tainted goods—was correct; it had been written up in the Boston *Globe*. Several days later, Gobbi wired $5 million to Cohen's lawyer.

On November 2, Muller Sr. arrived in Manhattan, curious about his money. Cohen put on the perfect act. "My father was received lavishly by Michel, who had his own chauffeur and apparently was taking a chartered plane to Martha's Vineyard every weekend," Muller says. "He proudly took my father to his new space."

The gallery was under construction between Fifth and Madison on 69th, alongside Cartier and opposite Porthault. Cohen chatted with the workmen. "So my father was rather impressed," Muller says. "He thought, *Okay, there's no cause for concern.*"

Carrie Chiang of the Corcoran Group confirms only that Michel Cohen had made an offer on the retail space, which was on the market at $300,000 a year.

Meanwhile, Cohen was hard at work. On November 3, he also got Manhattan dealer Bill Beadleston to put up money for half the Met's Monet, a painting of a bridge. "At least it wasn't the Brooklyn Bridge," Beadleston says sheepishly.

Up to that point, Cohen could have been merely an overly ambitious dealer who was out of his depth. But with the scheme to sell the Met's Monet—and the gumption to sell it *Producers*-style to two different buyers—Cohen crossed the line into outright fraud.

Not that he was less than completely composed in public. Michel and his wife, Ulrike, along with their two children, watched the Thanksgiving parade from the Central Park West apartment of James Goodman, who has a gallery on East 57th Street. Andrew Fabricant of the Richard Gray Gallery was there with his kids, and neither dealer noticed anything untoward about Michel.

In mid-December, Sotheby's threatened to sue if it was not repaid. Cohen wrote two checks, one for $3.75 million, one for $1 million (he would stop payment on both in January). But on December 22, he arranged for the Richard Gray Gallery—which happens to occupy Cohen's former space—to deliver a $2.1 million Picasso so that he could show it to a client. Cohen never returned the painting—or paid for it.

In the first week of January, Cohen approached the dealer Ruth O'Hara with a proposition. He could buy a Picasso in Japan for $1.9 million and sell it right away for $2.3 million.

O'Hara didn't care for the deal. "He looked a little spaced out," she says. "He was disheveled." She says she asked a friend: "Is he on drugs?"

On January 21, an art consultant visited him in his Manhattan apartment. She was startled to walk into what looked like a huge struck stage set. "The place was really, really empty!" she says. "There was no furniture. There was a dining-room table with hundreds of transparencies on it. The kids were crying, his wife was angry, and he was just scrabbling through this heap of transparencies. He was so jumpy and so nervous."

He showed up at her office a couple of days later. "He came running in and poured this group of transparencies onto the coffee table and was rummaging through them, like it was a bargain-basement sale," she says. "He kept saying, 'What about this? What about this? What about this?' "

A couple of days later, on January 23, a story—just three dozen lines—was posted on MSNBC.com beneath the headline SOTHEBY'S SUES MALIBU ART DEALER FOR $10 MILLION. Both Michel and Ulrike were named. A few days later, Michel Cohen was gone.

The MSNBC story was read with understandably keen interest by Paul Kantor, the tart-tongued éminence grise of Los Angeles dealers, who had been Cohen's mentor. Kantor was digesting the fact that the $6 million *he* had recently paid Cohen made him the proud possessor of three Picasso transparencies. He called the Art Fair in Palm Beach, which both Acquavella and Beadleston were attending. Cell phones began to vibrate, faxes hummed, and e-mails blipped as dealer after dealer checked in, astounded to discover the breadth and sheer gall of Michel Cohen's swindle. The numbers ratcheted upwards. $15 million! Twenty! Thirty-two! Thirty-seven!

MICHAEL COHEN—HE WOULD always be Michael in California, Michel in more cosmopolitan New York—arrived in Oakland from Paris some twenty years ago. He hustled prints—Dali, Leroy Neiman, big-edition Picassos and Chagalls—on the streets. "Very quickly he was selling more expensive prints," says the dealer Serge Sorokko. "He brought over his mother and sister and set them up in San Francisco. He was an amazingly hard worker. And he has a

hotographed by Fergus Greer.

photographic memory."

Michael Cohen had charm and a knack for getting close to the well-to-do. Among his first supporters were the Galoob brothers, former toy manufacturers and collectors of twentieth-century American art, which Robert Galoob says Cohen advised them on. "He was a neat guy," says John Tompkins, whose older brother founded the clothing behemoth Esprit. "He pointed out a bunch of things for me to observe in art. And he didn't talk down to you."

Cohen adored his mother, moving her from France to foggy San Francisco first, then to La Jolla, then Hawaii, but she gave up very, very little about his past. He let it be known that she was a *pied noir*, a French North African, and that his seldom-mentioned father was a cabdriver in provincial France. Cohen said he never went to college but that as a teenager he had been a national whiz at selling encyclopedias door-to-door.

**"THREE PEOPLE BOUGHT THAT PAINTING," DEALER PAUL KANTOR SAID TARTLY OF A PICASSO HE LENT MONEY FOR. IN THE END, DID HE FEEL SORRY FOR HIS FORMER PROTÉGÉ OR ANGRY? "ANGRY?" HE RETORTED. "HE STOLE $6 MILLION FROM ME."**

Soon Cohen graduated from prints to paintings. "He came by my gallery in the early eighties," says Martin Muller. "He bought a painting. That's the way you seduce a dealer—you buy work." In 1988, he took over a fourth-floor space on Sutter Street, an area thick with galleries. He was living pretty well, sailing a big sloop in the bay and doing tae kwon do, but he was tiring of San Francisco's limited horizons and at the end of the eighties moved to Malibu.

It was in L.A. that Marc Richards, himself a dealer, first met Cohen. "He quickly took to the resale market, which was booming, and played it as well as anybody I know," Richards says. Essentially, Cohen was churning paintings the way he had churned prints. "He would flip things for 5 percent," says a Los Angeles dealer. "He would have high volume, low overhead, and low profits. But a lot of business." Manny Silverman, another L.A. dealer, was struck by his pace. "He bought a Joan Mitchell and drove it from La Jolla," Silverman says, selling the piece within 24 hours.

"He was a risk-taker. He would go out on a limb and buy a million-five painting," a dealer says. "He treated art as a commodity. He knew in his mind everything that had sold, when it had sold, and the price; it was almost like baseball cards."

In 1993, Cohen met Tanya Bonakdar, a slender, fine-boned Briton with a consuming interest in the newest art. Cohen fell in love and moved to New York with her.

He opened a gallery at 1018 Madison. Tanya broke off their affair after a couple of years, but he funded a new gallery for her, closed his own, and returned to his forte, selling paintings dealer-to-dealer. Then he caught a glimpse of every runner's dream: the truly big deal.

MARC CHAGALL DIED IN 1985, leaving a huge archive of late work to his known heirs. Then another claimant popped up: David McNeil, an illegitimate son by a model, who secured 10 percent of the hoard. McNeil had been financially supported for some years by Jean-François Gobbi, who got to manage McNeil's birthright as a quid pro quo. Gobbi reputedly had an apartment in Venice on the Grand Canal and a mighty yacht to go along with his reputation as a tough operator. In 1995, the Chagall estate offered another slice of the archive for sale. The heirs approached Sotheby's. The works "were all from the last fifteen or twenty years of his life," says David Nash, who put together Sotheby's proposal. "But Mr. Gobbi came back for a second helping. He exceeded our offer by far." His bid is said to have been $65 million.

That same year, Cohen met Gobbi in Miami. "He was always on Mr. Gobbi's yacht, and he was very impressed by Gobbi," Muller says. In 1997, Gobbi offered Cohen a bite at the Chagalls. So he contacted the Mullers for backing. "We were first approached for a hundred-million-dollar package deal," Martin Muller says. "We were thinking to put together a pool with some of our friends. First a deal for fifteen to twenty million, then the idea to do this in several installments, because who needs to put 800 Chagalls on the market at once? Of course, Michel wanted to do only the whole thing." Swiss caution prevailed. Cohen swiftly found another backer, a Los Angeles real-estate investor. They bought only 80 Chagalls, but Cohen was now a player, too.

Cohen, while keeping up his gallery on Madison, returned to Malibu that year and married Ulrike, a German dealer. "She had been in Colombia. She had dealt Boteros. And she had bought a Diego Rivera for some heavy hitter in the Caribbean," recalls Louis Stern, another dealer.

Cohen bought a white house overlooking Point Dune, the northeasterly tip of Santa Monica Bay. "He wanted the best things in life," says Marc Richards. "He would buy Mercedes after Mercedes. He would change them every three months. We would laugh. But nobody saw any harm in it."

Life in Malibu was grand. Cohen bought the adjoining plot of land, and Ulrike followed rich-woman pursuits, riding horses and taking yoga classes. They doted upon their children, Chloe and Noah. "She said she has one damn nanny after the other," says an Austrian visitor, Eva Bockl. "She was recommended this nanny at her yoga club who had worked for Madonna. So she took her. She gets $1,500 a week."

But Ulrike increasingly complained that she felt isolated in Malibu. "He didn't have real friends," Marc Richards, who had been married at the Malibu house, says. "Not even me. There was a hole in him. He tried to fill it with money."

"I remember going out there with a friend. And we were amazed by this house," says Richard Polsky, author of the *Art Market Guide*. "We looked at each other. I said, 'I don't get it! We both work pretty hard, we're pretty good at this. But this guy's on a different level.' My friend said, 'For the first time in my life I feel depressed. Like a loser! How does this guy do this?' "

"I think he had a bit of a buying addiction," says David Tunkl, a private dealer in Los Angeles. "I don't think that he's a dishonest guy. And I don't think people in my business should too much take the high road. I think we have all been in a 'robbing Peter to pay Paul' situation at some point.

"He had his hands in so many things at once," Tunkl says, "that for me he lost the whole feeling of being an art dealer. He was a merchandiser."

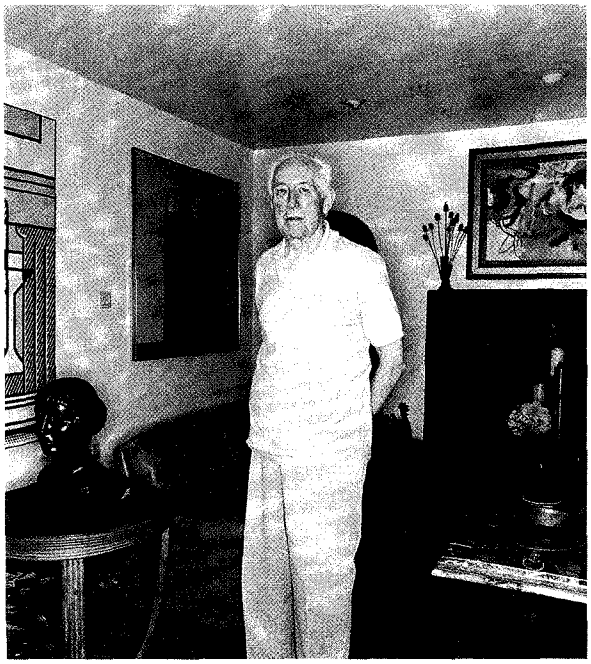
"I would look at a painting and say 'How much do you want for it?' And he'd say, 'Well, I paid three hundred. Give me a hundred and seventy-five,' " Polsky says. "It didn't add up!"

It did for some. Marc Richards had started Cohen trading stock options in

New York in 1993. Soon he was an addict sitting with an old-fashioned electronic ticker watching where the stocks were at. "He used to talk to you and stare at that thing transfixed," says someone who knew him then.

"I met him at an opening," a broker says. "Do you know anything about trading options? Ten would be a lot. He told me that he bought a thousand." Which meant Cohen was risking hundreds of thousands of dollars a throw.

The broker took over Cohen's account but found him needy. "I literally would speak to him ten times a day," he says.



**Mentor:** Paul Kantor at home, with works by Lichtenstein, Hockney, and De Kooning.

"People in the firm would yell across the room 'Michel! Michel!' They thought Michel was my girlfriend."

"He was great! Fantastic!" says Damien Hirst, the British artist who had his first one-man show in Cohen's gallery in 1992. "Michel used to have, you know, one of these little boxes. Stocks and shares and things. He was absurd! While we were having breakfast in a café he lost a hundred thousand pounds.

"Tanya got really upset. She said, 'We could use that money to start my gallery. Money you just lost over coffee and breakfast.' " Hirst chortles. "Eggs over easy!"

The problem was that Cohen never mastered the game. "Michel just wasn't good at it," the broker said. "Options move very, very fast. It's a very, very narrow window. You have to be careful about giving advice. People in my firm were paranoid that this guy might sue you. It really wasn't a good trip."

Cohen took a breather from the market in the late nineties. "Up to the end of 1999, he always paid very sharply on time," Martin Muller says. But he told a dealer that in early 2000, he had gotten into commodities.

"He was dealing through a few different futures companies, and he had an account here. We had his money out," says Joe Murphy, CEO of Refco, which is the biggest trader in the world aside from the banks. "And he was trading."

"He came to us as a very high-net-worth individual," Murphy goes on. "He had plenty of money, and he opened an account to speculate in the futures markets. And he did okay for a while. The assumption was that it was always his money, of course."

What Murphy didn't know was that though Cohen always seemed liquid, much of the money was on a float from his art deals. "He needed cash," says an international dealer. "So if I gave him a million-dollar painting, he would first ask a million two. If no one responded, he would try to break even. Then he would sometimes sell it for $800,000. Everyone in the world will pay $800,000 for a painting that's worth a million."

But with the float, the customary grace period on payment, Cohen could turn a loss into a short-term gain for himself—having the $800,000 in his trading account.

"Eventually he just obviously overextended himself. It's a daily market, so you know immediately when somebody doesn't have money, and you shut him down," says Murphy. Robert Galoob, who has known Cohen as long as anybody in the U.S., sees his flight as a gambler's fugue. "You go on and on and down and down," Galoob says. "You can't stop yourself."

THE CONTOURS OF THE COHEN CASE are now defined. The vanished art has mostly popped up again—Chagalls in galleries, the Richard Gray Picasso (the insurance company made the gallery whole) on the wall of a ponytailed California computer mogul—and is likely to remain in the hands of whoever bought it in good faith. The dealers smolder, but their abhorrence of public disclosure makes it unlikely their handshake culture will be disturbed.

"Michel Cohen was an anomaly," Leslie Feely, a private dealer, says defensively.

PAUL KANTOR'S WEST HOLLYWOOD HOUSE IS a warm pink. When I went to ask the doyen of California dealers for some insight into Cohen's self-destruction, we had tea in the dining room. Behind me was a red-and-blue Mirò sculpture. Even at over 80, Kantor retains a formidable presence with a wave of snowy hair, pink skin, and icy blue eyes.

"I was his taste buds," Kantor said of his relationship with the runner. "I lunched with him three times a week at Morton's. He would always have five or six transparencies."

"I never picked up the check. Not once!" Kantor added. "I wanted to see if he would say something. He never did."

I was reminded of a comment Marc Richards made about Cohen's vulnerability. "He was misused by his backers," Richards complained. "He would go halves on the profits but eat all the losses."

"It was a pyramid," Kantor admitted of his loans to Cohen. Even a seasoned hand like Paul Kantor would learn the hard way the truism about free lunches.

We moved into the drawing room. The walls were hung with Picasso, De Kooning, Yves Tanguy, Arshile Gorky. Kantor settled down. "I didn't realize how many people he had been dealing with," Kantor went on. "Nobody realized. He kept it all in his mind."

Kantor has never laid eyes on the actual Picassos he thought he bought from Cohen and has no idea where they might be or to whom they actually belong. Cohen sold him *Femme Dans L'Atelier* in March. "Three people bought that painting," he said tartly.

In late January, Cohen was still trying to get a chunk of money from him. "It was the continuation of all kinds of deals," Kantor said. "I'll give you half a picture; you give me a quarter. You buy, you sell, you trade."

Kantor got up and adjusted a Picasso, which was askew on the wall. Sounding oddly serene, he talked of visiting the Cohens in Malibu. Emboldened, I asked whether—when all was said and done—he felt more sorry for Michel Cohen or angry.

"Angry?" he retorted. "He stole $6 million from me."

How in the world could Michel Cohen have bamboozled cagey old birds like himself and Ernst Beyeler?

Kantor looked me full in the face. He wore a seraphic half-smile.

"Greed," he said, lightly. It was as if he had drawn the word on the air in smoke. "That's the obvious answer." ■

Photographed by Fergus Greer.

# A COMPLICATED

**For his novel *The Grand Complication,* Allen Kurzweil spent nine years researching everything from Middle Eastern museums to eighteenth-century watches to the Dewey decimal system. By Boris Kachka**

ALLEN KURZWEIL WANTS TO TALK about lots of things: eighteenth-century erotic toys, enamel painting, the ethnography of pop-up books. But ask him why it took nine years to follow up his widely praised polymath's first novel, *A Case of Curiosities,* and he's at a loss. Back in 1992, he was already outlining *The Grand Complication*—an erudite exploration of a librarian's obsessions—promising he'd deliver it in two or three years. What happened? "My interest in so many different disciplines," he says deliberately, like a physicist struggling to express an elusive concept, "ended up taking me away from the actual writing."

Two years ago, Kurzweil was 800 pages into the book when a funny thing happened: He won a fellowship at the New York Public Library as one of the inaugural class at the Center for Scholars and Writers. Given his passion for libraries—"I can remember just about every library I've been in," he boasts, "the way a food critic can itemize every menu in Paris"—being a fellow there might seem like a boon to the "actual writing." But while adjusting to a sleek oak-and-glass office that came with an Aeron chair and a $50,000 stipend, the 40-year-old Kurzweil freely explored—among other topics—antique clocks, pneumatic tubes, the Dewey decimal system, Japanese tattoo patterns, and librarians' memoirs. Before long, his oft-tinkered-with novel's setting began to look suspiciously like the Beaux-Arts masterpiece on 42nd Street. "It enriched the narrative, but it slowed down getting the book done," he says. "In a sense, it screwed me up terribly."

Kurzweil's arcane fixations run deep. The Upper East Side–bred son of Viennese Jewish refugees, he hardly remembers his father, a mechanical engineer who died when Allen was 5. "He would spend all day in machine shops, designing apparatuses of one kind or another," Kurzweil says. "Then he'd come home and sit down with me, and we would sketch out these Rube Goldberg contraptions." Kurzweil, however, has nothing of his father's except for a pocket watch that once belonged to his grandfather. "But I would sign over my royalties for one of those drawings," he says.

Things changed when Kurzweil's father died. The family, which had been living in Italy, returned to the States. By the time Allen entered adolescence, his mother, Edith, had met William Phillips, the co-founder and, at 93, still officially the editor-in-chief of *Partisan Review.* She became an editor there, and the two eventually married.

"William is a great man, but very difficult," Kurzweil says. "It was a fruitful but combative upbringing. The combative spirit that the *PR* crowd is known for was not exactly absent from our apartment. There was a lot of Maoist rhetoric in the house in the late sixties, and a lot of neoconservative rhetoric in the eighties."

After graduating from Yale, Kurzweil studied Italian Fascism for a bit but drifted back to his first love—mechanics, which fueled his infatuation with Enlightenment Europe. But his version—the one in his novels—was governed by old-world father figures fiddling in archaic workshops.

*A Case of Curiosities* follows Claude Page, an eighteenth-century watchmaker's son apprenticed to an eccentric defrocked abbé. The old man teaches him how to make elaborate watches and toys—the most intricate being pornographic pieces with names like Bucolic Frolic and Niece on Swing With Dog. In *The Grand Complication,* the mentor figure (the effete antiquarian Henry James Jesson III) lures the librarian Alexander Short away from a saucy French wife (whose passions include erotic pop-up books) and into a fruitless search for eighteenth-century watchmaker Breguet's masterpiece—known as the Marie Antoinette.

Perhaps to prove his mechanical bona fides, Kurzweil himself built many of the objects in his new novel: some of those pop-up books (including an attempt at the *Kama Sutra*) and a player-piano-like machine for note-taking (for which Kurzweil is applying for a patent under Jesson's name). He even had his own French wife model a cat suit (with concentric circles chalked over her crotch) worn by the French wife in the novel.

"Machines have a bad rap," Kurzweil says. "There can be an almost haunting beauty to them." And there's something nostalgically simple about the machines Kurzweil futzes with. "I use a computer," he says, "but I have no idea how it works. The eighteenth century was the last moment in which anyone could presume to understand the world and how it worked."

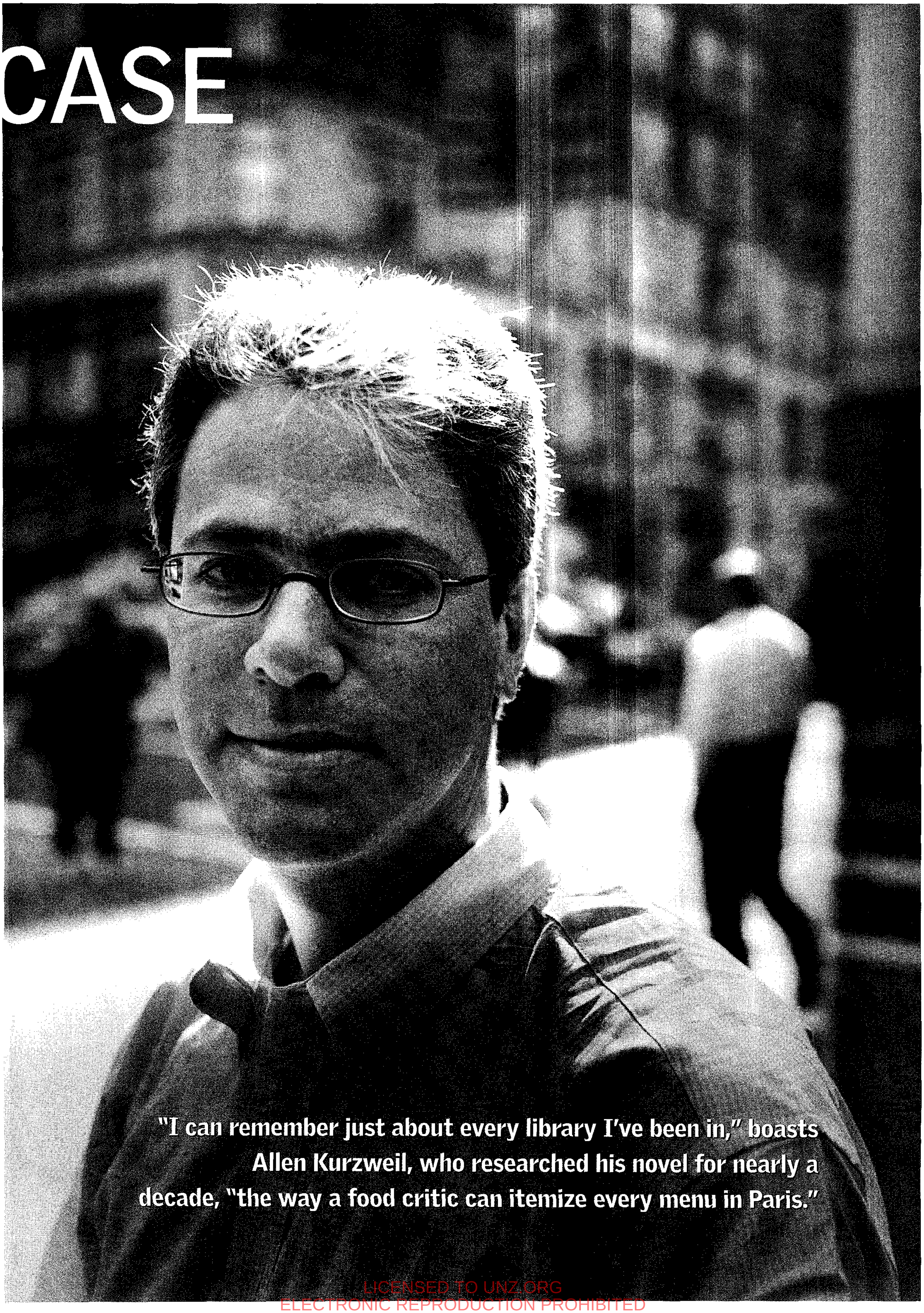
ALLEN KURZWEIL STILL WEARS HIS EXPIRED all-access fellowship pass to the lion-guarded library. Within the service area that bisects the library's Main Reading Room, a tiny metallic elevator takes us straight down through eight levels of books. As we walk through the stacks, pneumatic tubes and conveyor belts hum around us. Victorian marble and cast iron give way to a mid-century microfiche aesthetic as we pass through an inclined Kubrickian white corridor into a vast expanse of compact shelving. Finding the right row, Kurzweil presses a gleaming button, two shelves part, and an aisle opens before us. Pressure plates were added some time ago to ensure that roaming readers wouldn't be crushed by bookshelves. Kurzweil doesn't think anyone's ever been killed (though his novel leaves that open to question).

"Ah, here it is," Kurzweil says, pulling out D. P. Lindsley's *The Note-Taker,* second edition (1877). "This is basically the largest shorthand collection in the world," he says with a proprietary pride. Alexander Short composes diaries in Lindsley's obscure variant of shorthand. Kurzweil tracked down the last living Senate reporter to have used it and had him transcribe some text, which now adorns the book. Authenticity—the kind that requires exhaustive research—is just another obsession.

Packing up his work for the summer at Brown (where he's a visiting fellow), Kurzweil is reticent about future projects, but he hints at a serious departure from the historical arcana. "I've got a couple of much more contemporary projects," one of which will be nonfiction, he says, "a small study of an exemplary life." The next time I talk to him, though, he's troubled by a more immediate concern: "I lost that damn ID"—his expired fellowship pass. "I have a sort of totemic relationship to it." ■

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRIAN FINKE

# CASE



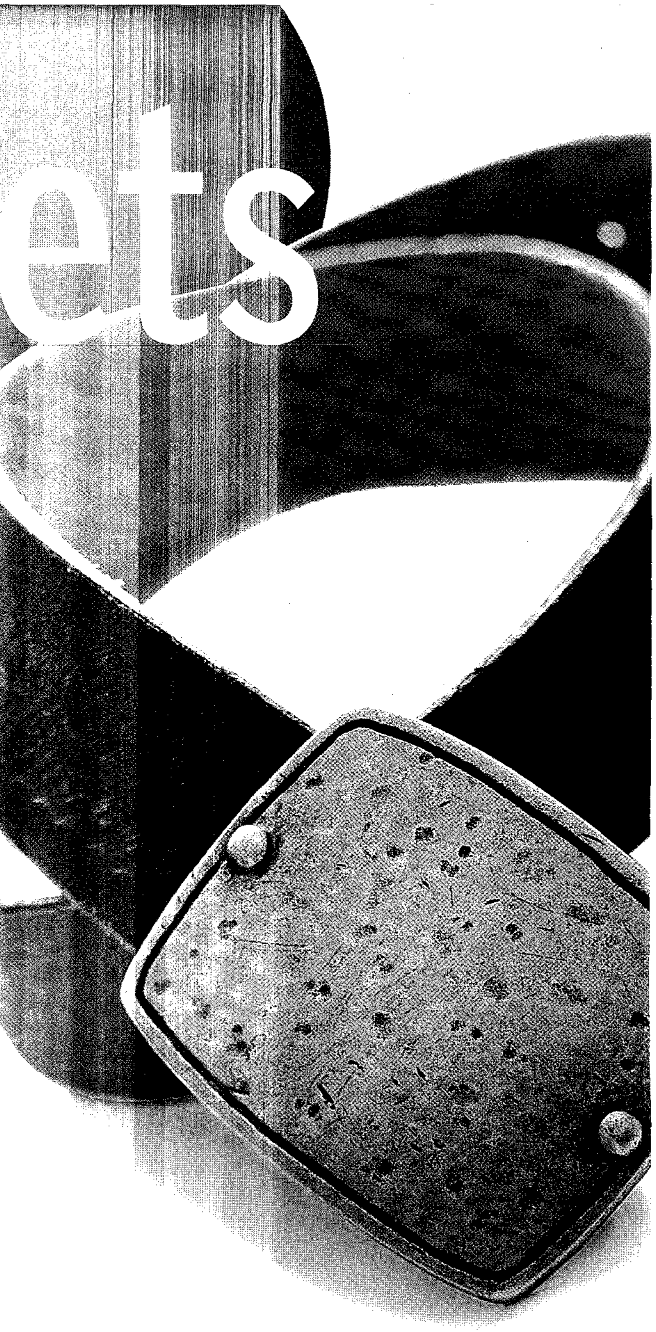
"I can remember just about every library I've been in," boasts Allen Kurzweil, who researched his novel for nearly a decade, "the way a food critic can itemize every menu in Paris."

# Best Bets

### RIMA SUQI

**Urban Cowboy** A man who looks good in jeans is a sight to behold. But if those jeans slide too low, an *eeew!* view could result. It's a cinch to solve that problem with a sexy, rugged belt like this one from Banana Republic. It comes in black or brown weathered leather with either a brass or nickel buckle and will turn those *eeews* into *ooohs* ($42).

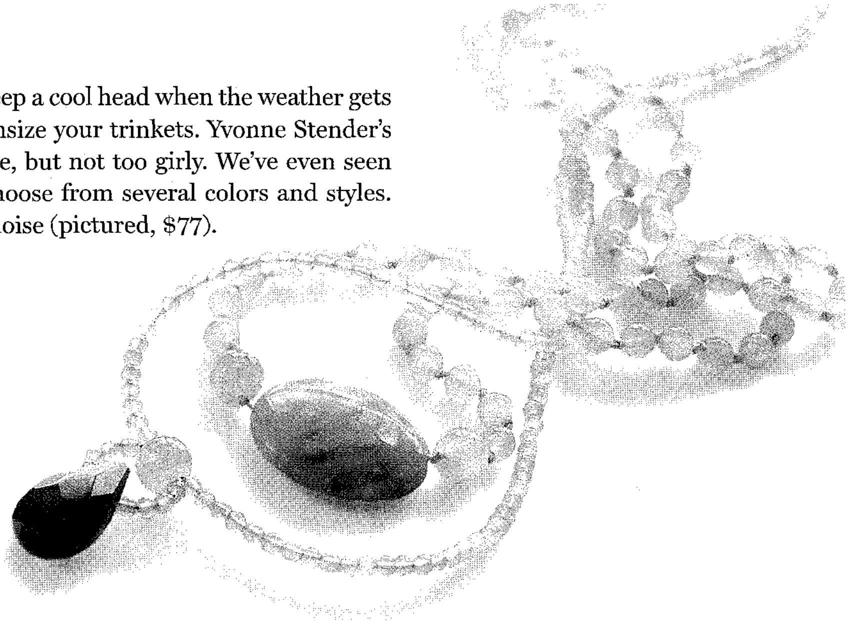
▶ **BANANA REPUBLIC MEN'S STORES**
www.bananarepublic.com



**Grass Slippers** In-the-know toes swear by Jin Soon's ultrapampering pedicures. After these exotic treatments, it seems criminal to stuff them back into stilettos. Luckily, Jin Soon sells these fun beaded sea-grass flip-flops, imported from Brazil—a welcome change from the disposable paper stuff you get elsewhere ($28).

▶ **JIN SOON**
56 East 4th Street/212-473-2047

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTONIS ACHILLEOS

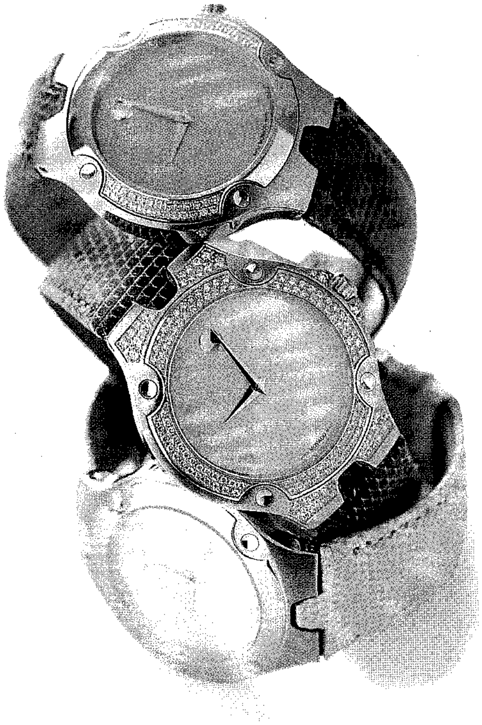


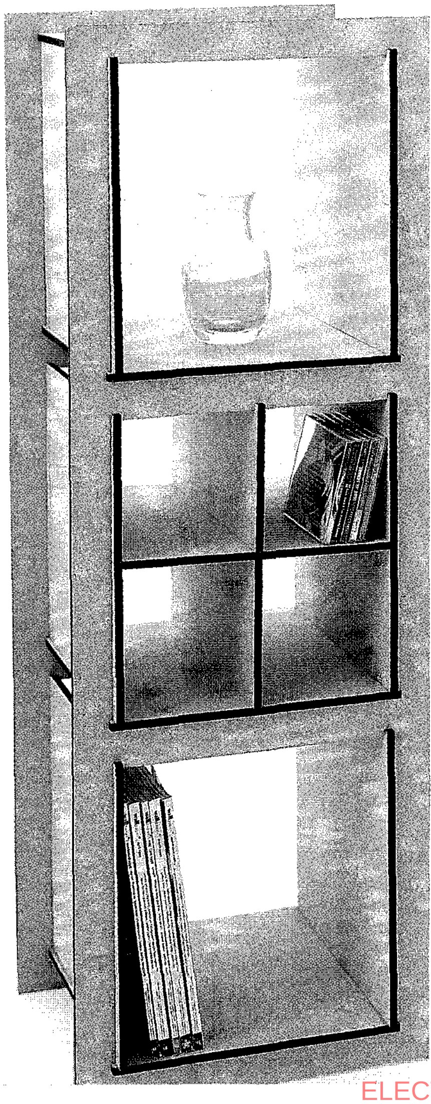
**Spare Chains** Want to keep a cool head when the weather gets hot? Twist up your hair and downsize your trinkets. Yvonne Stender's necklaces are colorful and delicate, but not too girly. We've even seen A&F-type boys sporting them. Choose from several colors and styles. We like the yellow jade with turquoise (pictured, $77).

▶ **ASP**
185 Mulberry Street/212-431-1682

**Jazzy Bands** At the time of summer when you're perfectly bronzed (naturally or otherwise), Movado's new SE color collection of sports watches does for your wrists what turquoise beads do for your neck: The unisex watches have bright lizard-skin bands in your choice of green, fuchsia, yellow, or blue—all perfect complements to tanned skin—and matching dials in tinted mother-of-pearl. Prices are from $795 to about $6,000 for a diamond-encrusted wonder.

▶ **MOVADO**
610 Fifth Avenue, at Rockefeller Center/212-218-7555





**Carton Call** Finally, a bit of Belgian deconstruction that makes space in your closet rather than taking it up. These storage cubes, designed by Alain Chennaux for A_ronne, look like cardboard, but they're actually made of surprisingly sturdy pressed wood. Buy them in individual units ($60) or in a tower ($160 for three cubes; $220 for four); an optional shelving insert will hold your CDs ($40). The cubes come folded flat and assemble without any tools, nails, or screws. Do we hear "back to school"?

▶ **THE APARTMENT**
101 Crosby Street/212-219-3661

BRIDIE CLARK

**Dry me . . .** From left, Tommy Hilfiger, Portico, Ralph Lauren, Davidson Cotton Co., DKNY.

# Fresh-Picked Terries

Lyin' in the sand: There's no need to rough it on the dunes this summer. These soft, splashy beach towels will keep you dry—and won't wring out your wallet.

TO EVERY TOWEL THERE IS A purpose: Some are meant to be kept impeccably clean and demurely folded over bathroom racks, while others—cut from heartier stock—are the kind you want to have your back when you lie down on scorching beach sand. So the next time you hit the surf, leave the monogrammed terrycloth at home, and dry off with these bright, cheery, and made-to-endure cheapies.

**Tommy Hilfiger**'s Hawaiian prints (pictured, $19.99 at Macy's stores) are at the very top of our heap—they're big enough to stretch out on and thin enough to stash in your bike basket. Also at **Macy's**, you can sun with the fishes ($8.99) without swimming in debt. **Ralph Lauren** towels (pictured, $19.99 at Bloomingdale's) are pretty and not pricey; same goes for the jumbo **Davidson Cotton Company** softies (pictured, $19.99 at Bloomingdale's). **Portico**'s oversized, thick mini-blankets (pictured, on sale for $20.99 at Portico stores) will be a perennial favorite, and **Gracious Home** shows similarly solid style—just slightly larger, thicker, and more expensive ($25 at Gracious Home stores). If you're going through stacks a day (a troop of kids?), stock up at **Kmart**—just $6.99 for a largish striped towel.

*Gracious Home, 1992 Broadway, at 67th St. (212-231-7800) or 1220 Third Ave., near 70th St. (212-517-6300); Kmart, 250 W. 34th St., near Seventh Ave. (212-760-1188) or 770 Broadway, at Astor Pl. (212-673-1540).*

## Picks of the Week

**Nice House** has a cool, offbeat mix of new and vintage home furnishings: Selected vases are 25 to 40 percent off (normally $49 to $195), as are side and coffee tables (normally $85 to $325). *117 Perry St. (212-675-7509); A.E., M.C., V.; Sun.-Sun.; 7/30-8/14.*

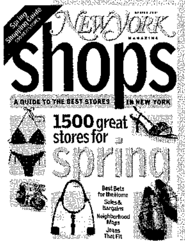
**Kus Studio**'s Indonesian teak furniture is 30 percent off: A six-foot-long bench that was $3,800 is now $2,660; three-feet-high carved candleholders were $100 to $200 and are now $70 to $140. *33D Greenwich Ave. (212-675-4317); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Fri. 10:30-10, Sat. 10:30-10:30, Sun. 12-10; 8/1-8/31.*

**Conchi New York** has playful, bias-cut silk dresses (originally $220, now $65 to $98) and drawstring pants in two-tone silks (originally $150 and now $45 to $75). *365 Broome St. (917-237-1941); A.E., M.C., V.; Wed.-Sun. 12-7; 8/1-8/5.*

**J.Crew**'s feeling particularly charitable these days: With any denim or chinos purchase, you'll get a $10 gift card and Reading Is Fundamental, the nation's oldest and largest literacy organization, gets $1. It doesn't sound like much, but it adds up. *At J.Crew stores; through 9/3.*

**G/K Framing** is taking 35 to 50 percent off its handcrafted frames and mirrors, as well as beautiful frames in wood, yellow or white gold, and lacquer. *169 Hudson St. (212-431-0633); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Fri. 9-6; 8/1-8/31.* ■

**DO NOT PHONE:** Send suggestions to Sales & Bargains, New York Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale.


New York
Shops
A GUIDE TO THE BEST STORES IN NEW YORK
1500 great stores for spring

Check out the spring 2001 issue of **New York Shops**, our guide to the city's best stores, including a six-month roundup of "Sales & Bargains." On sale at newsstands now. To order a copy, call 800-496-7833 ($4.99 plus $2 shipping and handling).

Photographed by Aimée Herring.

# A Weekly Guide to Culture and Upcoming Events

Edited by Christopher Bonanos

## Movies

**Rush Hour 2**

Opens August 3

It's not a pretty picture: the city in a heat wave and Chris Tucker and Jackie Chan (pictured) back on the big screen as "the talker of trash" and "the master of smash," respectively. In their *Rush Hour 2* reunion, you can count on an abundance of goofy race jokes and even more punching, slapping, and kicking. (See listing, page 65.)

## Theater

**The American Living Room Festival**

At HERE

**Best of the Week**

That smoky coffee shop–cum–theater HERE presents the twelfth annual American Living Room Festival, showcasing loads of original plays, video installations, and vaguely upsetting puppet shows. While there, please ask the house manager why complimentary Q-Tips are offered in the rest room. (See listing, page 74.)

## Art

**My Reality: Contemporary Art and the Culture of Japanese Animation**

At the Brooklyn Museum of Art

Pictures of sexy robots! Brooklyn Museum of Art presents 32 works by eighteen artists, all of whom examine techno-culture and its effect on modern art. Beware saucer-eyed, sweaty rave kids muttering, "This D.J.'s phat." (See listing, page 76.)

## Restaurants

**Medi**

45 Rockefeller Plaza

In a gastronomical collision of sorts, Tuscan and Provençal delicacies will be vying for your attention on August 8 as the long-awaited Medi, brought to you by owner Roberto Ruggeri (Tuscan) and chef Roger Vergé (French), finally opens its doors. For reservations, call 212-399-8888.

## Nightlife

**Black Jack Johnson**

At Bowery Ballroom

The sticky-haired alterna-grumps who haunt Bowery Ballroom all know that Mos Def (pictured) can rap. But now they're asking, "Can he *rock*?" Find out when the chameleon-like hip-hopper performs with his new band, Black Jack Johnson, on July 31. (See listing, page 88.)

## Books

**Requiem for a Lost Empire**

By Andreï Makine; Arcade Publishing; $24.95

REQUIEM FOR A LOST EMPIRE
ANDREI MAKINE
author of DREAMS OF MY RUSSIAN SUMMERS

Those looking to camouflage their copy of Sidney Sheldon's *The Sky Is Falling* should snatch up the jacket for Andreï Makine's *Requiem for a Lost Empire*, a weighty novel that spans three generations of a Russian family, examines the ravages of war, and has already been compared—favorably!—to Dostoevsky. In bookstores now.

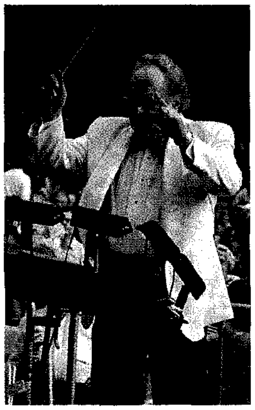
## In Concert

**"Viva, Verdi! Festival"**

Central Park SummerStage

On August 1, it's not just another performance of Verdi's *Falstaff*. This one, performed at SummerStage (so it's *sort* of Shakespeare in the Park, right?), completes the New York Grand Opera Company's presentation of all 28 Verdi operas, in chronological order. (See listing, page 91.)

DEREK DE KOFF



Photographs: clockwise from top left, Peter Sorel/New Line; David Mlotok; Zach Cordner/Retna Ltd.

# NEW YORK Happenings

PROMOTIONS•SPECIAL EVENTS

(Left to right) About.com's Amy Goldstein, J.P. Rosenbaum and Samara Meyer

(Left to right) NYM Associate Publisher Ginger Sutton, NYM Advertising Manager Ron Stern, EVIAN Events Marketing Director Phillipa Hunter, NYM Publisher Alan Katz, EVIAN Events Marketing Manager Teresa Saputo

EVIAN takes center stage at The Sports Club/LA

Guests take a moment to smile for the camera

## EVIAN® and The Sports Club/LA - Rockefeller Center

On June 27, over 200 young professionals joined NEW YORK Magazine and EVIAN® Natural Spring Water at The Sports Club/LA at Rockefeller Center. Guests toured the club, sipped summer cocktails and enjoyed delicious cuisine from The Sports Club/LA's *Pulse* Restaurant. To add to the fun, prize drawings included a year's supply of EVIAN® Natural Spring Water Nomad, EVIAN®'s new "on the go" bottle, a three-month membership to The Sports Club/LA, a private NY Boat Charter cruise, theater tickets, dinners and more!

SUMMERFUN
NEW YORK
274

(Top to bottom) Couple relax under their new red and white NEW YORK umbrella while reading what's hot this summer in NEW YORK's *Summer Fun Double Issue*; Beachgoer poses with the *Summer Fun Double Issue*; Red and white NEW YORK umbrellas lined the beaches in the Hamptons

## A Day at the Beach

From Southampton to Amagansett, the beaches had NEW YORK written all over them. To help 500 beachgoers beat the heat, NEW YORK delivered large red and white umbrellas displaying the NEW YORK Magazine logo and a *Summer Fun Double Issue*. While taking comfort in the shade, beach enthusiasts perused NEW YORK's "Hot List" of *Summer Fun* activities.

## It's Fun, It's Free. Great Skin Is Heading Your Way

Great skin starts here—at Clinique's 3-step tour. Meet Clinique's famous 3-Step Skin Care System and get a free skin care consultation and free samples. The Clinique Great Skin Starts Here Tour will be making stops in many cities this fall. Visit their Web site www.clinique.com for specific dates and locations.

CLINIQUE

(Left to right) Hamptons-bound couple show off their *Summer Fun* gifts; New Yorkers wait for the Hampton Jitney with their complimentary Campari umbrellas

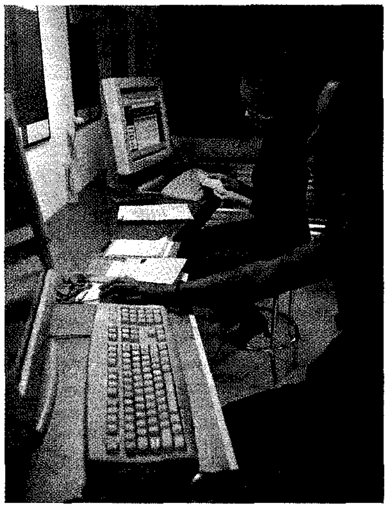
## Jitney Mania

To kick off summer, NEW YORK welcomed 400 lucky New Yorkers on the Hampton Jitney with gift bags overflowing with *Summer Fun* products. From perfume to sunscreen, these bags contained all of the necessities and luxuries for day and night at the hottest beaches in the Hamptons: Bain de Soleil, Jo Malone and Campari.

# Fall Learning

## Autumn in New York...

Why does it seem so inviting? One answer songwriter Vernon Duke left out in his paean to what makes the city so special in the fall is going back to school. That's right, New York is one of the best places in the world to take a class in just about anything you can imagine, whether it is mastering the latest 3-D computer animation application, learning how to write a killer screenplay, brushing up on religion in ancient Egypt or jazz in New Orleans, or perfecting the delivery of a flawless toast. Learners travel from around the world to take these courses – and New Yorkers can get there on a MetroCard. If you are thinking about improving yourself, or just having fun learning a new skill, New York has a class to tell you how this fall.



Beverly Hood Allen * Creative Services Director   Christy Casamassima * Editor
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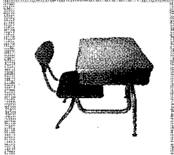

# The New School

In 1919, The New School for Social Research became the first adult university established to "educate the educated." They offered the first adult B.A. program, and the tradition of serving older students continues with its newest leader, Ann-Louise Shapiro, former dean of the Social Sciences and Interdisciplinary Programs at Wesleyan University, who joins former Sen. Bob Kerrey, who took over as president of the university in February. "I feel very strongly that it is very important for the academy to reach beyond the academy walls, and that is what happens here," says Shapiro. "We have structured this program so that academics and non-academics can meet and participate in the intellectual life of the city."

One of several programs this fall is the "Writing Lives Conference," from October 18 through 20, that calls on national writers, artists, scholars, and film makers to discuss how they represent the lives of others as well as their own, through their work. "Hip Hop: Cuba and the USA," "Art in New York: What's Hot This Fall", and "Conference on Science, Knowledge and Humanity: Are We Losing Faith in Ourselves?" are three of several one- to three-day programs this fall offered through The Vera List Center for Art and Politics and The Rose and Erwin Wolfson Center for National Affairs.

Meanwhile, a seven-session noncredit course explores many of the 400 art galleries in New York – with guest speakers. The New School's weekend workshops include titles like "So You Want to Write a Novel" and "Turning Your Ideas into Magazine Articles," an all-day seminar on October 27.

The New School, which offers more than 1,500 credit and non-credit courses, as well as 10 certificates and five undergraduate and graduate programs, is particularly strong in writing, communication, social sciences, humanities, computer instruction, languages, art, and business. Of the 1,000 matriculating students, 500 are in the Bachelor of Arts program, which is noted for its free-form approach. B.A. students create their own requirements from an array of more than 1,000 courses, 300 of which are offered online.

A new graduate program in international affairs begins this fall. The program combines analysis of the changing global economy and culture with an understanding of the economic programs facing developing countries. There are also master's programs in creative writing, media studies, and teaching. Teachers can also enroll in the new "Teaching with Technology" certificate program.

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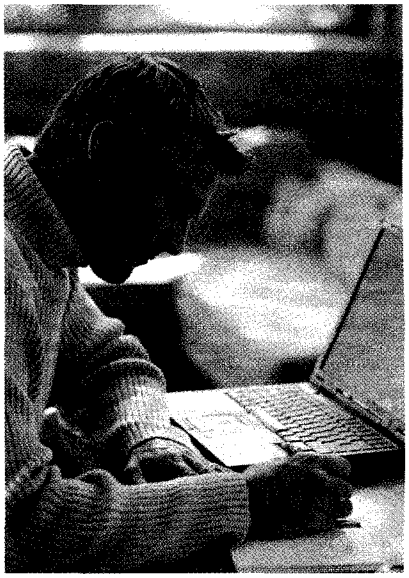

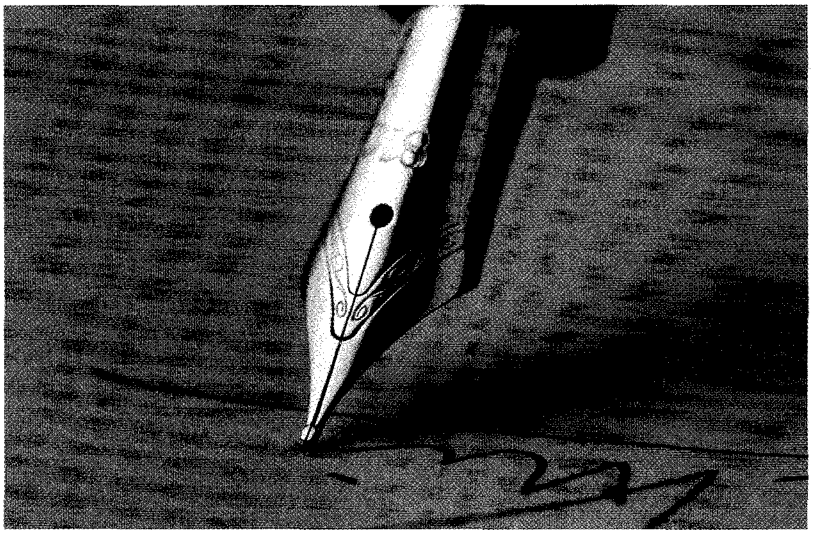

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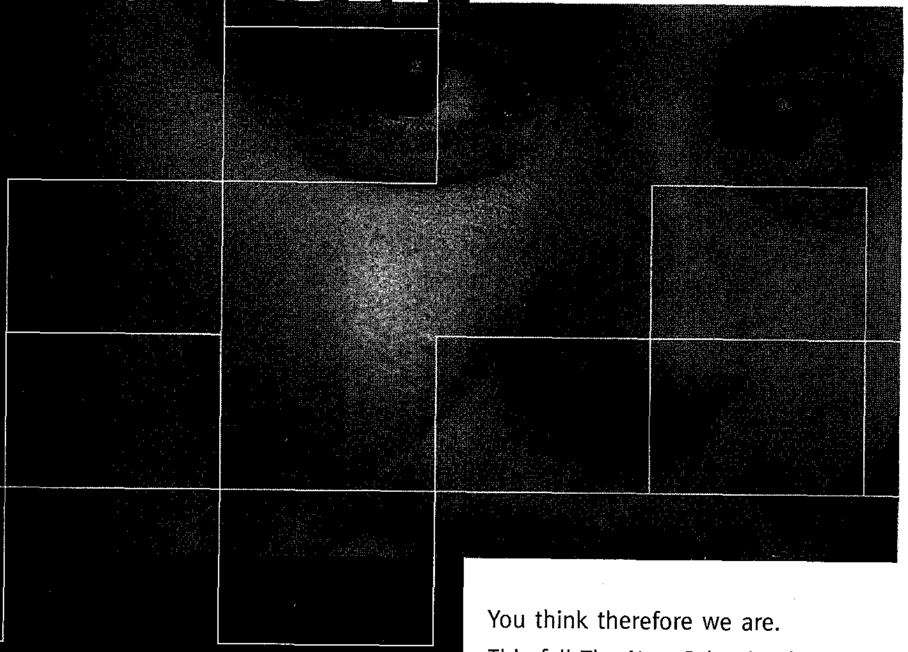

You think therefore we are. This fall The New School – the leader in adult education – offers more than 1,500 credit and non-credit courses, certificates, Bachelor's and Master's degree programs, on-site or online.

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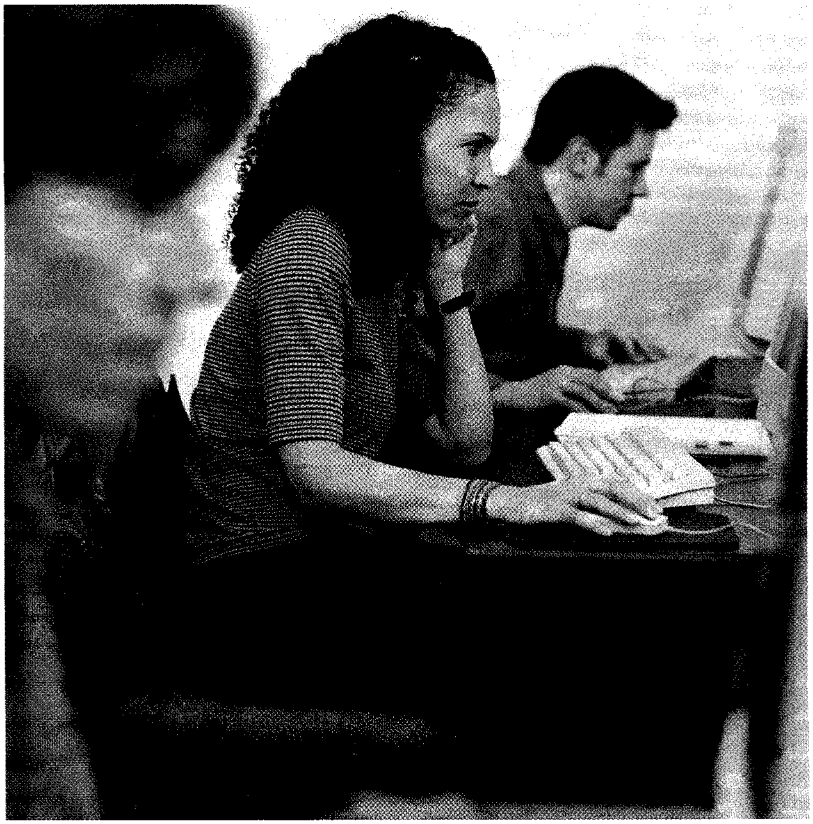
# New York University

## SCHOOL OF CONTINUING AND PROFESSIONAL STUDIES



With NYU's School of Continuing and Professional Studies, the numbers tell the story. Since 1934, no less than two million students have studied there. Today, with annual enrollments of more than 70,000, there are more than 2,500 courses, seminars, and workshops listed in their thick bulletin covering more than 25 fields taught by 1,350 faculty members.

The Virtual College™ is SPCS' trademarked online division, offering a full complement of noncredit, certificate, undergraduate, and graduate courses. This fall, the Master of Science in Management and Systems will be SPCS' first online graduate degree program offered exclusively through The Virtual College.

The Virtual College also offers noncredit courses and certificate programs, including "Online Course Creation and Instruction" and "Corporate Online Instruction." Other courses, such as novel writing, screenwriting, and "Writing the Wave: An Online Creativity Workshop" are also available online through The Virtual College.

But there's more. SPCS is offering seven new and expanded graduate Master of Science degree programs this fall, and one in January. "Profession-focused graduate-degree programs are a logical next step for NYU's School of Continuing and Professional Studies," states David Finney, the school's dean. "We offer hundreds of advanced courses and numerous certificate programs for professionals, and now our students can also earn a graduate degree from New York University."

Finally, SPCS also offers a variety of personal development workshops. "Real-World Computing for Senior Beginners" helps students age 50 and above get started with computers, while "A History of New York City" is one of five offerings from the school's Metropolitan Studies department. Dr. Ruth Westheimer, author and psychosexual therapist, is one of several noted speakers teaching "The Metropolitan Experience," which runs from September 25 through November 13. "How To Be a Good Board Member" is one of several one-day seminars in philanthropy and fundraising.

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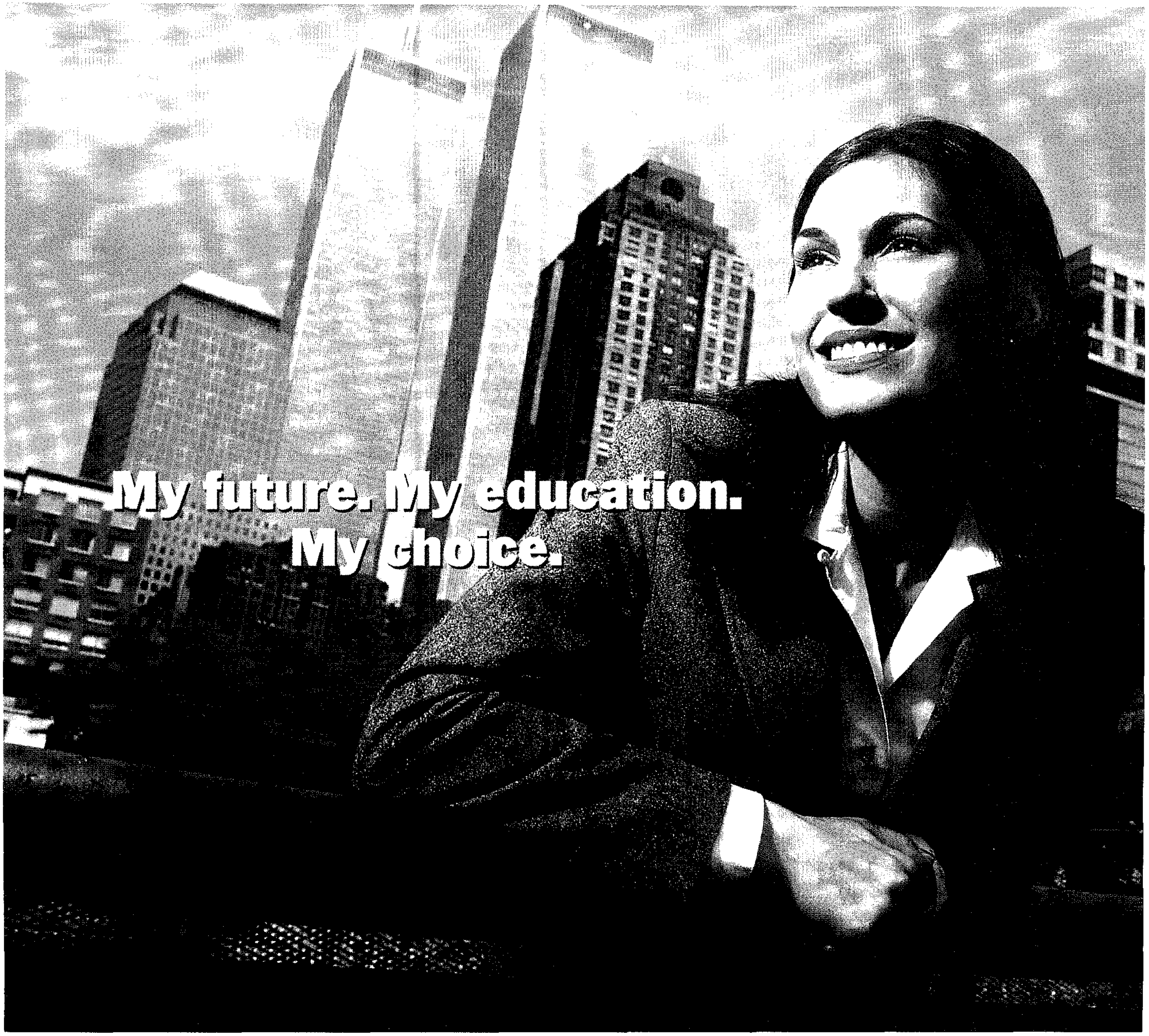
e-mail: scpsinfo@nyu.edu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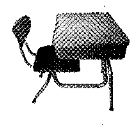

# Baruch College

Baruch College Continuing and Professional Studies (CAPS) offers a mix of reasonably priced professional, vocational/technical, and personal development courses. CAPS specializes in certificate programs in business – specifically Information Technology, real estate, marketing, management, bookkeeping, payroll, and entertainment management. Baruch also offers several Internet commerce-related courses, from e-business to desktop publishing, along with professional certification programs for Sun, Oracle, and Microsoft programmers. The "Paralegal Studies Program" offers seven tracks, including intellectual property, cyberspace, immigration, and health care law, as well as a legal secretary certificate.

CAPS recently launched a new initiative to become a "first-stop" Human Resource Management certification center to prepare "HR" professionals for their national certification exams.

CAPS' "Professional Prep" certificate program helps workers move up from entry-level service and blue-collar jobs to office positions. Their GED test preparation course is offered in both English and Spanish. Those seeking higher education can improve their test scores with test-prep courses for ACT, GRE, LSAT, GMAT, SAT, and TOEFL exams.

Baruch has one of the largest and most effective interactive language programs in the city. Using the creative and dramatic Rassias Method®, foreign language beginners can choose from a dozen languages. International students benefit from the "University Prep Programs for Business and Liberal Arts" designed to polish English written and oral skills. Several full-time certificate programs are eligible for F-1 Student Visas.

Fitness courses are a Baruch strength. Among the CAPS recreational titles are bodybuilding for women, "hydroslimnastics," swimming, aerobics, fencing, tai chi, yoga, and several classes in ballroom and salsa dancing.

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e-mail: success@baruch.cuny.edu

# Columbia University

## CONTINUING EDUCATION

Continuing Education at Columbia University is one of the great resources of New York City. Noncredit courses are taught by the city's most highly regarded practicing professionals, while credit courses are taught by Columbia's Arts and Sciences faculty in more than 40 departments and programs. "The difference between our Continuing Education program and many others in the city is that our for-credit students study alongside other degree candidates, and have access to the same faculty," explains Frank Wolf, dean of Continuing Education at Columbia.

Columbia's Continuing Education postbac programs allow students who have graduated from college to concentrate on a second major, or enroll in a structured postbaccalaureate program in business, psychology, or classics. Postbac students are usually in their mid-20s, and have been out of college for two or three years.

Columbia also offers an executive level program for experienced Information Technology professionals, and a hands-on "Computer Technology and Applications" program, which prepares highly motivated adults for professional advancement in the information systems field.

For-credit Continuing Education courses at Columbia this fall include "Molecular Biology and Evolution for Non-Scientists," a nontechnical course examining what molecular biologists know, how they figured it out, and what they are likely to try next; "Roman Law: History of the Development of Roman Law and Legal Thought," an examination of the role of law in Roman society; and "Jazz Studies: Jazz and American Culture," an overview of jazz history and its cultural influence on the visual arts, dance, literature, and film.

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## SCHOOL OF GENERAL STUDIES (GS)

Columbia's School of General Studies is designed for nontraditional students who have interrupted their education for at least one year, and who have decided to go back to school to complete their B.A. or B.S. degree. Some attend part time during the day and some evenings, others full time. GS is also available to high school graduates who, for some compelling reason, can only attend part time.

Like students at each of the university's four colleges, GS students can take any of the 1,500 courses taught by a faculty of 500 in nearly 40 departments.

The average age of GS students is 29 – and most lead busy lives. The key to the GS program is flexibility. "GS is the college for those who want a traditional undergraduate education and a degree from one of America's finest universities, but at a pace of their choosing," says dean Peter Awn. "We provide access to Columbia courses and faculty for such students as the high school graduate whose career as a concert pianist won't allow him to carry a normal course load, or the woman who runs a successful business but now wants to become a doctor, or the athlete, actor, or dancer who wants to finish a degree or prepare for a new career."

The Columbia University Postbaccalaureate Premedical Program (1-888-853-6340), the oldest and largest in the US, is also a part of GS. Some 300 are currently enrolled – most with little or no scientific training, but all with a desire to prepare for medical school. The full-time program takes two years to complete. Eighty-five percent of the students in the entering class of 1999 who scored above the national average on the MCAT exam and who had a cumulative GPA of at least 3.0 were admitted to medical school.

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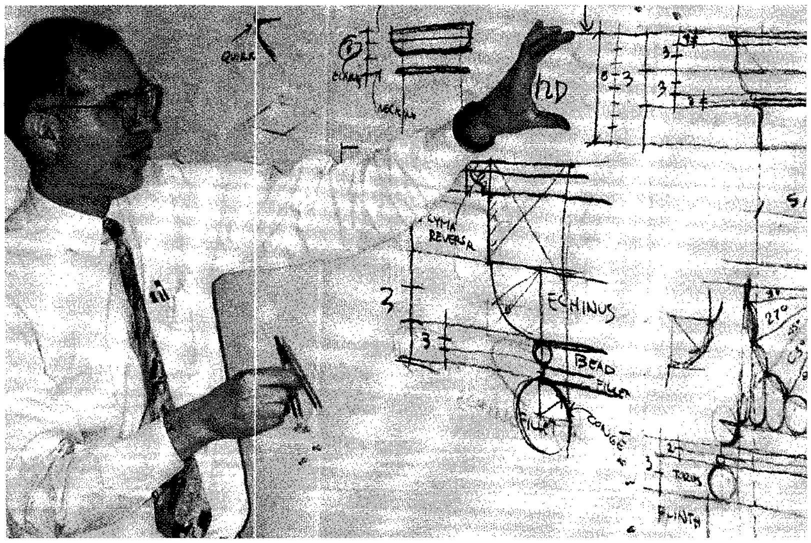
# The Institute of Classical Architecture

The key word at The Institute of Classical Architecture is classical. The city's unique educational resource for classical architecture that serves professionals, students, and the general public afford classicists of all backgrounds the opportunity to study the classical tradition for use in designing and building traditional projects. ICA's courses are designed for professionals from a variety of disciplines, including architecture, interior design, decoration, urban planning, theater, and set design – but everyone is welcome. "While the Institute's courses are oriented to practicing architects and interior designers, they are also open to those with a general interest in classicism," says Christine Franck, ICA board member.



All courses are taught by practicing architects, including "Architectural Drawing Tour in Rome" (October 5 through 14) and "Naples & Antiquity" (October 13 through 20). Participants complete various drawing exercises, including analytical drawings, measured drawings, pictorial sketches, travel notes, and watercolor sketches.

The Institute's intensive six-week "Summer Program in Classical Architecture" and year-round continuing education classes provide instruction in classical architecture, proportion, building and craftsmanship, literature and theory, rendering, classical ornamentation, and studio design.

Throughout the year, the Institute offers public programs consisting of lectures, conferences, and events, including a summer lecture series held in conjunction with the Sotheby's Institute of Art.

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# Fashion Institute of Technology

FIT calls itself "the college where creativity and business meet." Just ask FIT alumni Calvin Klein and Nautica president and CEO David Chu, reigning masters of both. At two of FIT's schools – Art and Design, and The School of Business and Technology – the emphasis is on real-world experience that prepares students for a career in more than 40 creative fields, from advertising and marketing communications to toy design. They offer associate and baccalaureate degree programs,

along with graduate level programs leading to a master's degree.

FIT students often intern at MTV, Bloomingdale's, Tommy Hilfiger, and Mattel, while others study around the world at programs in London, Florence, Hong Kong, and Paris. International enrollees compose 15 percent of FIT's student population, and come from 65 countries – but because FIT is a campus of the State University of New York, tuition is substantially reduced for New York residents.

Fall credit classes begin the week of August 27 and end December 16. Classes meet one, two, or three times a week. The School of Continuing and Professional Studies is comprised of several centers offering a variety of noncredit courses and certificate programs. The Center for Professional Studies offers appealing topics like "Secrets from a Professional Shopper," "Great Designers" (which takes advantage of the costume collection of The Museum at FIT), and "Star Quality Vintage Shop Talk and Tour," which takes students bargain hunting in hidden boites off the city's beaten track. FIT's Enterprise Center is offering a course in "Managing Money in a Small Enterprise," while the Center for eCommerce offers a slew of courses for eEntrepreneurs and eDesigners. FIT's certificate program in "Fragrance Evaluation," consisting of 10 combination lecture and lab sessions, is regarded as tops in the business.

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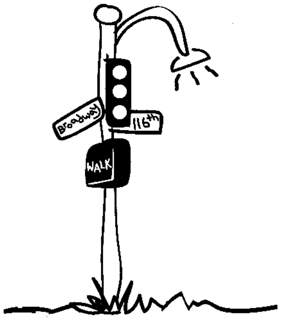

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# Pace University

From its humble beginnings in 1906 as an accounting and business law school located in the old Tribune building in lower Manhattan, Pace University has grown to become a full-service university with seven distinct colleges and schools serving 15,000 undergraduate and graduate students in New York City and Westchester County. Students today can choose the original downtown location, or opt instead for a small-city atmosphere (White Plains) or suburban/rural (Pleasantville/Briarcliff).

Among the many new developments this fall is the state-of-the-art construction of The Ann and Alfred Goldstein Health, Fitness, and Recreation Center on the Pleasantville campus. The Center will house an indoor sports arena, natatorium, aerobics and dance facilities, fitness equipment, meeting rooms, health care services, and a pro shop.

The university has also added a number of new graduate programs for the fall, including two new Master of Science programs in Personal Financial Planning and Accounting Information Systems at the Lubin School of Business, as well as a Master of Business Administration in *eBusiness.* The School of Computer Science and Information Systems is adding a new Master of Science in Internet Technologies, while the Lienhard School of Nursing is introducing two master's programs, one in Nursing Infomatics and Women's Health, and the other for family nurse practitioners. The School of Education, which recently restructured itself to address the new state requirements for teachers, now offers a master's degree with a concentration in Early Childhood Education and Literacy. The Dyson College of Arts and Sciences continues to offer opportunities at the graduate level for students interested in Environmental Science, Public Administration, psychology, and publishing. Rounding out Pace's seven schools are the World Trade Institute at the World Trade Center and the School of Law in White Plains.

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# Pratt CENTER FOR CONTINUING AND PROFESSIONAL STUDIES

Think art and design; think Pratt. The Brooklyn campus offers a range of noncredit classes in art and design, as well as computer graphics and technology. Most of the courses are taught by highly regarded artists practicing in their field. This fall, look for a metalworking workshop taught by Michael Poast, a sculptor, composer, and visual artist who specializes in the technical aspects of complex and large projects; a furniture design course taught by artist Carmen Spera, and a course in "Going Professional: How to Startup and Manage a Successful Professional Practice, Freelance Career, or Small Business" with career coach Susan Martin.

The Manhattan Center also offers a wide variety of noncredit classes in art, design, and computer graphics, along with several professional development courses for AIA

(American Institute of Architects) members. Many of these courses are now available online, including "Dreamweaver", "HTML & Web Design", "Introduction to Interactive Media", "Introduction to Digital Video Editing with Apple Final Cut Pro and Adobe Premiere", and "Positioning Yourself in the Creative Marketplace". "Dreamweaver", a Web-development tool for creating and managing Web pages, is taught by Melody Reed, director of an electronic publishing and design company whose clients include Merrill Lynch, AT&T, the New York Stock Exchange, and Tommy Hilfiger.

Favorite topics to study in person at Pratt Manhattan include book arts, decorative arts, illustration, creativity and artistic expression, including "Watercolor Workshop for Illustrators"; taught by Jacqui Morgan, author of *Watercolor for Illustration* and the *Wet-in-Wet* watercolor workshop video series, and e-commerce. The latter is taught by Jason Miletsky, partner and CEO of PFS Marketwyse, a marketing and advertising agency; whose clients include JVC, Lucent Technologies, Louis Vuitton, and BMW. Pratt also offers pre-college preparatory programs.

The Brooklyn campus is located in the Clinton Hill Section of Brooklyn near BAM and downtown Brooklyn. The Manhattan campus is located in the landmark Puck Building in the heart of SoHo. The fall session runs from September 4 through December 20.

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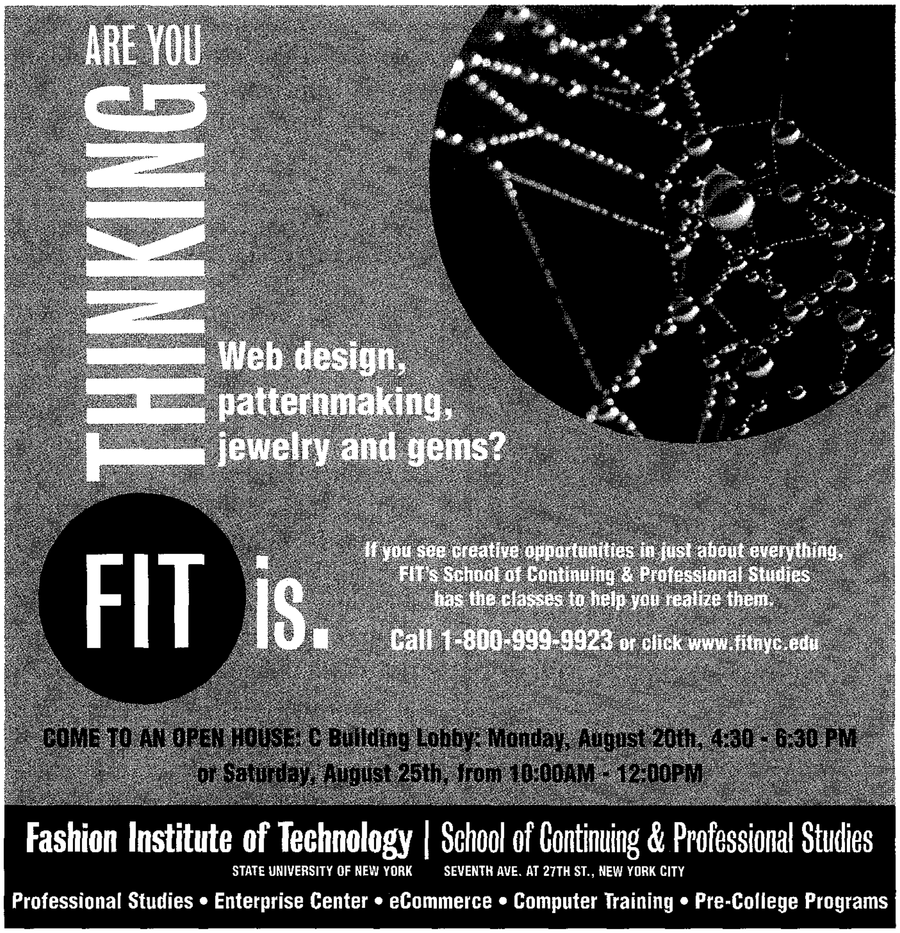
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MOVIES JOHN SIMON

# Chimp Change

### Tim Burton's eye-popping, digital-dependent remake of *Planet of the Apes* comes up short on personality—on both sides of the human divide.

Simian strategy: Michael Clarke Duncan and Tim Roth head into battle, in *Planet of the Apes.*

HOLLYWOOD'S MOTTO COULD easily be "monkey see, monkey remake," despite the fact that remakes are always far worse than the original. Next to remakes in usefulness are the sequels; the deservedly successful **Planet of the Apes** (1968) was followed by four of them, plus a TV series and a cartoon series—all, needless to say, vastly inferior. But we are dealing here with the particularly dense producer- and filmmaker-apes, who, unlike those in the movie, do not assert their superiority to humans but sink, crowd-pleasingly, to their level.

Why was the original *Planet of the Apes* so appealing? Because we are fascinated with those creatures genetically closest to us, titillated by the idea of their emulating us—even overtaking us in some ways—but not eventually supplanting us. It was, despite abundant monkeyshines, still human enough. In Tim Burton's new version, the accent is on technology. Space-station and space-capsule technology; gimmick, gadget, and gizmo technology. And also on the new filmmaking technology: Everything is bigger, fancier, more digitally magnified and multiplied. Charlton Heston and his pals were pursued by only a modest complement of apes, who did not even have suits of armor. Now enormous simian and human armies clash by night and day, till surfeit sets in well before picture's end.

True, the 1968 screenplay had some labored jokes, but at least they were original. The new screenplay, by William Broyles Jr. with Lawrence Konner and Mark Rosenthal, has very little humor and gets its few laughs from comic twists on some of the original's dialogue and situations. Indeed, the funniest bit is the reappearance of Heston in a simian cameo, allowing him the same last line as in 1968. (Then, of course, it had tragic impact; here, it is merely parodic.) And in 1968 there were no such silly sequences as that of the hero and his friends escaping through a variety of ape abodes and farcically interrupting various goings-on within.

Where Heston had heroic virility, Mark Wahlberg, the new hero, capitalizes on his boyishness. Further, Heston had a genuinely moving, loving friendship with the chimpanzee scientist superbly played by Kim Hunter, which, despite Helena Bonham Carter's valiant effort, the present film cannot duplicate. And Heston also had an evolving and involving relationship with Nova (the beautiful Linda Harrison, eloquent even in a nonspeaking part); Wahlberg has nothing of interest going with Daena, her counterpart here, whom the very ordinary Estella Warren, for all her lines and heroics, cannot endear to us.

**Planet of the Apes**
Directed by Tim Burton; starring Mark Wahlberg, Tim Roth, and Helena Bonham Carter.
See Movies listings for details.

What does Burton offer beyond technology? There is striking cinematography by Philippe Rousselot, and elaborate ape makeup by Rick Baker (though the 57 varieties of simian physiognomy are less winning than the fewer, simpler monkey faces that John Chambers created for the original). There are a few fine performances, notably Tim Roth as the evil Thade, who snarls and moves with exquisite menace, and Michael Clarke Duncan as his imposingly powerful lieutenant. While he is no substitute for Roddy McDowall, Paul Giamatti manages at times to outwit his rather witless role, and Bonham Carter's sweet face is allowed to peek demurely through her cavalierly light chimp makeup. There are also some impressive gymnastics from the spectacularly leaping or ferociously, four-footedly loping apes.

The new *Planet* is devoured by its own mechanical ostentation, generates no emotional involvement, and has a smart-ass, infinitely less powerful ending than the original. It leaves some characters in a state of unresolved limbo, hinting at a possible sequel, from which may heaven preserve us. Burton wanted performances that were "20 percent ape and 80 percent human." It remains to be seen whether there are enough moviegoers in whom those figures are reversed to make this remake a hit. ■

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*Peter Rainer is on a brief leave.*

Photograph by David James.

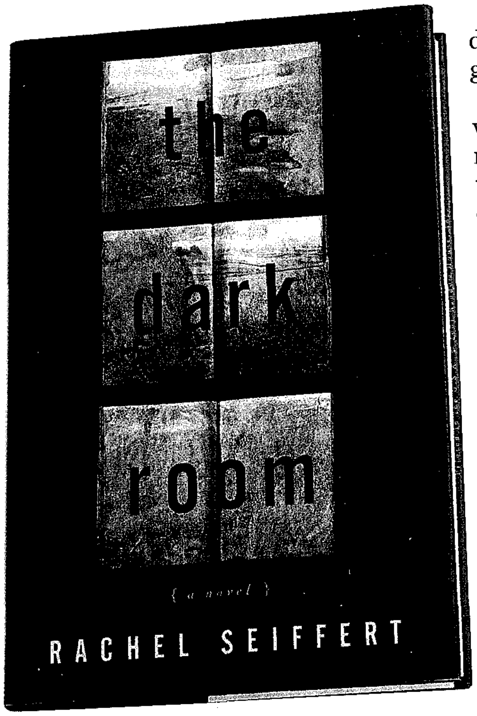
DANIEL MENDELSOHN

# They're History

Historical fiction varies from campy romance to character studies with imaginative insights more exact than fact. Three new novels test the genre's limits.

'DON'T YOU KNOW what's going on in the world?" a character asks his closest friend, in H. M. van den Brink's novel of pre–World War II Holland. Given that it's 1939, the friend is Jewish, and Hitler lives just a country or two away, it's a bit shocking that the answer is "no." But then, **On the Water** is about the problem that all historical fiction must, at some level, deal with: what people in the past knew and what they didn't (or didn't want to) know about what was happening around them, and how our present-day hindsight gives their knowledge or ignorance a tragic, or pathetic, meaning. That problem is also at the heart of Rachel Seiffert's subtle but powerful debut, **The Dark Room**, which also uses World War II—although seen from the aggressors' point of view, rather than the victims'—to explore the troubling tension between history and memory. These two novels of the twentieth century and its obsessions couldn't be more different from **Year of Wonders**, Geraldine Brooks's colorful tale of seventeenth-century England—and not just because they're about different eras, either. Still, all three suggest what makes historical fiction good and what it's good for.

*The Dark Room* is by far the most substantial and successful book of the three. It consists of three stories, all set in Germany, each longer and more morally complex in its treatment of the issues of memory, guilt, and witness than the one before. "Helmut," set during the war, concerns a young photographer who, while photographing the city's main train terminal, comes to realize that "Berlin is slowly losing people." In "Lore," set in 1945, a teenage girl tries to flee with her siblings to their grandmother's house in Hamburg; en route, she can't help noticing newspaper accounts about the concentration camps—even as she tries to hide evidence of her parents' activities as party members. "Micha," set in the present, confronts the German legacy of guilt most directly: In this last story, a young, liberal German college professor learns that his grandfather was an S.S. officer and tries to learn just what his beloved "Opa" did during the war, and to whom.



Seiffert may be only 30, but she's already too sophisticated a writer to bang her readers over the head with the obvious. *We* know why Berlin's losing people, and what Lore's parents and Micha's grandfather were doing, and that's enough for this author, who prefers to explore the moral, rather than purely historical, questions that her tales raise. *The Dark Room* examines these questions with both dramatic starkness ("If Himmler was your Opa, he wouldn't be ugly") and disquieting indirection. It's not every first novelist who has the wisdom to see that in some cases there is "no guilt and no forgiveness either."

Gratifyingly, the moral imagination at work in this novel encompasses much more than the Germans' guilt. Seiffert uses her stories to suggest the conflicts of the writers and artists who attempt, as she does, to grapple with the Holocaust. Helmut worries that his photographs of a roundup of a Gypsy family "convey none of the chaos and cruelty" of the event itself; Micha, obsessively studying Holocaust books, is distressed that "his notes are impassive; words on a page." Seiffert needn't worry: For all its clipped prose and impassive gaze, *The Dark Room* wrenchingly conveys the tortured moral legacy of the war. It's much more than mere words on a page.

*On the Water* shares *The Dark Room*'s obsessions with memory and guilt, although a lot less happens in it. In the idyllic days of the summer of 1939, Anton, a working-class teenager in Amsterdam, gets paired with David, a bourgeois Jewish boy, on a rowing team; as they practice together, Anton becomes intensely attached to his friend in a way that (like everything else) is apparent to everyone but himself. Scenes of this prewar idyll are dreamily interwoven with images of Anton, at the end of the war, standing by the ruined boathouse, remembering the now-lost David.

Like light on water, this novel can be diffuse and elusive—although the writing's so lovely you don't really mind. (The prow of a scull trembles "as if dreaming . . . of real speed.") But *On the Water* has a cumulative power, ultimately suggesting how the innocent can be guilty too—how just living your life can make you blind to bigger concerns until it's too late. Historical fiction has always been a bastard genre, stranded between "pure" fiction, which we like to

**The Dark Room**
By Rachel Seiffert.
Pantheon; 278 pages;
$24.

**On the Water**
By H. M. van den Brink.
Grove Press; 134
pages; $21.

**Year of Wonders**
By Geraldine Brooks.
Viking; 308 pages;
$24.95.

Photograph by Andrew McCaul.

think of as wholly imaginative, and history, which we like to think offers no room for inventiveness or mere opinion. Books like Van den Brink's and Seiffert's remind you that the best historical novels use the ample resources of fiction to illustrate not what the past looked like but what it might have meant.

You certainly know what seventeenth-century rural England looked and sounded like by the time you're through with Geraldine Brooks's novel of a country village's battle with bubonic plague. Narrated by a young peasant named Anna Frith, *Year of Wonders* is peopled by snooty aristocrats, fiery preachers, and superstitious peasants; its characters use *thee* and *thou;* and Anna herself can't resist words like "fair-clemmed" and "stooks." Brooks, a war correspondent and the author of two works of nonfiction, has obviously done her homework, and her first novel zips along entertainingly, filled with color, incident, and detail.

But *Year of Wonders* makes you wonder whether good historical fiction is just a matter of getting the details right—something that Brooks, ever the conscientious journalist, does well. *Year of Wonders* walks the Restoration walk and talks the Restoration talk, but the seventeenth-century stuff is, in the end, just drag. Anna's "issues" will, if anything, seem more familiar to those who read *People* than to those who read Pepys. She's a survivor of child abuse, she ruefully realizes that her husband isn't worried about her orgasms, she boldly rejects religious explanations of the plague for scientific ones, and she abandons a handsome, difficult lover for a life of adventure that eventually brings her to Africa, where she enjoys a flourishing career as, essentially, a gynecologist (and where she nobly worries about the ill-treatment of African slaves).

Let's see: a strong-willed, democratic, politically liberal, freethinking, ambitious, career-oriented survivor of an unsatisfying marriage who leaves her weak men behind to make a name for herself. Anna may live during the reign of Charles II, but she reminds you of no one so much as Queen Hillary. Really good historical fiction sheds light on the past—even if that light is oblique, watery, flickering. That's what you get in Seiffert's and Van den Brink's books. But the only century illuminated by Brooks's novel is our own. Good fiction? By all means. Serious historical fiction? Thou must be kidding. ■

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**THEATER JOHN SIMON**

# Harry, Plotter

Pinter's career rose on a chic, combustible mix of obtuseness and literary flimflam; he has a soul mate in Suzan-Lori Parks.

**Harold Pinter Retrospective**
Presented by Lincoln Center Festival 2001.

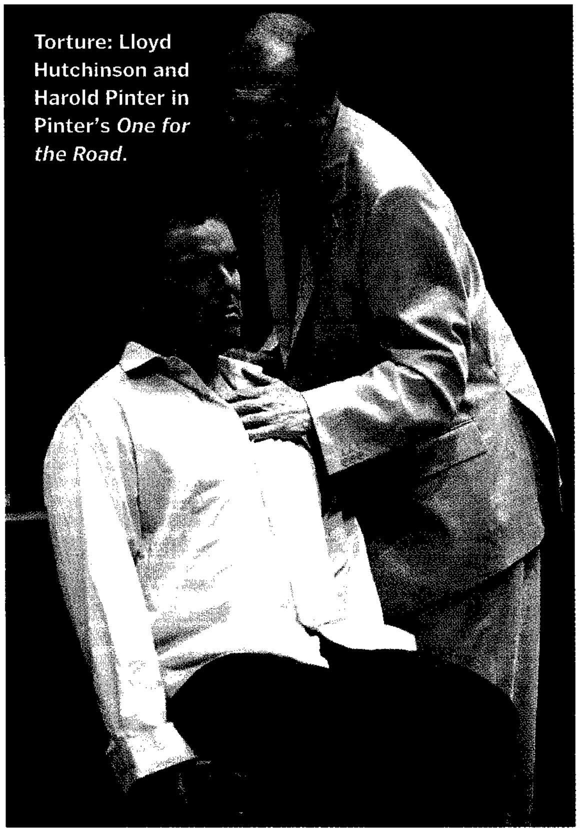
**Topdog/Underdog**
By Suzan-Lori Parks; directed by George C. Wolfe; starring Jeffrey Wright and Don Cheadle.

After the 1965 London premiere of *The Homecoming,* Anthony Seymour wrote in the Yorkshire *Post* that Harold Pinter "is more cruel, gruesome, and deliberately offensive in this two-act horror than in his previous plays. On its face value, it is callous and empty enough; what lies in the Freudian depths one dreads to think." Lying there were more horrors in one or two acts, which Pinter has kept churning out with piddling artistic merit but to frantic Pavlovian acclaim.

When Pinter, an accomplished actor, turned playwright, the thespians' loss became the dramatists' even greater one. Pinter the playwright proceeded to be not only horrible in himself but also the cause of horribleness in other playwrights, such as his sorcerer's apprentice, David Mamet. Thus did Pinter manage to people the British Isles, and parts beyond, with more Calibans than Prospero's gross and lecherous slave ever dreamt of. Every field, to be sure, has its spectacular phonies whose chief gift is self-promotion, but Pinter hogs several genres (including poetry, at which he is truly dreadful).

At a notorious New York press conference for the movie *Accident,* written by Pinter and directed by Joseph Losey, someone asked, "I'd like to hear your explanation of the accident." "I'd like to hear *yours,*" Pinter shot back. Another questioner wondered whether you had to be English to get the full relevance. Pinter replied meditatively, "What do you mean by 'relevance'?" When the interlocutor switched to "message," and then, desperately, to "significance," Pinter weaseled in like fashion. The moderator, Andrew Sarris, asked about the meaning of *The Homecoming,* concurrently on Broadway. "I'd understand questions about meaning," Pinter allowed, "if I knew what the word 'meaning' meant."

Pinter has disported himself similarly on other such occasions since, but his key pronouncement came on that day: "I have no explanation for anything I do at all." Yet even



Torture: Lloyd Hutchinson and Harold Pinter in Pinter's *One for the Road.*

Photograph by Stephanie Berger.

that flicker of seeming honesty is disingenuous. There are at least three explanations for what he does: arrogance, attitude, and charlatanism.

So now we have at the Lincoln Center Festival 2001 a Pinter retrospective. It began with a double bill. **A Kind of Alaska** is a half-baked derivation from Oliver Sacks's *Awakenings* chiefly notable for the fine performance of Penelope Wilton as a woman waking up at age 45 from a 29-year sleep, befuddled and incredulous. The companion piece in this Gate Theatre production, **One for the Road**, is about a torturer in a totalitarian state who plays beastly mind games with a mutilated prisoner, his repeatedly raped wife, and their doomed little son. Since torture of a not entirely dissimilar sort is his stock-in-trade, Pinter himself enacts the sadistic swine with flawless proficiency.

The next bill was **The Homecoming**, with the original cast's Ian Holm returning in a different role, making the event a Holmcoming. In this preposterous piece, a lower-class London family's eldest son, who has become a professor of philosophy in the U.S., visits his creepy kinfolk with his mysterious wife. In the end, he goes back to America alone, leaving wifey to be the contented concubine of his father and brothers, whom she will also support as a prostitute in a posh pad provided by the pimp middle brother. The play is a perfect expression of Pinter's misogyny, which flourished during his bohemian first marriage but abated during his current aristocratic one.

The formula for this, as for most Pinter plays, is threefold: non sequitur–studded irrelevance, deliberate logical and psychological inconsistency, and raging, often motiveless, malignity. With a bit of mean-spirited humor for glue, the play is basically a meaningless ragbag. What gets it applauded is its posturing and incomprehensibility—the old but self-renewing emperor's-new-clothes scam. Yet even naked, an emperor is still an emperor; what Pinter may be, naked, to quote Anthony Seymour, "one dreads to think."

This said, the Gate production is highly professional, although Holm impressed me more as Lenny the pimp than as Max the patriarch. Best in a good cast are Lia Williams, as the wife-mother turning whore, and Nick Dunning, as the loser husband. Miss Williams can load her silences with suggestion, make the slow movement of a leg ooze seductiveness, and utter monosyllables with a built-in echo effect that both electrifies and chills. Under Robin Lefevre's canny direction, Dunning performs the usually passively played, victimized spouse with only intermittently repressed aggression, an ominous quietude that borders on, and sometimes overflows into, hostility. But nothing can salvage a play whose nastiness is further evidence, albeit unintended, of the banality of evil.

WHETHER SHE KNOWS IT OR NOT, SUZAN-Lori Parks is a Pinter disciple. In a recent *Times* interview, she declared, "I'm less interested in meaning—whatever that word means, I'm not quite sure, I keep meaning to look up 'meaning'—than in doing." Sure enough, her new play, **Topdog/Underdog**, is chock-full of doing, and perfectly devoid of meaning.

Two black brothers, Lincoln and Booth, share a seedy furnished room. The topdog, Lincoln, in costume and whiteface, impersonates Honest Abe in a sideshow, for customers playing Booth to shoot at. His younger bro, underdog Booth, lives by shoplifting and practices three-card monte (which the author misspells), in the hope that older bro and he will resume this former activity and get rich. Two thirds of the play is about practicing and discussing the playing-card hustle; the rest is about Lincoln losing his job, Booth losing his girl, the amazing Grace, and about nastily comic power plays ending in absurd melodrama. It is beautifully played by Don Cheadle and Jeffrey Wright, and smartly staged by George C. Wolfe. If ever a production wagged the dog, *Topdog/Underdog* is it. But it is only fair that, after a *Full Monty*, we should get an empty one.

In the aforementioned interview, Ms. Parks—who is 38, a Mount Holyoke graduate, and a professor of playwriting at Cal Arts—cites her recent discovery and study of Shakespeare: "That's a writer I want to emulate. Great characters, great stories, great language. When you think of Shakespeare, you don't think of meaning. You think of Richard II: 'Let's sit on the ground and sing [*Richard II, The Musical*?] sad stories of the death of kings.' Whoa, here's the king sitting on the ground! My heart's breaking! That's the kind of play I want to write." Whoa! Find me the Shakespearean emulation in *Topdog/Underdog* or, failing that, *any* Shakespeare study unconcerned with meaning. ■

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ARCHITECTURE JOSEPH GIOVANNINI

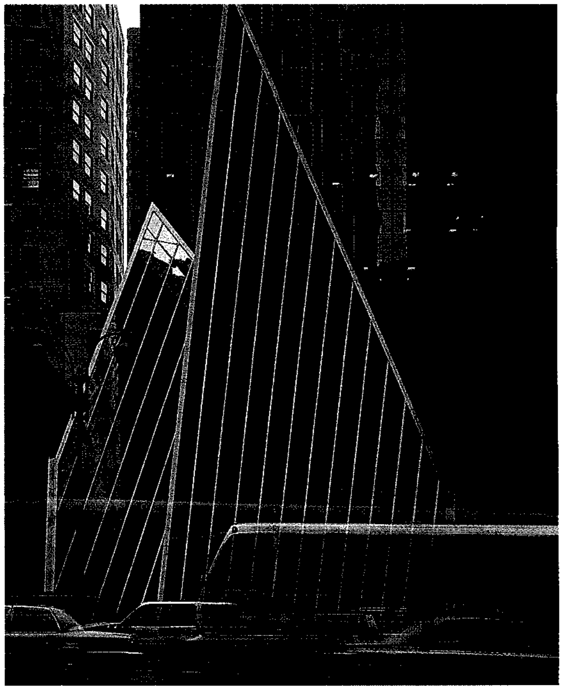
# Working the Angles

## Philip Johnson may be the past half-century's greatest architectural channeler, though in his dotage he's been channeling no one more than himself.

PHILIP JOHNSON HAS BEEN working overtime at the Xerox machine lately. In the fall of 1999, the New York architect completed a see-through garden folly composed of distorted pyramids set at precarious angles. But six months ago, the identical idea popped up at the groundbreaking of a mixed-use project in Guadalajara, where he has designed a children's museum. New Yorkers needn't venture out of town to see Johnson replicate himself. Final touches are now being put on the Chrysler Trylons on 42nd Street, next to the Chrysler Building. Bookended by granite-clad cubes, three phantasmagoric triangles from 57 to 73 feet tall spike their way into our consciousness. Developer Tishman Speyer first anticipated that the 22,000-square-foot structure would attract a restaurant, but no one has yet signed up for the attention-grabbing glass shards.

Johnson's official biographer, Franz Schulze, has said that anyone ready to accuse Johnson of lacking originality has to wait his turn in line. Ambitious beyond his talent (or, as Frank Lloyd Wright said, educated beyond his capacity), Johnson is one of the century's most gifted copyists. But now the New York architect is outdoing even himself, paying his career the final compliment of cloning. For Johnson's true gift, what really sets him apart from other architects, is mimetic genius. He has long been able to spot talents and scratch their backs even as he picks through their portfolios, re-creating designs nearly as good as the originals. Then he smooths over the whole transaction with panache over low-cholesterol lunches at The Four Seasons.

The pattern started back in the forties, when he cribbed from the Mies van der Rohe archives, left in his trust when he was architecture curator at MOMA. In 1949, he completed the Glass House before Mies could build one himself, and even if Johnson got the corners wrong and sneaked wood ceiling joists into a supposedly all-steel structure, he established a wildly successful modus operandi for a career constructed on ideas plucked from the greater talents he cultivated. In a recent lecture, Frank Welch—author of *Philip Johnson & Texas*—cited the probable source for each of the buildings that Johnson designed there. The habit came to a titillating head at the College of Architecture, University of Houston, when, in a succès de scandale, he shamelessly copied plans by eighteenth-century architect Claude Nicolas Ledoux. Harold Bloom wrote that poets suffer "the anxiety of influence," but Johnson's gift was to take the influence without the anxiety. As the philandering Prince admitted in Stephen Sondheim's *Into the Woods*, "I was trained to be charming, not sincere."



**Pyramid scheme:** Johnson's Trylons, on East 42nd Street.

Untouchable because of his longstanding association with MOMA, the Teflon don of American architecture emerged by the eighties a full-fledged Warhol creature, famous for his fame. His Chippendale top for the AT&T headquarters on Madison Avenue was, indeed, a classy variant of the soup can. Developers loved the attitude behind the image-oriented architecture and hired him because his celebrity guaranteed press. Three weeks ago at the Guggenheim, during one of Johnson's perennial Last Suppers (to fête his 95th birthday), all the speakers skirted the delicate matter of his very uneven work. In a private remark, one prominent architect noted that the models of his buildings for developer Gerald Hines, carved in ice and displayed on pedestals, improved as they melted.

At the risk of praising faintly, let's admit that the Trylons ranks with the Glass House among Johnson's best buildings. It is a good and, to a point, interesting design that harbors the germs of a provocative architecture. What has changed between the Mies-derived glass pavilion and the auto-plagiarized glass pavilion on 42nd Street is that intimations of irrationality have bent the solid Euclidean geometries out of shape. Johnson has crossed from Plato to Heraclitus, from immutable ideals to flux. After flirting all these years with Apollo, Johnson has run off with Dionysus.

Johnson's mentor Mies realized that glass buildings lend themselves to plays of reflection, and here on 42nd Street, with angled pyramids, Johnson delights us with a semi-reflective glass-curtain

**Philip Johnson**
Chrysler Trylons building on East 42nd Street.

Photograph by Noah Sheldon.

wall that throws the surrounding buildings into kaleidoscopic frenzy.

Johnson, however, does not develop the ideas of disruption and chaos much beyond the initial Expressionist distortion, but leaves them diagrammatic, even idealized. The building looks explosive, but in its polite elegance it doesn't disturb the cubic masses that police either side. Johnson may have brought the tiara of the Chrysler Building down to street level, but the idea remains a thin one-liner that shortchanges its premise of complexity. Johnson came of age with the emergence of advertising as a social force, and long ago he mastered the art of the sound bite. In this vertiginous skyscraper canyon, he has built the kind of visual slogan on which 30-second commercials thrive—the catchy image essential to branding. He has made a complex idea simplistic, digestible at a glance.

Like most of his designs, this building has little interior life. The pyramids that, on the outside, seem to have been summoned to an otherworldly gravitational state reveal themselves to be overcontrolled inside. The post-structuralist façade that advertises its instabilities is heavily girdered with ten-inch tubular-steel supports. Had the structure been integrated into the edges of the pyramids, or had the planes of the pyramids been made into a space frame, the interior space might have flowed up into the tapering volumes. But a V-shaped column crowds the central area, and the heavy structure oppresses the space. There are redeeming moments in a couple of corners that offer shooting views to adjacent façades, but you have to find them. For all the kerfuffle outside, there is little spatial payoff inside.

In a letter to his mother, cited in Schulze's biography, Johnson writes, "I was stinging under Raphael's"—his philosophy teacher's—"reproach that I was a lazy thinker and never criticized my thoughts, so I got busy and thought for five minutes." Some 75 years later, the self-advertising Johnson may have extended his fifteen minutes of fame to a full hour: He is his own best construction. But he still has difficulty mustering five minutes of concentration on any other subject, and it shows on 42nd Street. He continues to be unable to sustain ideas and make them his own. A long career has been wasted on an architect with a short attention span. ■

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**DANCE TOBI TOBIAS**

# Cold Star

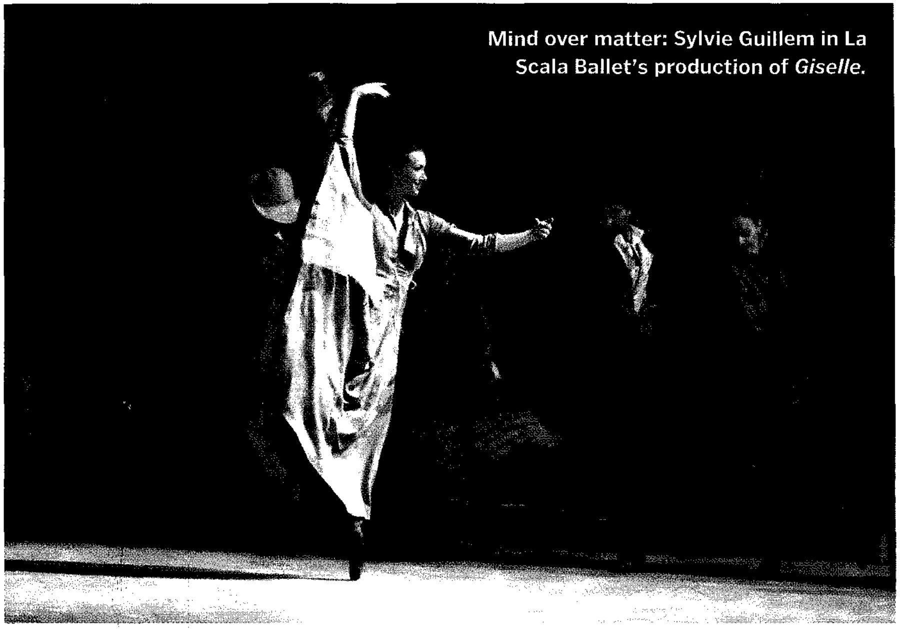
## Sylvie Guillem built her reputation on physical and intellectual prowess. But her *Giselle* proves control is no substitute for heart.

SYLVIE GUILLEM, BRED AT THE Paris Opera Ballet and now a perennial guest artist with England's Royal Ballet, showed up at the New York State Theater mid-July, trailing La Scala Ballet in her wake. The Italian company offered two programs: one comprising Luciano Cannito's balletization of the Fellini film *Amarcord* and a disastrously unsexy rendition of Roland Petit's *Carmen;* the other, Guillem's maverick version of *Giselle,* in which she danced the title role.

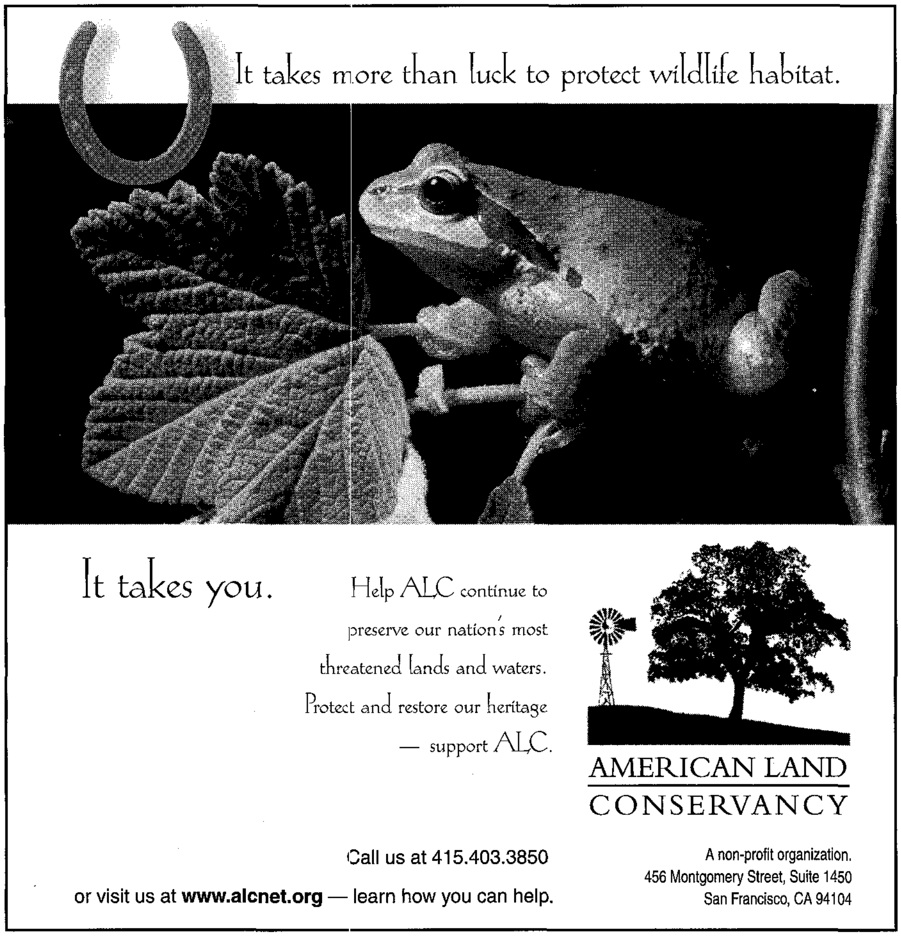
Guillem is hardly a fixture at La Scala. Her I-know-better-than-the-ancients take on *Giselle* was created in 1998 for the Finnish National Ballet. And though she has on a couple of earlier occasions performed with the Milan-based troupe, she is in no sense its ballerina—that is, a paragon of its style. The present association looks like nothing more than a mutually beneficial opportunity. La Scala copped a New York engagement on the strength of Guillem's name, while Guillem furthered her progress in the actor-manager tradition. (Her model here may have been Rudolf Nureyev, an early mentor.) The occasion, with its attendant high-power promotional efforts, also bolstered public acknowledgement of her claim to be a kind of *prima ballerina assoluta,* a status she's been cultivating assiduously ever since Nureyev, at the time artistic director of the Paris Opera Ballet, made her an *étoile*—the apex of the French dance hierarchy—while she was still in her teens.

**La Scala Ballet**
*Giselle* by Sylvie Guillem; at the New York State Theater at Lincoln Center.

I wouldn't call Guillem a ballerina myself, though she is undeniably a star and a phenomenon. She's fascinating to look at, with her lithe, long-limbed body, her uncanny ear-scraping extension, and her truly exquisite feet—extravagantly arched and feral in their articulation. Onstage she has the kind of charisma that draws every eye to her. But she's not expressive or poetic; her


Mind over matter: Sylvie Guillem in La Scala Ballet's production of *Giselle*.

Photograph by Stephanie Berger.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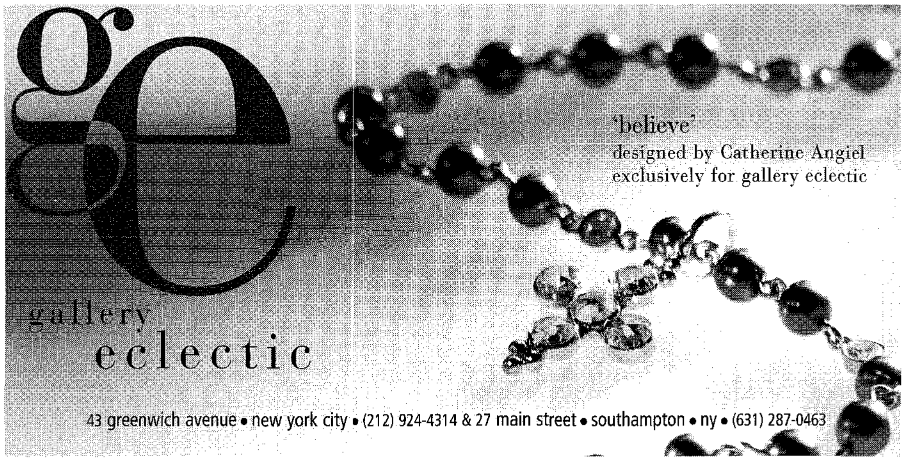
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sleek cool forbids that. She doesn't have the power of imaginative suggestion that arouses the viewer's own fantasy. And her movement lacks rhythmic and textural interest; her dancing has that remote, uninflected quality typical of postmodern culture.

I believe, too, that her ballet technique is circumscribed by her rigorous childhood training as a gymnast. (As a pre-adolescent, she was short-listed for the French Olympic team.) That extension, of which so much is made it can be called her trademark, is certainly anti-classical, and her turnout, basic to the body's posture in classical dancing, often seems to give way to the parallel stance of the athlete. For whatever reason, she's peculiarly unsensuous, devoid of the ability to project the physical lushness and delight that lie at the heart of most great dancing.

Still, she seems to want to be a ballerina—that creation of Romantic-age thinking—and aims for this heart's desire in oblique ways. She envelops herself in an aura of "artistic temperament" through Garboesque aloofness offstage and nonconformist behavior behind the scenes, continually altering her costumes—and occasionally the choreography—to suit her whims. Journalists, of course, have seized upon this colorful material and cooperated happily in publicizing the Guillem "legend." But, as was seen in her dramatic departure from the Paris Opera Ballet, which refused her demand of privileges equal to those of Nureyev himself, Guillem is after more than the image enhancement such conduct fosters. She has become a ferociously canny director of her own career, attempting to forge her way to lasting fame not merely through dance talent, which is at heart spontaneous, but through the drier and less useful means of analytic intelligence.

Her *Giselle* is a case in point. The novelty she claims for it lies in its concept, which never achieves choreographic substance. Having danced the traditional version of the ballet, Guillem now contends that, over time, alterations to the original and inevitable changes in our perception of the world have rendered conventional readings specious. She proposes to return *Giselle* to more believable feelings in a more authentic setting. Her modus ope-

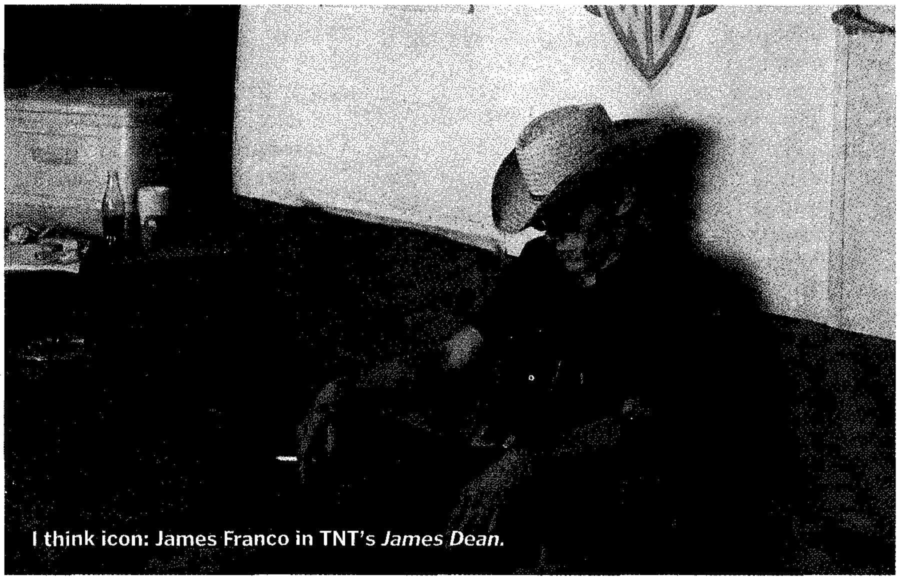
*(Continued on page 70)*

**TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD**

# Those Lips, Those Eyes

## James Dean radiated a furtive, brooding, *fifties* masculinity that two shows—a new docudrama and Robert Altman's first feature film—try to decode.

NICHOLAS RAY, WHO DIRECTED James Dean in *Rebel Without a Cause*, remembers a Sunday afternoon months before they had even begun to make the movie, when Dean dropped in on Ray and sat in a corner giving Clifford Odets the silent treatment. Ray went to the kitchen to mix drinks, leaving the two of them alone together. Later, Odets reported on how their chat had gone: "I'm a son of a bitch," said Dean. Why is that? Odets wondered. "Well," said Dean, "here I am, you know, in this room. With you. It's fantastic. Like meeting Ibsen or Shaw."



I think icon: James Franco in TNT's *James Dean*.

To Ray, Odets confessed, it was one of the nicest things anybody had ever said to him. Never mind whether Odets deserved it. The surprise is that Dean was conversant in Ibsen and Shaw. Of course we know that actors read—they have to memorize their parts. We may also know that Dean went to college for a bit, at UCLA, where his father insisted he major in business. And it stands to reason that in his Actors Studio days in New York in the early fifties, before his two-week triumph in a Broadway version of Andre Gide's *The Immoralist*, he must have read serious literature, or at least pretended to just to keep up with all the other high-strung types in febrile bohemia. To be sensitive in the fifties was, almost by definition, to be a reader.

But the James Dean myth, like Brando's, is otherwise muscle-bound, even anti-intellectual—feelings rather than ideas, velocity rather than scholarship, motorcycles, bullfighting, bongo drums, and a gun under the pillow instead of a book. The only book mentioned in either **James Dean**, a well-done docudrama starring James Franco from *Freaks and Geeks*, or **The James Dean Story**, a ludicrous 1957 memorial of passing interest only because it was Robert Altman's first film, is his childhood favorite, *The Little Prince*. Onscreen, Dean specialized in being gauche, defenseless, and misunderstood, as if the inability to articulate were a proof of caring too much, of purity of suffering; in a self-consciousness whose only expressive mode was a twitch, followed by a howl. He *hurt* in public. *Pain* was his element, his weather, his product.

He was a hero of our very own need. Nora Sayre spoke of "the ringed eyes, sunken as a lemur's," the face that dissolved like smoke, and the curling up, like a turtle or a fetus. And then the wounded animal would strike back. Against whom? Against the family, of course. These were the psychoanalytic fifties. (Before it became a film, *Rebel Without a Cause* was a nonfiction book about juvenile delinquency, by the psychiatrist Robert M. Lindner.) Families were always at fault. Boys were bad because they hadn't been loved. A loveless childhood also explained why they were always soliciting pity by caressing objects. And themselves.

**James Dean**
Sunday, August 5; 8 to 10 P.M.; TNT.

**The James Dean Story**
Directed by Robert Altman; Monday, August 6; 8 to 9:30 P.M.; TCM.

Franco's Dean is remarkable. Except for the eyes, he has got it all—the duck, the wince, the somersault, the bravura, and the cigarette hanging out of the mouth like a fuse. And director Mark Rydell and screenwriter Israel Horovitz have done the legend proud—from Winton Dean, the cold father (Michael Moriarty) who sent the 9-year-old boy back to his aunt and uncle on the family farm in Indiana after the death of his mother; to the New York apprenticeship with young friends like Martin Landau (Sam Gould) and Method mentors like Elia Kazan (Enrico Colantoni); to the two years and three movies in Hollywood before the sports-car crash that killed him at age 24. Along the way we will encounter Nicholas Ray (Barry Primus), George Stevens (Craig Barnett), Julie Harris (Wendy Benson), Raymond Massey (Edward Herrmann), James Whitmore (David Parker), and, of course, Pier Angeli (Valentina Cervi), his one great love, who married Vic Damone instead. Rydell even casts himself as Jack Warner, a happy, flamboyant choice.

Whether, as *James Dean* suggests, Winton was so hostile to young Jimmy because he suspected another man was his real fa-

Photograph by Doug Hyun/2000 TNT.

ther, I neither know nor care. The young today would be insulted if we thought we understood them. If Kurt Cobain had to listen to Martin Gabel's portentous narration of *The James Dean Story*—"if he hadn't been bad, she wouldn't have died on him . . . he saw a dead bird in the sand, and wept for it"—he would have offed himself all over again.

## TV Notes

**State of the Planet With David Attenborough** (August 1; 8 to 11 P.M.; Discovery) hits the trail from London to Africa to Ecuador to Hawaii, finding the occasional new species (like the black-faced marmoset) but many more extinctions (the Tasmanian tiger, the golden toad, the cluckless Dodo) because of overharvesting, habitat destruction, "islandization," and pollution. There are lessons to be learned from Rwanda's mountain gorillas and Oregon's spotted owls, as well as a warning about rhododendrons.

**Wild Iris** (August 5; 8 to 9:30 P.M.; Showtime) is a feel-bad movie about the young son (Emile Hirsch) of a suicide who tries to kill himself, the only way he can think of to escape the low-intensity warfare, in a family-owned bridal boutique, between his grandmother (Gena Rowlands), a monster of good intentions and profound denial, and his mother (Laura Linney), who drinks vodka in cans of diet Sprite. To be seen only for the performances of these extraordinary actors, including Miguel Sandoval as a photographer and Lee Tergesen as the owner of the filling station.

**Recording** The Producers: **A Musical Romp With Mel Brooks** (August 5; 8 P.M. to whenever, during pledge period; Channel 13) is a Susan Froemke documentary on the cast recording of the album, with Brooks enjoying himself perhaps a tad too much, Nathan Lane in rather a hurry to get it over with, Matthew Broderick shy as always, Cady Huffman simply smashing, and director-choreographer Susan Stroman cheering them on. "Springtime for Hitler" is, even here, a showstopper. But really, folks, some of these songs are a lot better than most of these songs.

**From the Waist Down: Men, Women & Music** (August 6–10; 10 to 11 P.M.; VH1) is all about dance as a substitute for, equivalent of, or the same thing as sex; from Elvis to Kid Rock to riot grrls and Britney Lolitas. Sometimes I think the cable music channels will do almost anything to avoid playing a single song all the way through. ■

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# Subway Series

### The Blue Ribbon empire has expanded to Brooklyn. But can the unique charm of the original survive the trip?

I CAN RECALL, WITH A KIND OF eerie clarity, my first taste of beef marrow and oxtail marmalade at Blue Ribbon, in SoHo. There were five of us at the table when the great, white bones made their appearance, standing end-up on the plate, in a kind of druid's circle. The more demure ladies in the group recoiled in horror, but my fatso friends and I peered at this formidable dish in silent wonder. Like the apes in the opening sequence of *2001: A Space Odyssey*, we prodded and picked at it first. Then we excavated the oily marrow with tiny wooden forks, dabbing little bits of it on slices of challah toast. Mingled with the savory marmalade, it tasted sweet and sinfully rich, like some deliciously concentrated form of hungry-man's ambrosia. The dishes that followed—brimming seafood plateaus, roast pigeon, platters of paella decked with clam shells and big, whiskered shrimp—had a similar revelatory affect. Here was lowbrow, trencherman food raised to the highest level; artistic after-hours cooking for unfussy gourmands who simply loved to eat.

Of course, the city is overrun with seafood plateaus these days, and you can find marrow bones on many reputable menus. The young chefs who made Blue Ribbon their personal late-night supper club are now prime-time fixtures on the Food Network, and the proprietors, Bruce and Eric Bromberg, have expanded their gourmet empire to include sushi (Blue Ribbon Sushi) and more casual cooking (Blue Ribbon Bakery). Now comes **Blue Ribbon Brooklyn**, located in a former grocery store on Fifth Avenue, in Park Slope, on the edge of the city's newest culinary frontier. Lots of raw-bar goodies are on display in the front window, and the walls inside are painted a familiar barn-door red. But the latest Blue Ribbon is three times the size of the original, with diner-style booths in the front and a row of fans twirling on the ceiling. Many of the tables are filled with whole families gobbling down the signature marrow bones and plates of frites, and it's a little startling to find baby-changing tables affixed to the walls of all the unisex w.c.'s.

**Blue Ribbon Brooklyn**
280 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn
(718-840-0404).

New, blue thing: Blue Ribbon Brooklyn.

Photographs by Patrik Rytikangas.

**Well red:** Blue Ribbon's *paella magdelena.*

The Brombergs have kept their midnight-dining formula intact (this Blue Ribbon is open until 4 A.M.) and imported most of their recipes whole hog from their Manhattan headquarters. The menu is devoid of sushi, but otherwise it reads like an awkward shotgun marriage between hefty specialties from the original Blue Ribbon and the flighty, tasting-style dishes of Blue Ribbon Bakery. The result is a daunting document that will leave even the most industrious beef eater gasping for air. You can browse through 36 appetizers (including beef marrow bones, for $1.50 less than in Manhattan), seven soups, and nine kinds of salad, before you even get to main courses, of which there are 31. Not to mention the evening's specials and the seafood plateaus—as in Manhattan, the Royale includes sturgeon caviar and two shots of vodka, for $95—plus a series of new, suburban-style platters, like surf-and-turf (lobster, New York strip, fries) and "Land and Sea" (fried chicken and catfish, plus trimmings).

On our first visit, we warmed up with the marrow bones and the always excellent steak tartare, which the Brombergs whip into a kind of silky, pink paste and bury in mounds of waffle chips. After that, the table was quickly inundated with a selection of mostly undistinguished salads, plus fried oysters (limper than normal, on beds of spinach with remoulade sauce), a slice of foie gras terrine (delicious, but a little slim for the un-Brooklyn price of $18.50), and vast helpings of chicken wings and barbecue ribs, served pupu style in wooden bowls with tiny flaming hibachis on the side. As in Manhattan, there's also a combo pupu platter on the menu, which includes ribs and chicken wings, plus fried pierogies and crunchy skewers of turkey, all resting on a bed of lettuce and fried wanton noodles. The different components of this strange dish are bathed in thick, syrupy sauces, so when you put them on the hibachi, the air over the table fills with the sugary smell of burnt marshmallows.

This kind of food works well if you're feeling festive and bleary-eyed at three in the morning, but served in bulk, in this benign, neighborhood setting, it comes perilously close to gimmicky, family-style dining. At least that was the verdict of one highbrow Brooklynite, who turned up his nose at the Blue Reuben sandwich (made with chorizo instead of pastrami), and pronounced his Land and Sea platter to be "good military fare." The beef dishes I sampled were better than that, especially a big, melting slab of prime rib and the nicely charred, New York strip portion of my surf-and-turf. The surf dishes were generally acceptable, but if you have to choose just one, plunk down $48 for the paella magdelena, which contains an entire lobster, along with the usual herds of crawfish and shrimp. Among poultry, the grilled chicken lived up to the Blue Ribbon standard, as did the pigeon, which was crisp-roasted around the edges and deliciously gamy inside.

According to my spies, the Brombergs themselves were manning the stoves the night this superior pigeon was served. It was accompanied by a dish of escargot bourguignon (shelled snails and vegetables, in a richly concentrated veal reduction), which tasted equally fine, and a plate of fried oysters much better than the ones I'd ordered the evening before.

These mood swings in quality are harder to detect on the wine list, which is as good as you'll find in the Manhattan restaurants, and in the desserts, which follow the ancient franchise formula of simplicity and bulk. The Brooklyn version of the flourless chocolate "Bruno" is as smooth as the original, and the two varieties of bread pudding (chocolate chip and banana walnut) are large as bricks and served in big, communal dog bowls. There are also sundaes (hot fudge and strawberry) along with profiteroles smothered in fudge sauce, and a frosty root beer float. These little innovations may not be as resplendent and groundbreaking as the marrow bones of my youth. But this isn't a groundbreaking restaurant, after all. It's a franchise, and franchising always has its costs. ■

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**Blue Ribbon Brooklyn** 280 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn (718-840-0404). Open 6 P.M. to 4 A.M. Tuesday through Sunday. Appetizers, $4 to $35; entrées, $8.50 to $29. All major credit cards.

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POP MUSIC ETHAN BROWN

# Immaterial Girl

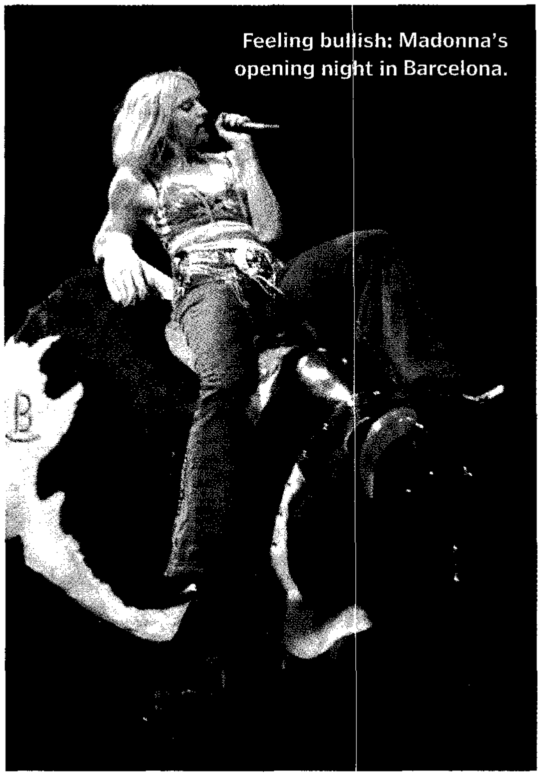
Madonna's tours have always had a method to their madcap spectacle, but "Drowned World" makes the singer seem smaller than life.

EVIDENCE OF MADONNA'S ICONIC status was as easy to spot as roots among the bottle blondes outside the First Union Center in Philadelphia the night of the U.S. debut of her "Drowned World" tour. Gay men strutted around in MATERIAL BOY T-shirts, mall rats in "Like a Virgin"-era lace guzzled beer from brown paper bags, and everyone from grandparents to toddlers shimmied in the parking lot's "Fan Zone" as a P.A. system blared early hits like "Lucky Star."

Inside, however, Madonna aggressively thwarted any attempts at hero worship—and even at times her audience's expectations—with a show that offered few hits and even a few literal "fuck yous" directed at her fans: She greeted the audience not with "Hello, Philadelphia!" but "Fuck off, motherfuckers!," and she shouted to a video clip of Austin Powers that "you can fuck off, too!" before launching into "Beautiful Stranger." On the surface, it seemed a brave move, especially considering that her eighties contemporaries like U2 are crisscrossing the country on victory-lap tours that all but cater to audience whims.

**Madonna**
The "Drowned World" Tour.
July 21 at First Union Center,
Philadelphia.

Yet if that was Madonna's nod to punk rock's antipathy toward the audience—complete with a bondage outfit and a T-shirt that read MOTHER on the front and FUCKER on the back—limp ballads like "I Deserve It" and "Nobody's Perfect" didn't live up to her attitude. And that was only the first of four sections, dubbed "Rock 'n' Roll Punk Girl," "Geisha Girl," "Cyber Cowgirl," and "Spanish Girl/Ghetto Girl." All aimed for highbrow abstraction with obtuse choreography but conveyed their sources (in order, Vivienne Westwood, Ang Lee, J. G. Ballard by way of Dolly Parton, and a flamenco-crazy Jennifer Lopez) without much reinterpretation. And the cowgirl skit soured into contempt with "The Funny Song," a *Hee Haw*-crude country-and-western send-up about domestic violence.



Feeling bullish: Madonna's opening night in Barcelona.

There were a few stunning visual moments—particularly a pair of dancers unfurling the 26-foot-long sleeves of Madonna's kimono during "Frozen." But none captured the sense of purpose of past tours like "Blonde Ambition," the early nineties polysexual free-for-all that gleefully mocked eighties prudishness. And none captured the garish humor that makes her so iconic in the first place, from her roll on the floor in a wedding dress at the MTV Video Music Awards to her ludicrously camp bed-humping during "Blonde Ambition." Madonna is a frustratingly small stage presence, too, mostly standing motionless or strumming rudimentary chords on an acoustic guitar; she was overshadowed by acrobatic dancers and clips from her own videos.

The music was equally airless, a shock given that the show's musical director is Stuart Price, a British electronica wunderkind known for upending dance-music conventions. His own sense of daring escaped only near the end of the show—with a version of "Holiday" that mixed in the silky retro-disco sound of the club hit "Music Sounds Better With You" and a performance of "Music" that spliced in beats from Kraftwerk's "Trans-Europe Express." The show's all-too-abrupt end was, inadvertently, its truest punk moment. As Johnny Rotten himself once said, "Ever get the feeling you've been cheated?"

**In brief:** ADVERTISEMENTS FOR R&B INGENUE Aaliyah's second album, **Aaliyah**, depict the singer as an *anime* goddess, lithe and ready to take on any cartoon villain. At least it's truth in advertising: The album has all the human warmth of *Lara Croft: Tomb Raider* or *Final Fantasy*. With such thin singing and unimaginative songwriting (getting off and breaking up are about it in terms of subject matter), Timbaland's outré production—even the thrilling mix of laconic beats, handclaps, and eerie strings of "We Need A Resolution"—can't mask his muse's shallowness.

A far better application of production prowess is **Phatt Life**, from Phatt Pussycatt (a moniker for New Jersey house-music producer Romanthony). Acknowledging the anonymity of front women Kit and Kat, Romanthony is freed up to explore everything from sublimely weird break beats ("Without U") to raucous Prince-styled rock ("Get Yo' Love"). ■

Photograph by Jon Furniss.

Edited by Ben Kaplan

# This Week's Releases

**Apocalypse Now Redux**
Francis Ford Coppola's expanded Vietnam epic includes four new scenes from the original shooting of his 1979 film. Starring Martin Sheen, Robert Duvall, and Marlon Brando. (3 hrs. 16 mins.; R) • Opens 8/3.

**The Blackout**
Mathew Modine plays an actor with a foggy memory of a horrible night. Directed by Abel Ferrara; with Dennis Hopper. (1 hrs. 40 mins.; NR) • Opens 8/4.

**Cure**
Japanese director Kiyoshi Kurosawa's film about a serial killer and the detective (Koji Yakusho, *Shall We Dance?*) on his case. (1 hr. 55 mins.; NR) • Opens 8/3.

**Original Sin**
Antonio Banderas is a wealthy Cuban businessman, and Angelina Jolie is his shifty American wife. Directed by Michael Cristofer (*Gia*). (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) • Opens 8/3.

**Rush Hour 2**
Director Brett Ratner reunites Chris Tucker and Jackie Chan as partners chasing an international crime ring in this sequel to the 1998 film. (1 hr. 28 mins; PG-13) • Opens 8/3.

**Thomas in Love**
A 32-year-old tech-head (Benoit Verhaert) falls in love, via the computer, with a prostitute (Aylin Yay). Directed by Pierre Paul Renders. (1 hr. 37 mins; NR) • Opens 8/3.

**Lost in cyberspace:** Clara, a "sextoon," from *Thomas in Love*.

**Under the Sun**
Colin Nutley's Academy Award–nominated love triangle about an illiterate Swedish farmer (Rolf Lassgard), his best friend (Johan Widerberg), and the housekeeper whom they both pursue (Helena Bergström). (1 hr. 58 mins; NR) • Opens 8/3.

# New Films

**A.I.**
Steven Spielberg's futuristic fable about a boy robot (Haley Joel Osment) who wants to become human echoes many of his earlier movies, especially *E.T.* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, and, because the project originated with Stanley Kubrick, it summons up many of his oracular epics as well. The result is an uneasy synthesis of temperamental opposites: the imperious and abstract Kubrick touch with the pop dreamland of Spielberg's oeuvre. Alternately emotionally wrenching and unsatisfying, it's one of the oddest movies in some time: not so much a dark *E.T.* as a manic-depressive *E.T.* Also starring William Hurt, Frances O'Connor, and Jude Law as a gigolo robot. (Rainer; 7/9/01) (2 hrs. 20 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews Village; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Coronet; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; bam Rose Cinemas; CO Alpine; UA Astoria; Atrium.

**The Adventures of Felix**
When Felix (Sami Bouajila) gets laid off, he leaves his boyfriend and journeys to the south of France to find his absentee father. Written and directed by Jacques Martineau and Olivier Ducastel. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) • Quad Cinema.

**All Access: Front Row, Backstage, Live!**
The IMAX concert film features Moby, B.B. King, Carlos Santana, and many others. (1 hr. 4 mins. ; NR) • Loews Imax Theater.

**America's Sweethearts**
John Cusack and Catherine Zeta-Jones play an estranged husband-and-wife movie-star couple who are reunited for the press junket for their movie in this good-natured but flimsy Hollywood fairy tale, which also stars Julia Roberts (charming) as the diva star's sister and personal assistant who stands in for all us little people. The excellent but mostly overwrought cast includes Stanley Tucci, Billy Crystal, Hank Azaria, Christopher Walken, and Alan Arkin. Joe Roth directed from a script co-written by Crystal. They no doubt all have better Hollywood stories to tell than the light fare that shows up in this movie. (Rainer; 7/23/01) (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; CO Alpine; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

**The Anniversary Party**
Jennifer Jason Leigh and Alan Cumming, who wrote and directed, also co-star in this so-so drama in which the two leads, playing a couple celebrating their anniversary after a year's separation, host a party for their friends that gets out of hand. The film is a prime example of movie-colony narcissism; the cast, including Gwyneth Paltrow, Kevin Kline, and Phoebe Cates, play mostly show-biz types and pour out their hearts in order to show us how "real" they are. (Rainer; 6/18/01) (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) • CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews State; Cobble Hill Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

**Atlantis**
Michael J. Fox, James Garner, and Leonard Nimoy voice Disney's new animated yarn about a young explorer's voyage to the city under the sea. (1 hr. 28 mins; PG) • Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; Atrium.

**Baby Boy**
Writer-director John Singleton (*Boyz 'n the Hood*) revisits South Central, with MTV's Tyrese playing a single father who lives with his mom. Also starring Snoop Dogg and Ving Rhames. (2 hrs. 9 mins.; R) • Loews Astor Plaza; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; CO Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.

**Baise-Moi**
Based on a best-selling French novel, this film about two prostitutes who team up and go on a rampage against men is getting undue attention because it contains hard-core sex sequences. They're anything but titillating, but since there's not much else in the movie to pay attention to, you wait for them anyway. Raffaela Anderson and Karen Bach, two real-life porno actresses, play the leads. Virginie Despentes, the novel's author, and Coralie Trin-Thi co-directed. (Rainer; 7/16/01) (1 hr. 17 mins.; NR) • Cinema Village.

**Big Eden**
Writer-director Thomas Bezucha's debut, about a scandalous romantic triangle in Big Eden, Montana. Starring Arye Gross, Eric Schweig, and Tim DeKay. (1 hr. 58 mins.; PG-13) • Quad Cinema.

**Bob Le Flambeur**
Black-and-white French film noir from director Jean-Pierre Melville about an aging gambler (Roger Duchesne), his protégé (Daniel Cauchy), and the cigarette girl (Isabelle Corey) with eyes for them both. ( 1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) • Film Forum.

**Bread and Tulips**
An Italian romantic comedy about a fed-up housewife who deserts her negligent family and discovers the enchanted new world that is Venice. Directed by Silvio Soldini. (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG-13) • Paris Theatre.

**Bridget Jones's Diary**
Renee Zellweger is charming in this otherwise mostly forced and unsprightly comedy based on the 1997 Helen Fielding best-seller. She has the ability to seem easygoing and chaotic in the same moment, and that works well for Bridget—a single Londoner whose ditziness can't disguise an essential sweetness. Hugh Grant and Colin Firth play her two suitors, and the Jane Austen–ish conceit doesn't work with these dullards. Austen would have tossed them overboard. (Rainer; 4/23/01) (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) • Loews State; UA Gemini.

**Brother**
Los Angeles is the setting of actor-director Takeshi Kitano's film, in which he plays an expatriate Japanese thug who flees the yakuza for the drug wars of California. (1 hr. 53 mins; R) CC Angelika Film Center.

**Bully**
Brad Renfro plays Marty Puccio, a suburban dropout in South Florida who leads his gang to murder. With Bijou Phillips and Nick Stahl; directed by Larry Clark. (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) • CC Angelika Film Center.

**Cats & Dogs**
Live action from Jeff Goldblum and Elizabeth Perkins meets computer animation voiced by Tobey Maguire, Susan Sarandon, and Charlton Heston in this story of a war between man's best friends and the cats they live

## Ground Rules

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer. Stars (★) denote current releases that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element. Reviews are followed by the names of theaters where the film is playing.

with. (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG) • Battery Park City Cinema; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; UA East; UA Gemini; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; New Coliseum; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; CO Alpine; Cobble Hill Cinema; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.

**The Closet**

Daniel Auteuil (*The Widow of St. Pierre*) plays a condom-factory worker who saves his job, and reinvigorates his life, by pretending to be gay. With Gérard Depardieu; written and directed by Francis Veber. (1 hr. 26 mins.; R) • CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

**Come Undone**

Two young men fall in love over the course of a summer in France. Written and directed by Sébastien Lifshitz. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) • Cinema Village.

**Crazy/Beautiful**

John Stockwell directs Kirsten Dunst as a congressman's rebellious daughter who falls in love with a straight-A student (Jay Hernandez) who happens to live in East L.A. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) • Loews State.

**★ Divided We Fall**

A small Czech town is occupied by German forces in this uneven but occasionally moving drama that at times recalls the bittersweet humanism of the Czech New Wave films of the sixties. A Gentile couple (well played by Boleslav Polivka and Anna Siskowa) shelter a Jewish concentration-camp runaway, with ghastly and comic repercussions. (Rainer; 6/11/01) (2 hrs. 2 mins.; NR) • Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

**Downtown 81**

Jean-Michel Basquiat plays an artist facing eviction who scours the clubs of downtown New York, attempting to sell a painting. Also with Debbie Harry, DNA, and James White and the Blacks. Directed by Edo Bertoglio. (1 hr. 12 mins.; NR) • The Screening Room.

**Dr. Dolittle 2**

Eddie Murphy is back as a doctor who can talk to animals in this sequel to his 1998 smash. *Next Friday's* Steve Carr directs. (1 hr. 21 mins.; PG) • AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; CO Alpine; CO Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Cinemart; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.

**The Fast and the Furious**

Vin Diesel is a Manhattan gangster, and Paul Walker the undercover cop who tries to infiltrate his street-racing ring. Directed by *Dragon Heart's* Rob Cohen. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) • AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Marboro; Cinemart; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; Atrium.

**Final Fantasy**

Digitally animated video-game adaptation about the end of the world and the war to save mankind. Voiced by Alec Baldwin, Steve Buscemi, Donald Sutherland, and James Woods. (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.

**Ghost World**

Thora Birch and Scarlett Johansson play angsty teenage best friends in Terry Zwigoff's film based on the popular Daniel Clowes comic book. Also with Steve Buscemi, Illeana Douglas, and Teri Garr. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) • CC Angelika Film Center; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

**Greenfingers**

Director Joel Hershman's film is loosely based on a New York *Times* story about a group of Edgefield prisoners whose lives blossom alongside their prison's first garden. Starring Clive Owen (*Croupier*) and Helen Mirren (*Prime Suspect*). (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) • Loews Village; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Sony Lincoln Square.

**Hedwig and the Angry Inch**

An East German rock-and-roll drag queen (John Cameron Mitchell) winds up in Junction City, Kansas, in a film version of the popular Off Broadway play. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) • UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

**Himalaya**

Two Nepalese yak caravans race through the Himalayas in French director Eric Valli's debut film. Filmed on location with Nepalese tribes. (1 hr. 9 mins.; NR) • Cinema Village.

**Jackpot**

Sunny Holiday is an aging country singer who leaves his wife (Daryl Hannah) in search of elusive fortune and fame. From Michael and Mark Polish, the writers, stars, and directors of *Twin Falls Idaho*. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) • CC Angelika Film Center; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; CC Eastside Playhouse.

**Jump Tomorrow**

Nationalities collide in this romantic comedy of errors, Joel Hopkins's feature debut, when a shy Nigerian student (Tunde Adebimpe) falls for a vivacious Latin woman (Natalia Verbeke). (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG) • Kew Gardens Cinemas.

**Jurassic Park III**

William H. Macy plays a wealthy adventurer who brings Sam Neill's reluctant paleontologist back to the dinosaur-laden park. Directed by Joe Johnston. (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Loews 84th Street; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; CO Alpine; CO Kings Plaza; Cobble Hill Cinema; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

**Kiss of the Dragon**

Luc Besson (*The Fifth Element, The Professional*) directs Jet Li and Bridget Fonda in this action film about a Chinese special agent betrayed in Paris. (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea West; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; CO Alpine; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II

**Lara Croft: Tomb Raider**

Angelina Jolie is the titular Lara, a shapely crime fighter who must save the world. With Jon Voight; directed by Simon West. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) • Loews 42nd Street E Walk; UA Astoria.

**Legally Blonde**

Reese Witherspoon is Elle Woods, a feckless young woman who winds up at Harvard Law School and falls in love. With Selma Blair and Luke Wilson. (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; Clearview's Waverly; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; CO Alpine; Kent Triplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

**Life and Debt**

A documentary about the impact of the World Bank and the IMF on the residents of Jamaica. By Stephanie Black. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) • The Screening Room.

**Lost and Delirious**

Three adventurous girls (Piper Perabo, Jessica Paré, and Mischa Barton) discover their sexuality at a posh boarding school. The first English-language film from French director Lea Pool. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) • Quad Cinema.

**Lumumba**

Award-winning Haitian director Raoul Peck's film based on the real life of Congolese leader Patrice Lumumba (Eriq Ebouaney). (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) • Film Forum; bam Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

**Made**

Vince Vaughn and John Favreau (*Swingers*) reunite as amateur boxers, and Peter Falk is the Mafia don who brings them to Manhattan for their chance to break into the mob. With Sean "Puffy" Combs. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) • UA Union Square; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Coronet; Sony Lincoln Square; Cobble Hill Cinema; Pavilion; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movies

Festival

# A Different World

Included among the sixteen films, ten documentaries, and eighteen shorts in competition at the fifth **Urbanworld Film Festival** are nine Latin and six Asian films, midnight screenings of *Rush Hour 2*, Tim Blake Nelson's *O*, and a tribute to *Baby Boy*'s director, John Singleton. "Whether it's the Asian influence or Jennifer Lopez," says founder Stacy Spikes, " 'Urbanworld' had to encompass more than just black films." The result is a unique five-day celebration of movies (including *Harlem Aria*, with Damon Wayans, pictured at left, and Gabriel Casseus, right) at the State Theatre in Times Square and the Magic Johnson Theater in Harlem and parties all over New York. Says Spikes, "We're like the Black Cannes meets the Toronto Film Festival." (Opens August 1; see "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Icon

# Napalm in the Morning, Redux

John Milius was 21 when he wrote the first draft of *Apocalypse Now* in 1965. He was 35 when Francis Ford Coppola's film premiered. In the intervening years, he became the hottest writer in Hollywood, working with John Huston and writing (originally for Frank Sinatra) *Dirty Harry.* Today, as **Apocalypse Now Redux** opens—with its 49-minute extension of Willard's (Martin Sheen) voyage upriver to confront Colonel Kurtz, Marlon Brando's AWOL ex-Green Beret—Milius is still writing scripts in a Warner Bros. office next to the one where his journey began. "I wanted to go to Vietnam," he says. "When everyone wore peace signs, I wore a button with a B-52." (That attitude inspired the Coen brothers to affectionately lampoon their pal with the character of Walter Sobchak in *The Big Lebowski,* played by John Goodman.) "George Lucas was going to direct *Apocalypse,"* Milius says, "but he had a hit with *American Graffiti* and folded under studio resistance—he wanted to be rich, so he made *Star Wars."* Meanwhile, Coppola had directed both Oscar-winning *Godfathers* and paid Milius $15,000 to write a new draft of the script. "Francis thought he'd do this Vietnam movie, go to the Philippines, and take a vacation." Three years later, Milius had written eleven drafts. "Everything Francis did was painful, always in panic and fear—and yet grandeur. He had great theatricality." Finally, in 1979, Coppola premiered *Apocalypse* at Cannes. "Francis said *The Godfather* was more like Mario Puzo than Puzo, and *Apocalypse* was more me than me." And though Milius actually prefers the original version, he's happy to see the extra scenes with Colonel Kilgore (pictured), played by Robert Duvall. Kilgore is pure Milius, from the nineteenth-century-cavalry hat to the fanatical love of surfing. "He's like all my best characters: mad, obsessive, with a warlike anger and a biblical sense that they're there to do what they have to do." (Opens August 3; see "New Releases.") B.K.

at Staten Island.

### ★ Memento

Christopher Nolan's low-budget noir stars Guy Pearce as a man with a mental handicap: a condition where he can't remember anything for more than fifteen minutes or so. The story is worked out in roughly reverse chronological order, and Nolan has a fondness for existential dread that may go over better with noir-soaked movie critics and overserious philosophy grad students than with general audiences. But it's an intriguing movie anyway. (Rainer; 3/26/01) (2 hrs.; R) • CC Village East; Loews State; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; UA East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Cobble Hill Cinema.

### The Monkey's Mask

Kelly McGillis plays a poetry professor in this mystery about a missing poet and the young private investigator (Susie Porter) on her trail. Directed by Samantha Lang from the novel-in-poetry by Dorothy Porter. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) • Quad Cinema.

### Moulin Rouge

Baz Luhrman's turn-of-the-century musical set in the famous Parisian dance hall stars Nicole Kidman and Ewan McGregor, and it's meant to resuscitate the movie-musical genre for modern audiences by referencing just about every other musical ever filmed. Songs ranging from Rodgers and Hammerstein to Patti LaBelle segue into one another; the screen is replete with grease-painted plug-uglies who look like they were out of a Fellini casting call. The entire experience is exhausting and assaultive, less a resuscitation than a stomping. (Rainer; 5/28) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG-13) • CC Village East; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Clearview's Beekman; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

### 101 Reykjavik

Icelandic director Baltasar Kormakur's film is about a twentysomething slacker who lives with his mom and falls in love with a flamenco dancer whom his mother is also romancing. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) • Film Forum.

### Planet of the Apes

See John Simon, page 54. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; Clearview's Olympia; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; CO Kings Plaza; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

### The Princess and the Warrior

The director and the star of *Run Lola Run,* Tom Tywker and Franka Potente, reunite in this love story about a psych-ward nurse and a bank robber (Benno Fürmann). (2 hrs. 20 mins.; R) • CC Village East.

### The River

Taiwanese art-house director Tsai Ming-Liang's (*Rebels of the Neon God*) film about a dysfunctional family and the unemployed actor who's cast as a dead body in a film. (1 hr. 55 mins.; NR) • Cinema Village.

### Russian Doll

A noirish film about a dejected private eye (*The Matrix's* Hugo Weaving), an adulterous married man (*Moulin Rouge's* David Wenham), and a Jewish mail-order bride from St. Petersburg (newcomer Natalia Novikova). (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) • North Shore Towers.

### Scary Movie 2

Abysmal spoof of spooky movies, starring a couple of Wayans brothers, Chris Elliott, Tim Curry, and a host of other unfortunates. (Rainer; 7/16/01) (1 hr. 22 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; Clearview's Waverly; UA Union Square; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; CO Kings Plaza; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.

### The Score

An OK caper movie with noirish undertones starring Robert De Niro as an expert thief going for his last heist and Edward Norton as the up-and-comer he teams with. Marlon Brando, in a cameo, plays De Niro's fence and financial partner, and it's his first movie pairing with De Niro. Too bad the vehicle they chose for themselves was so routine. You go into this movie expecting a heavyweight title fight and instead get a cruiserweight bout. Frank Oz directs. (Rainer; 7/23/01) (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews 72nd St. East; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; CO Kings Plaza; Cobble Hill Cinema; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.

### ★ Sexy Beast

Ben Kingsley is intensely frightening as a paranoid thug who is like a cross between an East End Iago and the Terminator. He seeks to recruit a retired former crime partner, well played by Ray Winstone, and the subsequent turndown leads to much mayhem. It's a spiky, spiffy piece of work, directed by first-timer Jonathan Glazer and written by Louis Mellis and David Scinto, who have pitch-perfect ears for the scary propulsiveness of gangster lingo. (Rainer; 6/25/01) (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Clearview's 59th Street East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

### ★ Shrek

Terrific computer-animated feature about a gruff, kindhearted ogre. The script is full of wriggly comic references to practically every famous fairy tale as well as *The Dating Game* and lots more. The computer animation, except for the more human characters, is of-

Photograph courtesy of American Zoetrope and Miramax Films.

Preservation

# Super 8 Is Enough

To 8-millimeter-film loyalists, Norwood Cheek is a lonely standard-bearer. He began **Flicker**, a film festival devoted to the rapidly disappearing Super 8 format, in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, in 1994. Since then, he and his disciples have run festivals celebrating the sixties home-movie staple everywhere from L.A. to Richmond to Bordeaux—and, on August 6, Flicker comes to New York. The festival, curated by director David Teague (*The Sandman*, pictured), consists of twelve to fifteen Super 8 and 16-mm. films and offers a $100 grant, for film stock and processing (culled from the $5 door charge), to a winning film proposal. (At the Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard Street; August 6, 7 P.M.)

ten on a par with the script. Eddie Murphy and Mike Myers stand out among the celebrity voicers. (Rainer; 5/21/01) (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG) • CC Village East; CC Sutton; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Cinemart; UA Astoria.

**★ Songcatcher**
Janet McTeer has perhaps her best movie role to date in this uneven, occasionally affecting drama about a turn-of-the-century musicologist who ventures into the Appalachians and discovers an enchanted glade of mountain music. The writer-director Maggie Greenwald employs many conventional story elements, and at times the music is so good that you wish she had just made an all-music documentary instead. Aidan Quinn and Pat Carrol co-star. (Rainer; 6/25/01) (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG-13) • North Shore Towers.

**Swordfish**
John Travolta plays an intense superpatriot who hires superhacker Hugh Jackman in this Joel Silver–produced spy thriller that seems like scraps from *The Matrix*'s cutting-room floor. (6/18/01) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) • AMC Empire 25 Theatres.

**That Obscure Object of Desire**
Fernando Rey plays an affluent Spaniard who flees Seville for Paris in this re-release of Surrealist director Luis Buñuel's final film. Also with Carole Bouquet and Angelina Molina. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) • Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

**The Vertical Ray of the Sun**
Tran Anh Hung's film takes place in Hanoi and is about the intertwined lives of three sisters who differently mourn the anniversary of their parents' death. Starring Tran Nu Yen Khe. (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG-13) • Quad Cinema.

**Wet Hot American Summer**
Janeane Garofalo plays a camp director and David Hyde Pierce is the astrophysics expert she can't resist. Also with Molly Shannon and Paul Rudd. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) • CC Village East; AMC Empire 25 Theatres.

**With a Friend Like Harry**
Sergi Lopez plays a grinning predator in this French psychological thriller about a man who insinuates himself into the family life of an old schoolmate who barely remembers him. It's a mildly diverting murderous entertainment. (Rainer; 4/30/01) (1 hr. 17 mins.; R) • CC Sutton.

## Manhattan

### Below 14th Street

**Battery Park City Cinema**
102 North End Ave. (212-945-3418) • A.I.; America's Sweethearts; Cats & Dogs; Final Fantasy; Jurassic Park III; Kiss of the Dragon; Legally Blonde; Planet of the Apes; Scary Movie 2; The Score; Sexy Beast

**CC Angelika Film Center**
18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) • Brother; Bully; The Closet; Ghost World; Jackpot

**CC Village East**
189 Second Ave. (212-529-6799) • The Anniversary Party; Kiss of the Dragon; Memento; Moulin Rouge; The Princess and the Warrior; Shrek; Startup.com; Wet Hot American Summer

**Cinema Village**
22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) • Baise-Moi; Come Undone; Himalaya; The River

**Clearview's Waverly**
323 Sixth Ave. (212-777-FILM#603) • Legally Blonde; Scary Movie 2

**Film Forum**
209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) • 101 Reykjavik; Bob Le Flambeur; Lumumba

**Loews Village**
66 Third Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#952) • A.I.; Final Fantasy; Greenfingers; Jurassic Park III; The Score

**Quad Cinema**
34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) • The Adventures of Felix; Big Eden; Lost and Delirious; The Monkey's Mask; The Vertical Ray of the Sun

**The Screening Room**
54 Varick St. (212-334-2100) • Downtown 81; Life and Debt

**UA Union Square**
13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) • America's Sweethearts; Cats & Dogs; Hedwig and the Angry Inch; Legally Blonde; Made; Planet of the Apes; Scary Movie 2; Sexy Beast

### 14th–41st Streets

**CC Murray Hill Cinemas**
160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) • The Anniversary Party; Kiss of the Dragon; Planet of the Apes

**Clearview's Chelsea**
260 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#597) • America's Sweethearts; Brother; The Closet; Hedwig and the Angry Inch; Planet of the Apes

**Clearview's Chelsea West**
333 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#614) • Cats & Dogs; Kiss of the Dragon; Legally Blonde

**Loews 19th St. East**
890 Broadway, at 19th St. (212-50-LOEWS#858) • Final Fantasy; Jurassic Park III; The Score

**Loews Kips Bay Theatre**
570 Second Ave. (212-505-6397#558) • A.I.; America's Sweethearts; Cats & Dogs; The Closet; Final Fantasy; Ghost World; Jurassic Park III; Legally Blonde; The Score; Sexy Beast

### 42nd–60th Streets

**AMC Empire 25 Theatres**
234 W. 42nd St. (212-398-3939) • Brother; Cats & Dogs; The Closet; Dr. Dolittle 2; The Fast and the Furious; Final Fantasy; Jackpot; Jurassic Park III; Kiss of the Dragon; Moulin Rouge; Pearl Harbor; Planet of the Apes; Scary Movie 2; Sexy Beast; Swordfish; Wet Hot American Summer

**CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3**
1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) • The Closet; Hedwig and the Angry Inch; Scary Movie 2

**CC Sutton**
205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) • Pearl Harbor; Shrek; With a Friend Like Harry

**Clearview's 59th Street East**
239 E. 59th St. (212-777-FILM#615) • Sexy Beast

**Clearview's Ziegfeld**
141 W. 54th St. (212-777-FILM#602) • Planet of the Apes

**Loews 42nd Street E Walk**
42nd St. at Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#572) • A.I.; America's Sweethearts; Legally Blonde; Made; The Score; Shrek; Tomb Raider

**Loews Astor Plaza**
44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#699) • Baby Boy

Series

# Meet Your Makor

Last week at the Upper West Side Jewish cultural center **Makor**, while Michael Bloomberg was making a speech, *Keep the River on Your Right*, a documentary about intellectual-cum-cannibal Tobias Schneebaum, was screening upstairs in the Spielberg-funded film center. Makor has been showing Jewish-themed and -helmed movies for nearly two years and this month will run Rob Reiner's *This Is Spinal Tap*, Julia Query's *Live Nude Girls Unite!*, and, beginning July 30, Russian writer-director Elem Klimov's *Come and See* (pictured). Set in the concentration camps of occupied southern Russia, the film tells the story of a boy's slide into insanity amid the horrors of Hitler's regime. Through August 2. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Photograph: bottom, courtesy of Kino International.

**Loews Coronet**
993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (212-505-CINE#608) • A.I.; Made
**Loews State**
1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-50-LOEWS#901) • The Anniversary Party; Bridget Jones's Diary; Crazy/Beautiful; Memento
**Paris Theatre**
4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) • *Bread and Tulips*

## 61st Street and Above, East Side

**CC 86th St. East**
210 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#763) • The Closet; Legally Blonde; Planet of the Apes
**Clearview's Beekman**
1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (212-777-FILM#606) • Moulin Rouge
**Clearview's First & 62nd St.**
400 E. 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#957) • Greenfingers; Legally Blonde; Memento; Planet of the Apes
**Clearview's Park and 86th St.**
125 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#604) • Brother; Dr. Dolittle 2; Kiss of the Dragon
**Loews 72nd St. East**
1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (212-50-LOEWS#704) • The Score
**Loews New York Twin**
1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (212-50-LOEWS#698) • Jurassic Park III
**Loews Orpheum 7**
1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (212-50-LOEWS#964) • A.I.; America's Sweethearts; Jurassic Park III; Scary Movie 2; The Score
**UA East**
1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) • Cats & Dogs; Memento
**UA Gemini**
1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) • America's Sweethearts; Bridget Jones's Diary; Cats & Dogs

## 61st Street and Above, West Side

**Clearview's 62nd and Broadway**
1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#864) • Planet of the Apes
**Clearview's Metro Cinema**
2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (212-777-FILM#609) • America's Sweethearts; The Score
**Clearview's Olympia**
2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (212-777-FILM#613) • Jurassic Park III; Planet of the Apes
**Lincoln Plaza Cinemas**
30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) • Divided We Fall; Ghost World; Hedwig and the Angry Inch; Memento; Sexy Beast; That Obscure Object of Desire
**Loews 84th Street**
2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (212-50-LOEWS#701) • Jurassic Park III; Legally Blonde; Scary Movie 2
**Magic Johnson Harlem USA**
300 W. 125th St. (212-665-8733) • Baby Boy; Cats & Dogs; Dr. Dolittle 2; Jurassic Park III; Kiss of the Dragon; Planet of the Apes; Scary Movie 2; The Score
**New Coliseum**
701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) • Cats & Dogs; Jurassic Park III; Planet of the Apes; Scary Movie 2
**Nova**
3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) • Jurassic Park III; Planet of the Apes; Scary Movie 2
**Sony Lincoln Square**
1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (212-50-LOEWS#638) • A.I.; America's Sweethearts; Cats & Dogs; Final Fantasy; Greenfingers; Made; The Score

## Bronx

**Bay Plaza**
2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (718-777-FILM#833) • America's Sweethearts; Baby Boy; Cats & Dogs; Dr. Dolittle 2; Final Fantasy; Jurassic Park III; Kiss of the Dragon; Legally Blonde; Planet of the Apes; Scary Movie 2; The Score
**Concourse Plaza**
214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) • Baby Boy; Cats & Dogs; Dr. Dolittle 2; The Fast and the Furious; Jurassic Park III; Planet of the Apes; Scary Movie 2; The Score
**Whitestone**
2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) • America's Sweethearts; Baby Boy; Cats & Dogs; Dr. Dolittle 2; The Fast and the Furious; Jurassic Park III; Kiss of the Dragon; Planet of the Apes; Scary Movie 2; The Score

# Sibling Ribaldry

The release date for **Original Sin**, Michael Cristofer's film starring Angelina Jolie and Antonio Banderas (pictured), has been pushed back more times than a tackling dummy at Giants Stadium. But the picture, about a wealthy Cuban businessman and his dangerously deceitful American trophy wife, does look erotic: After all, it also stars James Haven, Jolie's Oscar-speech-immortalized big bro. Opens August 3.

## Brooklyn

**BAM Rose Cinemas**
30 Lafayette Ave. (718-623-2770) • A.I.; The Closet; Lumumba (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")
**Canarsie**
9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) • Cats & Dogs; Jurassic Park III; Planet of the Apes; Scary Movie 2
**CO Alpine**
6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (718-777-FILM#580) • A.I.; America's Sweethearts; Cats & Dogs; Dr. Dolittle 2; Jurassic Park III; Kiss of the Dragon; Legally Blonde
**CO Fortway**
6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (718-777-FILM#578) • Final Fantasy; Planet of the Apes; Scary Movie 2; The Score
**CO Kings Plaza**
5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (718-777-FILM#579) • Baby Boy; Dr. Dolittle 2; Jurassic Park III; Planet of the Apes; Scary Movie 2; The Score
**Cobble Hill Cinema**
265 Court St. (718-596-9113) • The Anniversary Party; Cats & Dogs; Jurassic Park III; Made; Memento; The Score
**Kent Triplex**
Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) • Jurassic Park III; Legally Blonde; Planet of the Apes; Scary Movie 2
**Linden Boulevard Multiplex**
Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) • America's Sweethearts; Baby Boy; Cats & Dogs; Dr. Dolittle 2; The Fast and the Furious; Jurassic Park III; Kiss of the Dragon; Planet of the Apes; Scary Movie 2; The Score; Shrek
**Pavilion**
188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) • America's Sweethearts; Cats & Dogs; Final Fantasy; Jurassic Park III; Legally Blonde; Made
**Pavilion Flatbush**
314 Flatbush Ave. (718-596-7070) • Jurassic Park III; Planet of the Apes
**Ridgewood**
55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) • Cats & Dogs; Jurassic Park III; Legally Blonde; Planet of the Apes; Scary Movie 2
**UA Marboro**
6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) • America's Sweethearts; The Fast and the Furious; Jurassic Park III; Planet of the Apes
**UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay**
3907 Shore Pkwy., off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) • America's Sweethearts; Cats & Dogs; Final Fantasy; Jurassic Park III; Kiss of the Dragon; Legally Blonde; Planet of the Apes; Scary Movie 2; The Score

## Queens

**Centre Sunnyside**
42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) • Cats & Dogs; Jurassic Park III; Kiss of the Dragon; Legally Blonde; Planet of the Apes
**Cinemart**
106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) • Atlantis; Dr. Dolittle 2; The Fast and the Furious; The Score; Shrek
**College Point Multiplex**
28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) • A.I.; America's Sweethearts; Cats & Dogs; The Fast and the Furious; Final Fantasy; Jurassic Park III; Legally Blonde; Planet of the Apes; Scary Movie 2; The Score; Shrek; Tomb Raider
**Jackson Triplex**
82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) • Jurassic Park III; Planet of the Apes; Scary Movie 2
**Kaufman Astoria Cinema**
38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) • America's Sweethearts; Final Fantasy; Jurassic Park III; Kiss of the Dragon; Legally Blonde; Made; Planet of the Apes; Scary Movie 2; The Score
**Kew Gardens Cinemas**
81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) • The Anniversary Party; The Closet; Divided We Fall; Jump Tomorrow; Lumumba; Moulin Rouge; Sexy Beast
**Main Street Cinemas**
72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) • America's Sweethearts; Atlantis; Cats & Dogs; Jurassic Park III; Legally Blonde; Planet of the Apes; The Score
**Plaza**
103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) • Jurassic Park III; Legally Blonde; Planet of the Apes
**UA Astoria**
28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) • A.I.; Cats & Dogs; Dr. Dolittle 2; The Fast and the Furious; Shrek; Tomb Raider
**UA Brandon Cinema**
70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) • Kiss of the Dragon; Legally Blonde
**UA Crossbay**
94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) • Planet of the Apes; The Score
**UA Crossbay II**
92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-

Photograph by Lourdes Grobet.

641-5330) • America's Sweethearts; Cats & Dogs; Dr. Dolittle 2; The Fast and the Furious; Final Fantasy; Jurassic Park III; Kiss of the Dragon; Legally Blonde; Scary Movie 2

**UA Midway**
108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) • A.I.; America's Sweethearts; Cats & Dogs; Final Fantasy; Jurassic Park III; Planet of the Apes; Scary Movie 2

**UA Movies at Bayside**
38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) • America's Sweethearts; Jurassic Park III; Planet of the Apes; The Score

**UA Movieworld**
242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) • America's Sweethearts; Cats & Dogs; Dr. Dolittle 2; Final Fantasy; Jurassic Park III; Legally Blonde; Planet of the Apes; The Score

## Staten Island

**Atrium**
680 Arthur Kill Rd., near Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) • A.I.; America's Sweethearts; Atlantis; Cats & Dogs; Dr. Dolittle 2; The Fast and the Furious; Jurassic Park III; Legally Blonde; Planet of the Apes; The Score

**UA Hylan Plaza**
107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) • America's Sweethearts; Jurassic Park III; Legally Blonde; Planet of the Apes

**UA Movies at Staten Island**
141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) • America's Sweethearts; Cats & Dogs; Dr. Dolittle 2; Final Fantasy; Jurassic Park III; Legally Blonde; Made; Planet of the Apes; Scary Movie 2; The Score

## Museums, Societies, Etc.

**American Museum of the Moving Image**
36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077); $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free. • "Living on the Edge." 8/1: *A Jumpin' Night in the Garden of Eden* (1987). 8/8: *Wattstax* (1973).

**Anthology Film Archives**
32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8. • "Good Times, Bad Times: The Films of Abel Ferrara." 7/31: *King of New York* (1990); *Bad Lieutenant* (1992). 8/1: *Body Snatchers* (1993); *Dangerous Game* (1993). 8/2: *The Addiction* (1995); *The Funeral* (1996). 8/3: *New Rose Hotel* (1998). 8/4: *The Blackout* (1997).

**BAM Rose Cinemas**
30 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn (718-623-2770); $9. • "A Tribute to Guy Maddin." 8/7: *Heart of the World* (2000); *Twilight of the Ice Nymphs* (1997). "F***ed Up: The Films of Gregg Araki." 7/30: *Nowhere* (1997). 8/6: *The Doom Generation* (1995). "Movies in the Park." *Crooklyn* (1994).

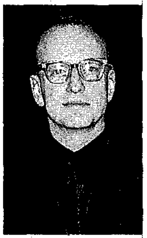
**Film Society of Lincoln Center**
The Walter Reade Theater, 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); $9, $5 for members, $4.50 for seniors, $4 for kids. • "Dirk Bogarde: Gentleman in the Shadows." 8/1: *Cast a Dark Shadow* (1955); *Damn the Defiant!* (1962). 8/2: *So Long at the Fair* (1950); *The Hunted* (1952). 8/3: *Darling* (1965); *Victim* (1961). 8/4: *Death in Venice* (1971); *Despair* (1978). 8/5: *The Night Porter* (1973). 8/6: *Doctor in the House* (1954). 8/7: *The Spanish Gardener* (1956).

**Makor**
35 W. 67th St. (212-601-1000); $8. • 7/30–8/2: *Come and See* (1985).

**The Fifth Annual Urban World Film Festival**
State Theater; 1540 Broadway; $7. • 8/1: *Lockdown.* 8/2: *Bastards in Paradise; Roads and Bridges; Love Come Down; Home Invaders; The Blue Diner; Waterproof; Harlem Aria; Rush Hour 2.* 8/3: *Focus; The Flip Side; Fidel; MacArthur Park; Big Bank Take Little Bank; Rage; Bluehill Ave..* 8/4: *No Turning Back; Dust to Dust; All About You; Lift;* O. Magic Johnson Harlem USA, 300 W. 125th. St. • 8/2: *Devil's Kiss; The Kiss You Gave Me; No Turning Back; Raisin' Kane; Honeybee; Gang Tapes.* 8/3: *The Day of Doris; Lift; Love Come Down; Home Invaders; Higher Ed.* 8/4: *Fidel; Bastards in Paradise; Bluehill Ave.; The Blue Diner; Focus.*

# Trailers

**SEXUAL TRAFFIC** Academy Award winner **Steven Soderbergh**'s (pictured) next project will be a sexual comedy called *How to Survive a Hotel Room Fire* for Miramax; **Scott Kramer** will produce the film, with Soderbergh directing a script by Coleman Hough; the film, which harks back to Soderbergh's 1989 indie hit *sex, lies, and videotape*, begins filming in November, and no cast has been announced yet.



**TONY SOPRANO: THE EARLY YEARS** **Terence Winter**, an award-winning writer for HBO's *The Sopranos*, has made his move to the big screen; his new script, *Nailed Right In*, has backing from Gold Circle Films and will film in Brooklyn in late September; the action drama—based on Winter's own experiences—focuses on the lives of a group of Catholic-school boys and their ambitions in the era of mobster John Gotti's rise to power; **Griffin Dunne** will direct.

**STILL SWINGING** **Jon Favreau** (pictured), the indie phenom who struck it big with *Swingers* and *Made*, has signed on to write and possibly direct Universal's *Porn Star*; the small-scale film follows the tragicomic exploits of an average guy who falls in love with an adult-film star—without knowing it; **Brian Grazer** will produce for Imagine Entertainment.

**GOING INTO ANALYSIS** Adding to an already packed schedule of projects, **Robert De Niro** is in negotiations to star in *Scared Guys* for Columbia Pictures; in the comedy, he would play an agoraphobic therapist forced to leave his house in order to save the woman he loves; **Dean Parisot** (*Galaxy Quest*) will direct from a script by Jeff Nathanson (*Rush Hour 2*), with **John Baldecchi** and De Niro's own Tribeca Productions to produce. SARA CARDACE

**TOBIAS** *Continued from page 60*

randi is a kind of picturesque naturalism—the vineyard peasants portrayed as individuals, the Wilis transformed into a debutante cotillion of mildly disappointed brides, and the principals in the action, forbidden from histrionics, behaving like you and me. The result registers more like a local-color painting animated by tepid mime than a ballet, and leaves one wondering why, with the costumes straight out of *Little House on the Prairie,* the sets are so insistently surreal.

Guillem uses the received choreography erratically, as it suits her, and with no particular dance or theatrical logic. Some of the most beautiful and difficult passages have been simplified to the point of insignificance or omitted entirely. Still, the most blatant symptom of the wrongheadedness at work in this production is that it makes the story indecipherable. If you don't know the old *Giselle,* you won't make head or, more important, tale of the newfangled one. It's just a mess of unrealized notions.

Guillem's interpretations as a performer also have a brainy bent. Earlier this season she appeared with the Royal Ballet at the Kennedy Center in *Marguerite and Armand.* Frederick Ashton created this hallucinatory sketch of Dumas's Romantic melodrama *La Dame aux Camélias* in 1963 as a vehicle for Margot Fonteyn, whose technical powers, by that time, were at the vanishing point, though she remained a sublime creature of the stage. Guillem took it into her head to treat the ballet as if it had serious substance, working up a character that appeared to be rooted in the close study of novels by the Brontë sisters. This curious, even perverse, undertaking had a certain intellectual appeal—one, however, that had little to do with dancing. Fonteyn, with her innate ballerina instincts, had been content to play herself.

These latest events in Guillem's career seem to be part of a long effort to achieve recognition as a ballerina by taking control. Granted, control is one of the first things an aspiring dancer must learn. And the exercise of control is the means to many a desired goal. Still, it is not an effective route to the ecstasy that dancing at its most profound can provide. ■

Photographs: top, Robin Platzer/Twin Images; bottom, Evan Agostini/Image Direct.

Edited by Logan Hill

# In Shtickness and in Health

It's been said that the monologue is a certain sort of therapy. If so, **If You Ever Leave Me, I'm Going With You!**, the new show by comic veterans Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna (pictured), is a giddy sort of couples therapy. For 36 years—and through four of Elizabeth Taylor's eight matrimonial turns—the couple has sustained that rarest of all relationships: a show-biz marriage. And from their wedding reception, held on *The Merv Griffin Show*, to their several films and television specials about love and relationships, they haven't exactly been shy about it. So it shouldn't be surprising that Taylor (who's kept busy playing moms in *The Nanny, Dream On*, and *Daddy Dearest*) and Bologna (who most recently played Adam Sandler's pop in *Big Daddy*) will make the most of their elder-statescouple status and wax nostalgic on life in the biz, and with each other, at the Cort Theatre. If it's a hit, Anne Meara and Jerry Stiller could take over. Then Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson. Anne Bancroft and Mel Brooks . . . In previews for an August 6 opening. (See "Broadway.")

## Broadway

### Previews and Openings

**If You Ever Leave Me, I'm Going With You!**
Renee Taylor and Joe Bologna star in their new romantic comedy, which traces the 36 years of their relationship. $30–$65. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 8/6 opening. • Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

### Now Playing

**Aida**
The epic musical about the love affair between a Nubian slave and a cute Egyptian, with music by Elton John and lyrics by Tim Rice. More important, the gigantic sets and ridiculously fabulous costumes are designed by Bob Crowley. $25–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).

**Annie Get Your Gun**
Crystal Bernard plays Annie Oakley, the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover (Tom Wopat) in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).

**Beauty and the Beast**
The family-friendly musical adaptation of Disney's film is no *Lion King*, but it has still been entertaining kids by the busload. $25–$85. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. • Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).

**Blast!**
The world's only halftime show with an intermission, this loud, brassy spectacle is performed by a 60-piece drum corps. $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 1/6/02. • Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. (212-239-6200).

**Cabaret**
The perfect reprieve from the cutesy family fare of the new 42nd Street, this gritty revival of Broadway's most decadent musical won four Tonys in 1998 for its portrayal of the sepia-washed world of Berlin cabaret. Set in the former glory of Studio 54 and based on Christopher Isherwood's *Berlin Stories*, the production revives the classic songs of Fred Ebb and John Kander with a darker edge that was missing from the Liza Minnelli edition. That said, the revival gets a strange tweak as squeaky-clean Brooke Shields joins Matthew Greer and Matt McGrath (*Hedwig*). $25–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Opened: 3/19/98. • Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

**Chicago**
This delightfully raunchy musical tribute to tough women and the men they murder won six Tonys in 1996. In this stylish production, choreographed by Ann Reinking and directed by Walter Bobbie, female inmates in a Jazz Age Chicago prison vie for the attention of a flashy lawyer and the tabloid press. Brent Barrett, Jennifer Holiday, Anna Montanero, and Nana Visitor star. $20–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 11/14/96. • Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

**Contact**
This sensational, Tony-slathered, and thankfully uncategorizable dance-theater work by John Weidman and Broadway's reigning choreographer, Susan Stroman, presents a triptych of pieces. The longest, a tale about a suicidal adman (Boyd Gaines), had the power to create an icon: the girl in yellow, played by the triumphant Deborah Yates. $55–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

**The Dinner Party**
Neil Simon's unabashedly contrived new comedy features three men, two of their ex-wives, and a mysterious man who has locked them all in a Paris dining room together. Jon Lovitz and Larry Miller star. $45–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

**42nd Street**
Come and meet those dancin' feet. This revival of the Al Dubin and Harry Warren musical about the proverbial chorus girl who gets her big break is snappily directed by Mark Bramble, with exuberant choreography by Randy Skinner, and features a top-notch cast: Michael Cumpsty, Christine Ebersole, David Elder, Jonathan Freeman, Kate Levering, and Mary Testa. $20–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).

**Fosse**
A stylish musical tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago*. $65–$80. Mon., Tues., and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 8/25. • Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

**The Full Monty**
The rambunctious musical adaptation of the 1997 film about desperate, destitute men who have nothing to lose but their underwear. Music and lyrics by David Yazbek; book by Terrence McNally; directed by Jack O'Brien. $31–$86. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).

**Kiss Me, Kate**
With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this musical gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Burke Moses and Carolee Carmello interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play the *Shrew's* Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musical. $26–$86. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

**Les Misérables**
As one of the few Broadway megamusicals with a plot that's nearly as grand and sweeping as its staging, this

## Ground Rules

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

musical version of Victor Hugo's 1,200-page novel was brought to the stage by producer Cameron Mackintosh and directors Trevor Nunn and John Caird in 1987. An audacious button-pusher with over-the-top songs like "Do You Hear the People Sing?" and "I Dreamed a Dream," it still stands as the best of the big British commercial imports. $20–$85. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. • Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

**The Lion King**

Based on the popular Disney movie, this sensational spectacle is so much better than Mouse-haters would like to admit. It's a sublimely inventive production that showcases some of the best experimental theater techniques of a generation, wrought with joyful mastery by experimental director extraordinaire Julie Taymor. Anthropomorphic puppets, multiculti costumes and music, and delightful stagecraft illusions summon a bright, loud world that has thrilled both children and adults. $30–$95. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. • New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).

**Major Barbara**

The Roundabout presents a revival of the George Bernard Shaw classic, directed by Tony winner Daniel Sullivan and starring the always wonderful Cherry Jones. $40–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 9/9. • American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. (212-719-1300).

**The Music Man**

Meredith Willson's 1957 musical about a conman who charms the sleepy town of River City, Iowa, gets a giddily inventive production at the hands of director-choreographer Susan Stroman (*Contact, The Producers*). Beginning May 8, Eric McCormack, the star of television's *Will & Grace*, will play Professor Harold Hill opposite the talented Rebecca Luker. $40–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd. St. (212-307-4100).

**One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest**

Terry Kinney takes his well-reviewed Steppenwolf Theater production of Ken Kesey's countercultural classic to Broadway. Though the drama's references to the Combine and relatively unbridled chauvinism are a tad dated, Gary Sinise sweats and howls his way through an aggressive performance as the wild man who is committed to an asylum and broken down by a ball-breaking nurse. $30–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. • Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

**The Phantom of the Opera**

Unlike *Cats*, Andrew Lloyd Webber's other blockbuster refuses to give up the ghost. $20–$85. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. • Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

**The Producers**

Nathan Lane and Matthew Broderick produce the ultimate "surefire flop," *Springtime for Hitler*, in Mel Brooks's triumphant new musical and surefire hit, based on the Oscar-winning 1968 film. Directed and choreographed with aplomb by Susan Stroman, this Tony favorite is the undisputed hit of the season. $30–$100. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7:30. • St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

**Proof**

Recently crowned with a Pulitzer and several Tonys, David Auburn's *Proof* is a virtuoso piece of writing matched by Mary-Louise Parker's virtuoso performance. As Catherine, Parker plays a chronically depressed young woman whose father, a famous mathematician, recently lost his mind and then his life. When Catherine's type-A sister rolls into town to bury her father, a graduate student finds a groundbreaking proof among her father's otherwise nonsensical papers and Catherine is jolted out of her near-catatonic state and into the confusing world around her. Daniel Sullivan's direction is impeccable. $24–$69. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

**Rent**

The late Jonathan Larson's Pulitzer-winning reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types ensconced in the East Village. $35–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100).

**Riverdance**

The high-kicking Irish return. $25–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 8/26. • Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (212-307-4100).

**The Rocky Horror Show**

Christopher Ashley (*Jeffrey*) directs a surreal cast in Frank N. Furter's naughty pad for this stage version of the cult film about a Transylvanian transsexual and a kooky all-American couple. Featuring *Rent* star Daphne Rubin-Vega, Tom Hewitt, comics Dick Cavett and Lea De Laria, and Alice Ripley of *Side Show* (very appropriate). $30–$85. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9:45, Sun. at 2 and 7. • Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (212-239-6200).

**Stones in His Pockets**

In Marie Jones's comedy about a small Irish village's encounter with a Hollywood crew, Seán Campion and Conleth Hill play fifteen different characters, from starlets to local extras. $30–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • The Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

**The Tale of the Allergist's Wife**

In this shticky Manhattan comedy by downtown "gender illusionist" and camp playwright Charles Busch, Tony Roberts and Linda Lavin play a hyper allergist and his frazzled self-improving wife, whose worlds are upended by the arrival of a globetrotting debutante (played by Michele Lee, who still glitters, appropriately, with the glamour of *Knots Landing*). $30–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).

**A Thousand Clowns**

Tom Selleck (*Magnum P.I.*) makes his Broadway debut as the idealist Murray Burns in Herb Gardner's romantic comedy, directed by John Rando. $40–$77.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Longacre Theatre, 220 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

## Off Broadway

### Previews and Openings

**Hello Muddah, Hello Fadduh!**

A revival of the Allan Sherman Musical, directed by Rob Krausz. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 8/2 opening. • Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (212-239-6200).

**The Seagull**

The second-hardest ticket to get this summer is free. A gaggle of celluloid celebrities will grace the Central Park stage through 8/19, as Mike Nichols directs a "new version" of Chekhov's *The Seagull*, written by Tom Stoppard. The cast includes Marcia Gay Harden, Philip Seymour Hoffman, Kevin Kline, Debra Monk, Natalie Portman, Meryl Streep, and Christopher Walken, to name a few. Free. Tues.–Sun. at 8. • Delacorte Theater, Central Park (212-539-8750).

### Now Playing

**Bat Boy: The Musical**

Boldfaced headlines in the *Weekly World News* declaring the capture of a live bat-child led to the creation of this high-flying musical tale about one kid who really was doing his own thing. $20–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun at 7:30. • Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-4100).

**Blue**

Phylicia Rashad stars in new work by Charles Randolph-Wright, presented by the Roundabout, with music by the extremely talented Nona Hendryx. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 9/16. • Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-307-4100).

**Blue Man Group: Tubes**

Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $55–$65. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 2, 5, and 8. Opened: 11/17/91. • Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).

**Chaucer in Rome**

This new drama by John Guare (*Six Degrees of Separation, The House of Blue Leaves*) tells the story of three Americans living in Rome during the last year of the millennium. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

**De La Guarda**

A show that's part carnival, part

### Opening

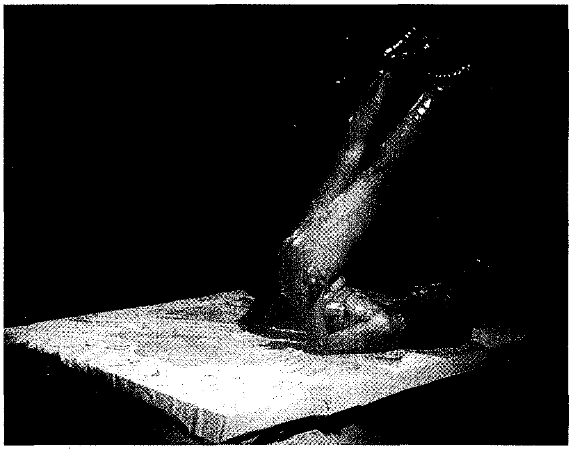
## *Gull* of Your Dreams

You already know that a veritable *Hollywood Squares* cast has arrived in Central Park for the New York Shakespeare Festival's production of Anton Chekhov's **The Seagull** (featuring Meryl Streep, pictured, along with Philip Seymour Hoffman, Kevin Kline, Natalie Portman, Christopher Walken, etc.). By now, you've probably called in every favor and failed, so you'll have to get tickets like any other schmuck—the old-fashioned way. So grab a big bottle of water and take the day off: Free tickets will be distributed on the day of the performance from 1 to 3 P.M. at the Public Theater and beginning at 1 P.M. at the Delacorte Theater in Central Park. Arrive considerably earlier, with reading material (we suggest Ha Jin's *Waiting*). Other options: Call 212-539-8750 for information on ticket distribution in the outer boroughs, memorize the new B-D-Q subway service changes, and try to outsmart everyone who will undoubtedly be trying to outsmart you. (See "Off Broadway.")

# Wild Honey

In the book *A Different Kind of Intimacy,* performance artist-provocateuse Karen Finley reflects that her work has been a "a Rorschach test for the culture it comes out of." The past fifteen years have not proved her wrong. In 1986, her yams and gams exposed a rift between downtown's old radicals and its new queer culture. In 1990, her chocolate-smeared body became a focal point in the culture wars. More recently, her *Playboy* pictorial and move to Los Angeles fit seamlessly into an age of half-ironic celebration of surfaces ("I wanted to go someplace where there was no integrity," she says). Now, in the city of *Sex and the City,* it makes sense that her surprisingly upbeat new show, **Shut Up and Love Me**, originally slated for a short stint at P.S. 122, is a surprise hit, and is now transferring to an Off Broadway run at the Westbeth Theatre Center. She admits that her new work, like the HBO smash, is a "fourth-wave kind of feminist thing" of the sort that asserts "you don't have to be apologizing for sensual pleasures anymore. I became so p.c.-rhetorical with my Supreme Court case that I just couldn't stand myself," says Finley, who has recently collected reviews peppered with words like "cheerful" and "joy" and moved on from dark chocolate to shimmery honey (pictured). "I've had other performances where I'd get physically sick before doing them," she says. "Now this is entertainment. You're going to have a good time no matter what." (See "Off Broadway.")

L.H.



rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Fri. at 10:30, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. • Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).

**The Dog Problem**
The accomplished director Scott Ellis (*The Waverly Gallery, 1776, Steel Pier*) directs a dark new comedy by David Rabe (*Hurlyburly*). Set mostly on the corner of Bowery and Grand, the play tracks two friends who become embroiled with the mob. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. • Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).

**The Donkey Show**
A fantastic, loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* with even looser morals. Cable sex icon Robin Byrd hosts on Wednesdays. $39. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. • El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).

**Down South**
Doug Field's new comedy lampoons sixties suburbia. $35. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Through 9/9. • Rattlestick Theatre, 224 Waverly Pl. (212-239-6200).

**Eat the Runt**
After a successful run downtown last year, Avery Crozier's comedy about arts funding returns with a nifty casting experiment in which any actor may play any role, on any given night. $50. Mon., Wed.–Sun. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

**The Fantasticks**
The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. • Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).

**Forbidden Broadway 2001: A Spoof Odyssey / Mr. President**
Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof. / An irreverent adaptation of Irving Berlin's 1962 musical, with Alessandrini's new music and lyrics. $49.50–$55. *Forbidden Broadway* runs Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sat. at 8:15, Sat at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. *Mr. President* runs Tues. and Thurs. at 8:15, Fri. at 10:15, Sat. at 5 and 10:15, and Wed. at 2:30. Food and drink available, optional. • Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

**Four**
Worth Street Theater Company presents a suburban Connecticut drama by 25-year-old playwright Christopher Shinn. The play scored rave reviews during a recent run at London's Royal Court Theatre. $15–$35. Mon., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5. • Tribeca Playhouse, 111 Reade St. (212-206-1515).

**I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change**
They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $49.50–$60. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 8/1/96. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

**I Sing!**
A new musical comedy about five young New Yorkers with music by Eli Bolin, lyrics by Sam Forman, and book by Bolin, Forman, and director Benjamin Saika. $40. Sun.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 5. • Maverick Theater, 307 W. 26th St. (212-239-6200).

**La Lupe: My Life, My Destiny**
Carmen Rivera's new play about the iconic salsa singer La Lupe tracks the singer's rise and fall. Luis Caballero directs. $20–$25. Performances in English on Wed and Thurs. at 8. Performances in Spanish on Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 2 and 6:30. • Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (212-354-1293).

**A Life**
The Irish Repertory presents Fritz Weaver and Pauline Flanagan in Hugh Leonard's 1981 drama about the civil servant Desmond Drumm (Weaver), who learns that he has only six months to live. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. • Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (212-727-2737).

**Lobby Hero**
After a successful run at Playwrights Horizons, the latest drama by Kenneth Lonergan, the screenwriter of *You Can Count on Me* and Pulitzer-nominated playwright of *The Waverly Gallery,* transfers to a larger theater. His latest drama, directed by Mark Brokaw, is a confounding morality tale of small conflicts and small people caught in inextricably tricky situations, set in the lobby of an inauspicious apartment building. $45–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/2. • John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

**Love, Janis**
A new bio-musical based on the book *Love, Janis* by Joplin's sister Laura. $35–$75. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 12/31. • Village Theater, 158 Bleecker St. (212-307-4100).

**Much Ado About Nothing**
Aquila Theater Company returns with its latest adventurous adaptation, which casts the comic characters of Shakespeare's comedy in squeaky black pleather and svelte cat suits designed by Soho's Beau Brummel. $30. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 9/16. • 45 Bleecker Theatre, 45 Bleecker St. (212-307-4100).

**Murdered by the Mob**
Interactive off-line entertainment. $55. Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 7. • Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (800-687-3374).

**Music From a Sparkling Planet**
In this new comedy by Douglas Carter Beane (*As Bees in Honey Drown*), three buddies track down the former host of *Tamara Tomorrow,* a Philadelphia children's show. Comic actress J. Smith-Cameron stars with T. Scott Cunningham, Ross Gibby, and Josh Hamilton. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 8/12. • Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow St. (212-239-6200).

**Naked Boys Singing**
Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed.–Fri., and Sun. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, and Sun. at 3. • Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-239-6200).

**Our Sinatra**
Kurt Stamm directs this tribute to Ol' Blue Eyes. $50–$100. Mon.–Wed., Fri., and Sun. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. • Reprise Room at Dillon's, 245 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

**Perfect Crime**
The long-running thriller. $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 4/5/87. • Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (212-695-3401).

**The Pirates of Penzance**
Director Michael Scheman revives his successful adaptation of the Gilbert and Sullivan musical, onboard a ship docked outside the South Street Seaport Museum. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Wed. at 3, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 6. • Pier 17, South Street Seaport (212-239-6200).

**The Play About the Baby**
Tony winner Marian Seldes (*A Delicate Balance*) and Brian Murray star in Edward Albee's first new play since *Three Tall Women,* a mysterious drama about a couple of young new parents whose lives are invaded by an older, less innocent pair. $25–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 3. Through 9/1. • Century Center for the Performing Arts, 111 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).

**Saint Lucy's Eyes**
The inimitable Ruby Dee returns after a well-received run in Bridgette A. Wimberly's new play about a woman who offers back-room abortions in 1968 Memphis. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. Through 9/2. • Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).

**Shut Up and Love Me**
Performance artist Karen Finely transfers her latest show to a legit Off Broadway run. $20–$35. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 8/25. • Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (212-741-0391).

Photograph by Donna Ann McAdams.

**Six Goumbas and a Wannabe**
This mob comedy by Vincent Gogliormella follows six Brooklyn buddies. $49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. (212-239-6200).

**Slanguage**
New York Theatre Workshop presents a genre-bending work by the multi-talented five-performer troupe Universes that fuses poetry, hip-hop, flamenco, politics, and more. $35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 5. • New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (212-239-6200).

**Stomp**
As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show. $29.50–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. • Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).

Onstage

## Mid-Season Replacement

The latest TV alumna to go slumming on Broadway is **Valerie Harper**, who joins fellow small-screen vets Tony Roberts and Michele Lee in Charles Busch's comedy *The Tale of the Allergist's Wife* on July 31. The former Rhoda Morgenstern (pictured, center, with Roberts and Lee) cuts in on Linda Lavin to play the neurotic spouse of a retired doctor whose life is upended when a glamorous friend (*Knots Landing*'s Lee) returns to town. (See "Broadway.")

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

**The Syringa Tree**
Pamela Gien plays 28 characters in a superb solo show about a young girl who tries to come to terms with life in sixties South Africa. It's a surprising and unpredictable, utterly believable and affective tale of family love and loss amid the often reckless violence of apartheid. $49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (212-307-4100).

**Tick . . . Tick . . . Boom!**
This semi-autobiographical musical by the late Jonathan Larson (*Rent*) tracks the life of a struggling composer who is about to turn 30. Pulitzer winner David Auburn (*Proof*) provides script consultation; Scott Schwartz (*Bat Boy*) directs. $20–$50. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. • Jane Street Theatre, 113 Jane St. (212-239-6200).

**Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding**
A wedding and reception, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and, with more than 4,000 performances, it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $75–$80. Thurs.–Sun. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. • St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St., and Vinnie Black's Coliseum, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

**Topdog / Underdog**
In one of the most exciting openings of the summer, the heralded playwright Suzan-Lori Parks returns to the Public Theater with a dark tale about two brothers, played by the terrific actors Don Cheadle (*Traffic, Bulworth*) and Jeffrey Wright (*Julius Caesar, Angels in America, Basquiat*). $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. • The Public Theater's Anspacher Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

**The Vagina Monologues**
Eve Ensler's ode to fannyboos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc., returns for a second coming. What was once Ensler's one-woman show is now performed by trios of actresses. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

## Off-Off Broadway

**The American Living Room Festival**
HERE presents its twelfth annual summer festival. Along with art, music, video, and puppets, the festival is comitted to supporting the emerging directors and will highlight several. Fourteen directing cabarets, curated by Kristin Marting, will feature the creativity of more than forty directors. 7/31 and 8/1: Directors Sherri Kronfeld, Keira Fromm, and Michael Alltop. 8/2 and 8/3: Directors Marissa Bejar, Lisa Milnazzo, and Hyungjung Lee. 8/4 and 8/5: Directors Angel David, Erin Lucas, and Aaron C. Smith. $12. Call for schedule. Through 9/2. • HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (212-647-0202).

**AT&T Latino Cultural Festival**
Along with a full slate of music and dance, the festival presents the Spanish theatrical company Teatro del Temple, Columbia's Tola y Maruja, and New York's IATI and NY Artists Unlimited. Call for schedule and prices. Through 8/12. • Queens Theatre in the Park, Flushing Meadows Corona Park (718-760-0064).

**The Duchess of Malfi**
The Queen's Company presents John Webster's Jacobean tragedy. $15. Fri.–Sun. at 7. Through 8/5. • HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (212-647-0202).

**Go-Go Real**
Jonathan Wooster and Brandon Olson's disco-epic, part of Dixon Place's Hot! festival, extends. $15. Call for schedule. Through 8/11. • Dixon Place at Vineyard 26, 309 E. 26th St. (212-532-1546).

**Hamlet**
The Classical Theatre of Harlem, which won an Obie grant this spring, stages the clasic with Arhtur French, Adam Wade, Rome Neal, and J. Kyle Manzy as the great Dane. $15. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30. Through 8/5. • Harlem School of the Arts Courtyard Theatre, 645 St. Nicholas Ave. (212-539-8828).

**Hospital**
Axis Company presents the latest round of their annual four-part series, tracking the mystery of a man in a coma. $10. Thurs. and Fri. at 8. Through 8/31. • Axis Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square (212-807-9300).

**Monday Night Magic**
Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, steal your watch, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $25–$27.50. Mon. at 8. • Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-615-6432).

**Mono**
An inventive, improvisatory play set in a barlike environment, with a sock puppet. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. • Surf Reality, 172 Allen St. (212-358-3447).

**The Moon in Vain**
Rae C. Right and Lee Gundersheimer's new drama picks up where *The Seagull* ends. $10–$20. Tues.–Thurs. at 8. Through 8/30. • Dixon Place at Vineyard 26, 309 E. 26th St. (212-532-1546).

**Narcissus and Goldstein**
Singularity presents Sam Forman's new comedy about a "abstract cabaret performance" troupe. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Through 8/11. • Pantheon Theater, 303 W. 42nd St. (212-539-7553).

**No Mother to Guide Her / Billy the Kid / Sincerity Forever / Cleveland / Ajax**
Tons of theater at the Flea Theater, presented by the Bat Theatre Company. New productions of *Billy the Kid* and *No Mother to Guide Her* open, along with revivals of Alice Tuan's *Ajax* and two Mac Welmann works, *Sincerity Forever* and *Cleveland*. $15–$20. Call for schedule. 8/1–9/10. • Flea, 41 White St. (212-226-2407).

**The Patients Are Running the Asylum**
Theater for the New City's twenty-fifth annual street-theater production presents a mean mayor, a dopey president, and a merry band of revolutionaries. The production is staged on streets and in parks and playgrounds throughout the city. Sat. and Sun. at 2. 8/4–9/16. • Call for schedule and locations. (212-254-1109).

**Pulse Ensemble's Outdoor Summer Shakespeare**
The Bard's best, performed in Pulse's courtyard. Through 8/12: *Twelfth Night*. 8/24–9/16: *The Tempest*. $18. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. • Pulse Ensemble Theatre's Courtyard, 432 W. 42nd. St. (212-695-1596).

**Sex and Other Collisions**
Nela Wagman directs Trista Baldwin's new comedy about desperate couples who get entangled with a Russian mail-order bride, a crime, and a bomb. $10–$15. Mon. and Wed. at 7, Thurs.–Sat. at 8. • Curtican Theater, 154 W. 29th St. (212-414-8181).

**Shakespeare in the Park(ing) Lot**
The seventh annual Lower East Side festival features *The Taming of the Shrew*, Through 8/4. *The Tempest*: 8/8–8/25. Free. • Located across the street from 85 Ludlow St. (212-358-5096).

**The Twilight Series**
As part of HERE's American Living Room Festival, the emerging company Proto-type (*Bunny's Last Night in Limbo*) presents Laura Klein's odd story about two sisters and their lovers. Peter S. Petralia directs. $12–$15. Through 8/19: Thurs.–Sun. at 7. • HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (212-647-0202).

# Art

Edited by Edith Newhall

## Galleries

### Solos

### Madison Avenue and Vicinity

**John Funt/Alan McCord**
Paintings of landscapes around Norwich, Connecticut, by the former, and of views of Lakeville, Connecticut, by the latter; through 8/31. • Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767).

**Don Van Vliet**
Abstract paintings from the eighties by this artist who is better known as the avant-garde musician and poet Captain Beefheart; through 9/8. • Werner, 4 E. 77th St. (212-988-1623).

**Bettina Werner**
Multiple-panel monochromatic paintings whose surfaces are encrusted with salt; through 8/15. • Winston Wächter Mayer, 39 E. 78th St. (212-327-2526).

### 57th Street Area

**James Barsness**
"Any History Will Do," five new large-scale paintings focused on society's flaws; through 8/17. • Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (212-644-5665).

**Morris Graves**
Still-life paintings by the late artist (1910–2001); through 8/17. • Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (212-888-1122).

**Alexander Liberman**
Maquettes of the sculptor's steel "Pipe Pieces"; through 8/10. • Ameringer Howard, 41 E. 57th St. (212-935-1110).

**Tom Wesselman**
Three-dimensional maquette studies for large-scale paintings; through 9/7. • Danese, 41 E. 57th St. (212-223-2227).

### SoHo and TriBeCa

**Louise Bourgeois/Yayoi Kusama**
Works on paper, paintings, and sculptures executed between 1942 and 2000 by both artists; through 9/15. • Blum, 99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441).

**Fabrice Gygi**
Installations using canvas tarps, fitted pipes, mattresses, and other materials that bring to mind street displays of illegal goods; through 8/18. • Swiss Institute, 495 Broadway (212-925-2035).

### Chelsea

**Craig Kauffman**
New wall reliefs by the Los Angeles-based artist; through 8/31. • Gering, 534 W. 22nd St. (646-336-7185).

**Peter Pinchbeck**
A memorial exhibition of works by the abstract painter (1931–2000); thorugh 8/10. • Greene Naftali, 525 W. 26th St. (212-463-7770).

## Group Shows

### Madison Avenue and Vicinity

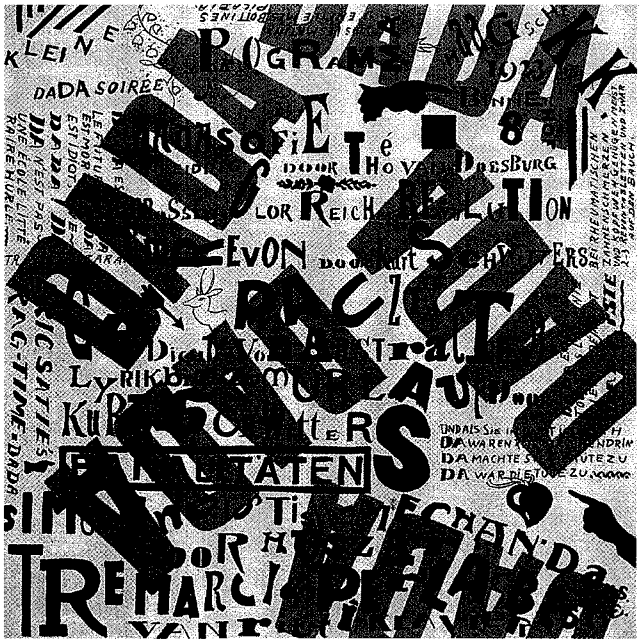
**Arsenal**
"Greener Pastures: A History of Bronx Parks, 1888–2001," historic renderings, photographs, artifacts, and memorabilia representing the history of the Bronx Parks; through 9/6. • 64th St. and Fifth Ave., in Central Park (212-360-1311).

**Graham**
"Alterations," works that reference textiles and the techniques involved in their creation, by Amer, Bailey, Besemer, LeDray, Marten, Obrosey, Reichek, Stoll, others; through 8/30. • Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767).

### On View

## Read All About It

If your summer travels will be taking you near Poughkeepsie, head straight to Vassar College's **Summer Reading: The Recreation of Language in Twentieth-Century Art**, an exhibition focusing on those artists who've made letters and words an integral part of their work. We're not just talking the usual suspects, either, although the show of works on paper and photographs does include prints by known wordsmiths Jenny Holzer, Ray Johnson, Ed Ruscha, and Kurt Schwitters (pictured, *Kleine Dada Soirée*, with Theo van Doesburg, 1923). Here you'll encounter an Aaron Siskind photograph of graffiti on a wall; writings by the self-taught Chicagoan Henry Darger that shed light on his fantastic scenes of child warriors, and "New English Calligraphy"—ideographic versions of English—by the Chinese-born contemporary artist Xu Bing. At the Frances Lehman Loeb Art Center, Vassar College, 124 Raymond Avenue, Poughkeepsie; through September 16 (open Tuesday through Saturday 10 to 5, Sundays 1 to 5).



Photograph courtesy of Vassar College.

**Knoedler**
"Models of Observation: Flowers Fishes Birds Butterflies," works focusing on seasonal summer themes in a variety of media by Avery, Graves, Sultan; through 9/29. • 19 E. 70th St. (212-794-0550).

**Zwirner & Wirth**
"Minimal," minimalist works from the sixties and seventies by Andre, Darboven, Flavin, Judd, McCracken, Morris, Weiner, others; through 8/30. • 32 E. 69th St. (212-517-8677).

### 57th Street Area

**Lelong**
"Minimalism: Past and Presence," works by Judd, Mendieta, Meireles, Ryman, others; through 8/17. • 20 W. 57th St. (212-315-0470).

**Perlow**
"Wet," paintings that depict the ocean and various other bodies of water, by Ahlsted, Isobe, Pace, Segalman; through 8/31. • 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-7171).

**St. Etienne**
Recent acquisitions of works by Arntz, Beckmann, Coe, Kollwitz, Moses, Schiele, Traylor, others; through 9/7. • 24 W. 57th St. (212-245-6734).

### SoHo and TriBeCa

**Exit Art**
"The LP Show," more than 2,500 album covers culled from 50 collections, plus installations by Marclay, D.J. Spooky, Moore, Zorn; through 8/17. • 548 Broadway (212-966-7745).

**Hoffman**
"The Body Project," works that use the body as a primary focus, by Africano, Bierk, Depman, Ferrer, Frey, Gonzalez, Khalil, Phakadze, Raffael, Wolski; through 9/5. • 429 W. Broadway (212-966-6676).

**Zwirner**
"New York ca. 1975," works made in New York in and around the mid-seventies, by Acconci, Anderson, Auder, Benglis, Cage, Graham, Matta-Clark, Moore, Rainer, others; through 8/3. • 43 Greene St. (212-966-9074).

### Chelsea

**Bonakdar**
New work by Eliasson, Hornig, Lowe, Meadows, others; through 8/17. • 521 W. 21st St. (212-414-4144).

**Cohan Leslie and Browne**
"Song Poems," a collaboration of artists, writers, and

## Ground Rules

In Summer, galleries are generally open Monday through Friday, from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

musicians organized by Steven Hull, including contributions from Beck, Durant, Lambert, Ligon, Los Super Elegantes, Moody, Tillman, others; through 8/11. • 138 Tenth Ave. (212-206-8701).

**Dee/Glasoe**
"Heroine," works dealing with subversive fantasies by Atherton, Essenhigh, Harkness, Kardel, Westergren; through 8/17. • 529 W. 20th St. (212-924-7545).

**Gorney Bravin + Lee**
Works by Muller, Oguibe, Okudzeto, Watts; through 8/10. • 534 W. 26th St. (212-352-8372).

**Kasmin**
Works by Bucklow, Innerst, Nares, Rubins, Zwack, others; through 8/17. • 293 Tenth Ave. (212-563-4474).

**Marks**
"We Set Off in High Spirits," works by Dumas, Freud, Greene, Hockney, Ramos, Streuli, others; through 8/17. • 522 W. 22nd St. (212-243-0200).

**Rosen**
"More Than One," works by Avedon, Gigli, Sander, Slavin, others; through 8/24. • 525 W. 24th St. (212-627-6000).

**Saul**
"Panic," photographs, videos, and drawings that depict bursts of emotional intensity, by Applebroog, Crumb, Easterson, Frailey, Nicosia, Wojnarowicz, others; through 8/24. • 535 W. 22nd St. (212-627-2410).

**Tonkonow**
"Ellipsis," works suggesting absence by Calle, Cesarco, Sato, Semmes, others; through 8/24. • 535 W. 22nd St. (212-255-8450).

## Photography

**Meredith Allen**
Recent images of the artist's hand holding up melting ice cream–pop representations of cartoon characters against idyllic Long Island vistas; through 8/31. • Gracie Mansion, 504 W. 22nd St. (212-505-9577).

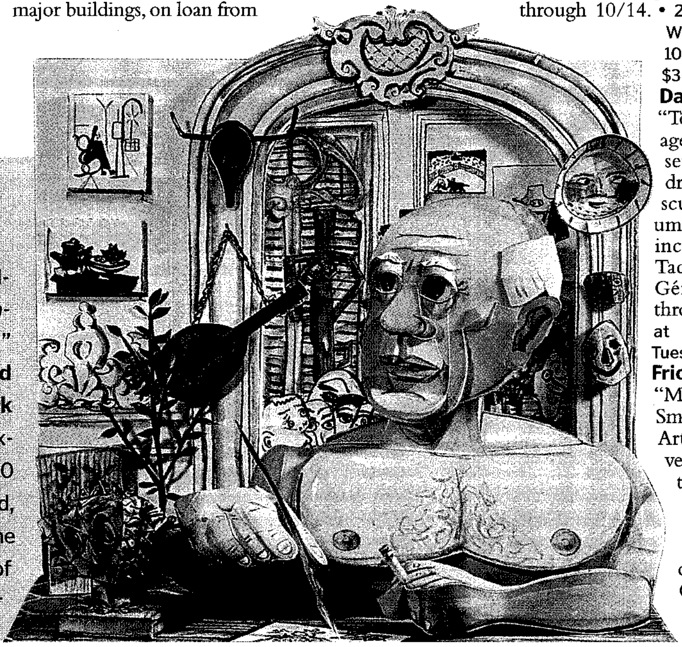
**James Bidgood**
Staged works shot in the photographer's midtown Manhattan tenement building between 1963 and 1970, and stills from his film *Pink Narcissus*; through 8/31. • Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2752).

**Esther Bubley**
A survey of the career of this American photojournalist (1921–1998) whose photo-essays appeared in *Life*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, and other publications; through 9/7. • Paine Webber, 1285 Sixth Ave. (212-713-2885).

### Talent

## Simply Red

He's celebrated for such exuberant mixed-media "sculpto-pictoramas" as *Ruckus Manhattan* (1975), but Charles Rogers "Red" Grooms is a whiz at printmaking, too. **Red Grooms: Selections From the Graphic Work** pays tribute to the Nashville-born artist's experiments in printmaking with more than 100 two- and three-dimensional works (pictured, *Picasso*, 1997, 3-D color lithograph) from the past 40 years. At the National Academy of Design Museum, 1083 Fifth Avenue, near 89th Street; through November 11.



**Mariana Cook**
Recent photographs of everyday objects taken in and around the artist's New York apartment and during her travels abroad; through 8/10. • Mitchell-Innes & Nash, 1018 Madison Ave. (212-744-7400).

**ICP**
"Migrations, Humanity in Transition: Photographs by Sebastião Salgado." Approximately 300 photographs documenting the global phenomenon of mass migration; through 9/9. • 1133 Sixth Ave. (212-860-1777), Tues., Wed., Thurs. 10-5, Fri. 10-8 (5-8 voluntary contribution), Sat. and Sun. 10-6; $8, $6 students and seniors.

**Eric Lindbloom**
Studies of marshes in Cape Cod; through 8/30. • 292, 120 Wooster St. (212-431-0292).

**Herbert List**
A retrospective of work by the German photographer (1903–1975), organized by the City Museum of Munich; through 8/17. • Miller, 524 W. 26th St. (212-366-4774).

**Meyerowitz**
"Surf's Up," photographs of surfers by Tom Blake and Don James taken between 1922 and 1942; through 8/10. • 580 Broadway (212-625-3434).

**Sebastião Salgado**
Photographs of migrants, refugees, and displaced persons taken over the past seven years in 40 countries around the world; through 8/24. • Richardson, 535 W. 22nd St. (646-230-9610).

**Aaron Siskind**
Images dating from 1935 to 1951 that suggest the artist's early involvement with the Abstract Expressionist movement; through 8/31. • Silverstein, 504 W. 22nd St. (212-627-3930).

**Ruth Thorne-Thomsen**
"Agua Tierra," new black-and-white seascapes; through 8/24. • Miller, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-3930).

**Wessel + O'Connor**
"50's Physique," vintage body-building images by sixteen photographers from the fifties including Bellas, Mizer, Urban, Warner, others; through 8/24. • 242 W. 26th St. (212-242-8811).

## Museums

**American Craft Museum**
"Light Screens: The Leaded Glass of Frank Lloyd Wright." Fifty patterned windows designed by the architect for private residences and major buildings, on loan from the Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation and private collections; through 9/2. • "Origamic Architecture." Origami works by the Japanese architect Masahiro Chatani, his colleagues Keiko Nakazawa and Takkaaki Kihara, and other artists from around the world who employ the ancient Japanese art of paper folding; through 9/2. • "Radiant Geometries: Fifteen International Jewelers." Works by fifteen jewelry artists from the United States and Europe; through 9/2. • 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10-6, Thurs. 10-8 (pay what you wish 6-8); $7.50, $4 students and seniors.

**American Museum of Natural History**
"Ancient Microworlds." Photographs by Giraud Foster and Norman Barker that reveal the internal structures of Jurassic dinosaur bones, Permain tree ferns, Devonian nautilus, and more; through 9/9. • "The Genomic Revolution." An exhibition examining developments in this key field of molecular biology through hands-on models, interactive stations, videos, films, and polling stations; through 1/1. • Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10-5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10-8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

**Bronx Museum of the Arts**
"Game Show: Installations and Sculptures by Willie Cole"; through 9/9. • "Aztlán Today: The Chicano Postnation"; through 9/9. • "Artist in the Marketplace: Twenty-First Annual Exhibition"; through 10/14. • "(un)Shop: An Installation by Lisa Levy"; through 10/14. • 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 12-9, Thurs.-Sun. 12-6; $3, $2 students and seniors, Wed. free.

**Brooklyn Museum of Art**
"My Reality: Contemporary Art and the Culture of Japanese Animation." Works whose visual characteristics and themes resemble those found in Japanese animation (*anime*) and comic books (*manga*); through 10/7. • "Digital: Revolutions in Printmaking." Prints created using digital technology, by John Baldessari, Chuck Close, Nam June Paik, Robert Rauschenberg, Kiki Smith, and others; through 9/2. • "Leon Golub: Paintings 1950–2000." A retrospective of the artist's figurative paintings exploring race, violence, war, and human suffering; through 8/19. • 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000), Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 11-6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Sat. of every month), Sun. 11-6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

**Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution**
"Rooms With a View: Landscape and Wallpaper." Selections of wallcoverings from the museum's collection that reveal changing attitudes toward nature; through 10/14. • 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 12-5, Tues. 10-9 (5-9, free admission); $8, $3 students and seniors.

**Dahesh Museum of Art**
"Telling Tales I: Classical Images From the Dahesh Museum of Art." Paintings, drawings, lithographs, and sculptures from the museum's permanent collection, including works by Alma Tadema, Bouguereau, Gérôme, Leighton, others; through 9/29. • 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (212-759-0606), Tues.-Sat. 11-6; free.

**Frick Collection**
"Master Drawings From the Smith College Museum of Art." The only American venue for a traveling exhibition of works on paper by Matthias Grünewald, Adolph von Menzel, Piet Mondrian, Paul Klee, and others; through 8/12. • "El Greco: Themes and Variations." Different versions of the paintings *St. Jerome* and *The Purification of the Temple* by the Crete-born artist (1541-1614), on view together for the first time; through 7/29. • "Mantegna's *Descent Into Limbo*, From the Barbara Piasecka Johnson Collection." A smaller version of Mantegna's original masterpiece that was probably painted by the artist for Ferdinand Carlo, the last duke of Mantua, around 1470–75; through 8/1. • "Six Paintings From the Former Collection of Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney on Loan From the Greentree Foundation." Works by Corot, Degas, Manet, Picasso, Redon; through 7/29. • 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.-Sat.

Photograph courtesy of the National Academy of Design Museum

Photography

# Industrial Strength

**Esther Bubley** (1921–1998) was a photographer of many talents, not least her ability to transform outwardly dull subjects into riveting ones. Petroleum? Bubley traveled around the world to document the industry's importance for Standard Oil, her longtime client, and caught the modernist patterns of a twisting pipeline. Then she turned her eye to long-distance bus travel and fascinatingly showed Americans fighting boredom (pictured, *Waiting Room, Greyhound Bus Terminal, New York City*, 1947). Now these and Bubley's other assignments and photo-essays—she was also an insightful chronicler of the health-care system and of families facing challenges of all kinds—can finally be seen together in one place. At UBS PaineWebber Art Gallery, 1285 Sixth Avenue, near 51st Street; through September 7.

10-6, Sun. 1-6; $10, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

**Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum**
"Frank Gehry, Architect." A retrospective of the American architect's work as seen through drawings, plans, models, furniture designs, photographs, video footage, and the installation itself; through 8/26. • 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500), Sun.-Wed. 9-6, Fri. and Sat. 9-8 (Fri. 6-8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $8 students and seniors.

**Guggenheim Museum SoHo**
"Sugimoto: Portraits." New photographs by the renowned Japanese artist, Hiroshi Sugimoto; through 11/10. • 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (212-423-3500), Thu.-Mon. 11-6; $5, $3 students and seniors, free under 12.

**Jewish Museum**
"Marc Chagall: Early Works From Russian Collections." Paintings, drawings, and theater murals created by Chagall in Russia between 1908 and 1920, and paintings by Yehuda Pen, Chagall's first teacher; through 10/14. • "Voice, Image, Gesture: Selections From the Jewish Museum's Collection, 1945–2000." More than 60 works from the museum's collection, by Diane Arbus, Tina Barney, Adolph Gottlieb, Hannah Wilke, Andy Warhol, and others; through 8/5. • 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200), Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11-5:45; Tues. 11-8 (Tues. after 5, $2 for Chagall exhibition, pay what you wish for other exhibitions), Sun. 10-5:45; $8 ($10 for Chagall exhibition), $5.50 students and seniors.

**Metropolitan Museum of Art**
"Dress Rehearsal: Origins of the Costume Institute." A selection from the former Museum of Costume Art, including early folk costumes, historic fashions, and twentieth-century haute couture; 8/1–10/28. • "Beyond the Easel: Decorative Painting by Bonnard, Vuillard, Denis, and Roussel, 1890–1930." Paintings by the group of artists known as the *Nabis*, who played a crucial role in the promotion of "*décorations*," large-scale compositions conceived singly and in groups for specific interiors; through 9/9. • "A Century of Design, Part IV: 1975–2000." Objects by Tadao Ando, Sir Norman Foster, Frank Gehry, Ettore Sottsass, Robert Venturi, and others; through 1/6/02. • "Terry Winters: Printed Works." More than 80 prints from the museum's collection; through 9/30. • "Dancing on the Roof: Photography at the Bauhaus (1923–1929)." Rare photographs from New York-area collections that were created by Bauhaus students and teachers between 1923 and 1929; through 8/26. • "Photographs: A Decade of Collecting." Works collected by the museum, including French photographs of the 1850s and 1860s; through 9/2. • "Joel Shapiro on the Roof." Five large cast-bronze and painted cast-aluminum sculptures by the American artist; through 11/30. • 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30-5:30, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; $10 contribution, $5 students and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 students and seniors.

**Morgan Library**
"Master Drawings From the Cleveland Institute of Art." Works spanning the fifteenth through the twentieth centuries, by Degas, Goya, Michelangelo, Picasso, Raphael, Rembrandt, others; through 8/19. • 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.-Thurs. 10:30-5, Fri. 10:30-8, Sat. 10:30-6, Sun. 12-6; $8, $6 students and seniors.

**El Museo del Barrio**
"Voices From Our Communities: Perspectives on a Decade of Collecting at El Museo del Barrio." More than 85 works by Latino artists working in the United States, the Caribbean, and Latin America; through 9/16. • "Contemporánea 2001: Permanent Visibility by Ingrid Menendez." An interactive installation that explores the boundaries between public and private experience; through 9/16. • 1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.-Sun. 11-5; $4, $2 students and seniors (through 8/30, free admission Thurs. from 5-8).

**Museum for African Art**
"African Forms." Handcrafted objects from more than 156 ethnic groups and 34 African nations, among them clothing, jewelry, kitchen utensils, devotional objects, and musical instruments; through 8/8. • 593 Broadway (212-966-1313), Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5:30, Sat. and Sun. noon-6; $5, $2.50 students, seniors, and children.

**Museum of American Folk Art**
"ABCD: A Collection of Art Brut." *Art brut* works by Darger, Mackintosh, Ramirez, Wölfli, others, from the collection of the Paris-based foundation ABCD (Art Brut Connaissance & Diffusion); through 7/28. • Two Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.-Sun. 11:30-7:30; free.

**Museum of Modern Art**
"Mies in Berlin." An exhibition examining the architect's early years in Berlin, featuring 47 of his European projects in drawings, scale models, photographs, and films, and running concurrently with a survey at the Whitney Museum of his later work in America; through 9/11. • 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.-Tues., Thurs. 10:30-5:45, Fri. 10:30-8:15 (4:30-8:15 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

**Museum of the City of New York**
"Gay Men's Health Crisis: 20 Years Fighting for People With HIV/AIDS." A look at the role the Gay Men's Health Crisis has played in the ongoing effort to fight HIV/AIDS; through 9/10. • "Working Women: A Century of New York Junior League Volunteerism." Photographs, clothing, and ephemera documenting the movement founded by Mary Harriman in 1901; through 8/12. • "Dressing for a New York City Childhood." A retrospective of more than 100 pieces of children's clothing and related objects such as accessories and photographs dating from 1712 to the present; through 9/16. • 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

**Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology**
"John Rawlings: 30 Years in Vogue." A retrospective of works from the late thirties through the late sixties by the fashion photographer, who worked for *Vogue*, *British Vogue*, *Glamour*, and other magazines; through 8/11. • "Infinity: The Textiles of Akihiko Izukura." A retrospective of woven garments, scarves, and wall hangings by the Japanese textile artist; through 9/15. • Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.-Fri. noon-8, Sat. 10-5; free.

**National Academy of Design**
"Red Grooms: Selections From the Graphic Work." A survey of prints by this artist known for his exuberant three-dimensional environments; through 11/11. • "Recent Acquisitions and Winterscapes From the Permanent Collection." Works by George Inness, Ellen Lanyon, Miriam Shapiro, Larry Rivers, and others; through 9/9. • 1083 Fifth Ave. (212-369-4880), Wed., Thurs. noon-5, Fri. 10-6, Sat. and Sun. 10-5; $8; $4.50.

**New Museum of Contemporary Art**
"William Kentridge." A retrospective of the South African artist's animated films, drawings, and videotapes, plus two new sculptural installations; through 9/16. • 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Tue.-Sun. noon-6, Thu. noon-8 (free Thu. 6-8); $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

**New York Public Library**
"Celebrity Caricature in America." Caricature portraits of Hollywood stars, literary luminaries, politicians, sports figures, and others, from the collections of the National Portrait Gallery, Smithsonian Institution, and the New York Public Library; through 8/31. • Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089), Mon. 10-6, Tues. and Wed. 11-7:30, Thurs.-Sat. 10-6; free.

**New-York Historical Society**
"Flophouse: Life on the Bowery." An exploration of the history of New York's legendary down-and-out Bowery dwellers including a free audio tour and a re-creation of a flophouse cubicle; through 11/4. • "Advertising Drama." An exhibition of large-scale posters made to promote Broadway shows and touring companies between 1880 and 1910; through 9/16. • "Up on the Roof: The Culture of New York City Rooftops." Artworks, photographs, objects, and installations on the

Photograph courtesy of the Beaux Arts Alliance.

# Solutions to last week's puzzles

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subject of New Yorkers' familiar summer retreat; through 9/9. • "Independence and Its Enemies in New York." An exhibition marking the 225th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, featuring historic broadsides, manuscripts, and newspapers from the Historical Society's collection; through 9/9. • "Against the Storm: Images From the Lighthouse Collections of the New-York Historical Society." Photographs of American lighthouses and their keepers that were commissioned between 1871 and 1953 by the U.S. Coast Guard First District; through 9/2. • 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

**P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center**

"Uniform: Order and Disorder." A look at the way military wear has infiltrated fashion and contemporary art, with works by 33 artists and 31 designers; through 9/23. • "Los Carpinteros: Ciudad Transportable (Transportable City)." An exhibition of portable tents made by the Cuban artists' collaborative and installed throughout the museum; through 9/3. • "Carla Accardi: Triplice Tenda." A full-size circular tent of clear plastic marked in patterns of pale-pink paint, by the Italian artist who co-founded the Forma 1 movement in 1947; through 9/3. • "Miri Segal: Circular Acts." Video installations that feature deceptively simple optical illusions; through 9/3. • "Buzz Club: News From Japan." Works by more than 100 Japanese artists, commercial designers, and others who use technology-based techniques and strategies to approach traditional artistic disciplines; through 9/30. • "Kim Sooja: A Needle Woman." Video works in which the artist appears motionless as she observes her surroundings; through September. • "Ashkan Sahihi: The Drug Series." Large-scale photographs that document the experience of taking controlled substances; through September. • 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation.

**Queens Museum of Art**

"Crossing the Line." An exhibition of site-specific works by some 50 artists, on display at the museum and at various locations throughout the borough of Queens; through 10/7. • New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Tues.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. noon–5; $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

**Studio Museum in Harlem**

"Red, Black and Green." Works from the museum's permanent collection and works on loan from various private and public collections, including David Hammons' *African-American Flag*; through 9/16. • "For the Record." More than fifteen works by artists-in-residence Mehretu, Okudzeto, and Robinson in a variety of media; through 9/16. • 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500), Wed., Thurs., Sat., and Sun. noon–6, Fri. noon–8; $5, $3 students and seniors.

**Whitney Museum of American Art**

"Mies in America." An exhibit running concurrently with MOMA's survey of the architect's earlier work in Berlin, including drawings made by the architect and members of his office, photographs of the architect and his colleagues and projects, and models of four of his key buildings; through 9/23. • "Wayne Thiebaud." A retrospective of the California painter known for his images of American foods and consumer goods; through 9/23. • "Joseph Grigley: White Noise." An installation of more than 2,500 handwritten notes that are the residual records of the deaf artist's interactions with the world of the hearing; through 9/9. • "Stories." A look at prints by artists who have explored the use of text in their work, among them John Baldessari, Enrique Chagoya, Larry Rivers, and Joyce Tremaine; through 9/30. • 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues.–Thurs., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Fri. 1–9 (pay what you wish every Fri. 6–9); $10, $8 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more.

**Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris**

"Miranda Lichtenstein: Sanctuary for a Wild Child." An installation of drawings and photographs inspired by cross-cultural legends of children brought up in the wild; through 9/21. • 120 Park Ave. (917-663-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

**JACOBSON** *Continued from page 27*

became apprehensive. By now it was clear: Even amid the immense disassemblage of Willets Point, there was likely only one bench seat to fit a 1979 Caprice. That seat was inside T.B.'s maroon and silver rocket, or at least it was when we parked in the mud puddle at the far end of the lot. Now, with word of our search no doubt buzzing around the yard, the next scene was easy to imagine. Some local chop-shopper would tap us on the shoulder and lead us down a grease-stained pathway to show us the object in question. He'd want $50.

To which T.B. would reply, "Fifty?! Why, that seat's no better than what I've got now."

This would cause the price to drop to $40. When it got to $25, we'd buy the thing, install it back into the Caprice, and drive off feeling, well, at least we'd gotten the guy down on the price.

Hearts sinking, we drove back to Brooklyn, to the automotive neighborhood on the southern end of Utica Avenue. Past the Bluebird Diner and Paco's Tacos, we came to the blocks containing John's Auto, Bim's Auto, and Mr. Auto Trim. But none of these establishments could help us. Last stop was nearby on Foster Avenue, at Hammer's, a cheery wrecking yard with joyous folk art of dead and dying vehicles painted on the yellow exterior.

By now, however, T.B. had changed his focus. The bench-seat quest forsaken for the moment, he now sought to replace the long-busted cover of his left front turn signal. Hammer's seemed the place for that. Thousands of tail-light and signal covers hanging on hooks festooned the three-story wall inside the wrecker's iron fence like red and yellow plastic ivy. Suspense filled the summer South Brooklyn air as the Hammer attendant picked through the seemingly endless array.

"I have '80," the Hammer guy, a Russian gentleman in a Banlon shirt and gold chains, said with an accent fresh from the steppes. "Best I can do. Can you use '80?" T.B. could not. For reasons known only to the Detroit brain trust, GM had seen fit to change the front-turning-light setup between the '79 and '80 model years.

"Guess not," T.B. said, slowly sinking back onto the bumpy springs of his unreplaced bench seat.

Then, as if we didn't already know, the Russian leaned in the window and said, "Take it from me. What you look for is not a part. It is an antique. Try a museum." ■

# Restaurants

Edited by Robin Raisfeld
& Rob Patronite

## New and Noteworthy

**☆ A**
This barbershop turned four-table café has been outfitted with a big blue A painted in the façade's porthole window and what might be the world's tiniest professional kitchen: two hot plates, a mini-fridge, a sink, and a cutting board. Chef-owner Marc Solomon (who used to run Red Strype and Les Deux Lapins downtown) uses that space to maximum effect cooking simple, inventive Jamaican-inspired French dishes like curried lamb pie with coconut crème fraîche and pan-fried ackee-and-callaloo crêpes. • 947 Columbus Ave., nr. 106th St. (212-531-1643). (I)

**★ A Salt & Battery**
The folks from Tea & Sympathy have expanded their British empire with a fish-and-chips shop that literally reeks of authenticity. Aside from the main attraction, properly wrapped in British newspaper, there are mushy peas, pickled onions, and the improbably edible deep-fried Mars Bars, all deftly executed by a wisecracking fry chef who used to cook in the British Merchant Navy, and then, judging by his hoop earrings, pantaloons, and Errol Flynn beard, must have turned pirate. • 112 Greenwich Ave. (212-691-2713). (I–M)

**Adä**
As you might guess from the Murano-glass chandeliers and bas-relief nudes, this isn't your run-of-the-mill curry kitchen. Your dinner choices include a streamlined $55 prix fixe, or newfangled novelties from the a la carte menu like Goan barbecued ribs, garam masala quail with date-and-pistachio pillau, and wild-mushroom biryani with white-truffle oil. • 208 E. 58th St. (212-371-6060). (M–E)

**★ Aleutia**
You may have to navigate past the murky leather-swathed bar crowd and scurry up the industrial steps to escape their piercing mating calls, but forsooth, there is ight at the top of the stairs. In fact, if Aleutia is willing to shift its priorities a bit, it has the potential of being considered among the city's most inventive and satisfying seafood restaurants. Vibrantly flavored dishes like citrus-grilled octopus and pancetta-wrapped cod provide life-preserving—make that -affirming—distractions from the hormonally raging sea around you. • 220 Park Ave. So., at 18th St. (212-529-3111). (E)

**Allioli**
If the mortar-and-pestle-surrounded-by-garlic-bulbs logo at this instant Williamsburg hot spot isn't a tip–off that you should have brought Tic Tacs, the amuse-bouche of boiled new potatoes in aïoli is. And things only get more pungent from there with tapas like pancetta-wrapped fried dates, and grilled bread topped with Spanish anchovies and caramelized onions. Big plates like baby eels on a soupy bed of polenta are a $22 splurge on an otherwise modestly priced menu that pleases as much as the all-Spanish wine list and the ultra-affable bartender. • 291 Grand St., Brooklyn (718-218-7338). (I–M)

**Artisanal**
If cheese is a religion, this is its bustling, Balthazar-gone-midtown house of worship. After an olfactory assault at the door, where you're hit with the pungent aroma of Muenster, Taleggio, and 200 other varieties aging gracefully in the boutique cheese cave, indulge in full-fromage festivities from appetizer (raclette pizza) to dessert (a splendid tarte Tatin with a cheese-infused crust.) If you manage to resist a dozen different fondues, there's a full menu of bistro classics like braised lamb shank, boudin blanc, and cassoulet. If not, feed your Appenzeller addiction at the retail cheese counter, which also carries crusty loaves of Balthazar Bakery bread. • 2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (212-725-8585). (M–E)

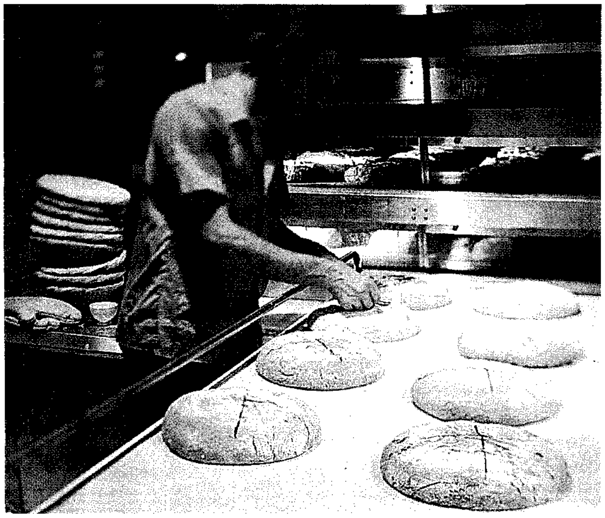
**★ Banjara**
In spite of its location amid all those cookie-cutter curry cookers, Banjara is an oasis on Little India's restaurant row. The room and adjoining lounge are cliché-free. And chef Tuhin Dutta's unusual dishes like juicy clay-oven chicken marinated in wine and cream, and dumpakht (think supercolossal Indian potpie) should dispel any worries that the street's mythical underground shared kitchen has taken on a new client. • 97 First Ave. (212-477-5956). (M)

**BarTabac**
Following in the footsteps of pioneering restaurateurs before him, Georges Forgeois, the empire-building force behind Bistro Jules, Café Noir, and Le Singe Vert, has entered the Smith Street fray with a Brooklyn bar and bistro of his own. Francophiles will appreciate the artfully aged environs, the all-French wine list, the menu of French bar snacks, and the obligatory steak-frites and onion soup. Not to mention what we assume will be a very tobacco-tolerant attitude. • 128 Smith St., at Dean St., Brooklyn (718-923-0918). (I–M) AE only

**☆ Beppe**
Cesare Casella's devoted fans know him for his Tuscan cooking and his signature breast-pocket herb bouquet, both of which have resurfaced at this Gramercy trattoria. You'll also find an instant coziness, a pride of rustic Tuscan products stashed behind glass at the entrance, the warmth of a giant open fireplace. Casella's cozze are plump and sweet in a fiery broth; chewy handmade pinci noodles in walnut-tomato sauce are a triumph. We love braised black cabbage in toasted Tuscan bread, the grilled wild mushrooms with polenta crostini, and savory braised spare ribs. And desserts like sensational lemon "pudding" with candied orange peel are luscious variations on a Tuscan theme. • 45 E. 22nd St. (212-982-8422). (E)

### Opening

## A Man With a Pain



Belgian chef Alain Coumont (pictured), the globe-trotting founder of the bakery-café chain **Le Pain Quotidien**, bakes rolls for Jean-Georges Vongerichten and Alfred Portale, supernally buttery croissants, and the best baguettes in town. But Coumont himself remains devoted to pain au levain, a naturally fermented whole-wheat sourdough, even though it's vexingly sensitive to the vagaries of temperature and temperament. "I can always tell what baker was working that day," says Coumont, who decided to consolidate citywide pain au levain production in his newest branch, which just opened at ABC Carpet & Home. Here, the natural starter—"the mother," in baker lingo—remains uncontaminated by competing yeasts. And customers get to observe the entire artisanal process through a wall of wood-shuttered windows, from starter to finish. (38 East 19th Street; 212-673-7900.)

**Bot**
The all-plastic décor at this NoLIta spinoff of Chelsea's Bottino refutes every Tuscan-trattoria cliché in the book, but the simply prepared, flavorful food and the mostly Italian wine list are reassuring proof that a traditional heart beats inside its ultramodern body. The iMac-hued garden room is linked to the front lounge by a serpentine expanse of chartreuse wall and an open kitchen and bar, which dispense fresh salads, satisfying pastas, and fruity Prosecco cocktails in equal measure. • 231 Mott St. (646-613-1312). (M)

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

Object of Desire

# Sweet Breads

Apricots, glazed with brandy and sugar, then super-slow-roasted, served on buttered toasted filone bread, and topped with vanilla-scented whipped cream: This seasonal dessert at **al di là** is chef-partner Anna Klinger's whimsical dessert reincarnation of bruschetta. Chased with a sweet bubbly dessert wine, it's pure summer on a plate. (248 Fifth Avenue, at Carroll Street, Brooklyn; 718-783-4565.) PETER KAMINSKY

**★ Chow Bar**
Chef-partner Peter Klein started out cooking at China Grill and El Teddy's, then parlayed that spicy Chino-Latino experience into a lucrative cross-country consulting gig. Luckily for us, he's settled down in the West Village, where's he's turning out addictive honey-plum-glazed spareribs, Sichuan steak-frites, and Shanghai lobster noodles. Potent house cocktails fuel a lively bar crowd, which seems ecstatic to finally find a quasi-exotic neighborhood place to call its own. • 230 W. 4th St. (212-633-2212). (M)

**★ City Eatery**
Looks aren't everything. City Eatery's décor is Balthazar on a dime, almost Hopperesque in its starkness when the lights aren't lowered. Chef Scott Conant, however, is a handsome devil. But even that wouldn't be enough if he didn't have such a gift for invigorating familiar dishes and such a knack for demystifying seemingly odd ones. Neat how he makes butternut-squash soup taste original and rabbit-and-lamb ravioli as homey as chicken. One bite of his chocolate cake and the world, and City Eatery, are beautiful. • 316 Bowery (212-253-8644). (M)

**★ Convivium**
Communal farmhouse tables, candlelight, and rusted iron farm implements on the wall conspire to create an old-world ambience—that, and the untranslated Mediterranean menu, which changes often, and incorporates dishes from Italy, Spain, and Portugal. The whole grilled fish, the steak for two, the seafood couscous, and the pastas are highly recommended, so make every effort not to OD on the tapas-like appetizers. • 68 Fifth Ave., nr. St. Marks Pl. (718-857-1833). (M)

**★ Craft**
Tom Colicchio is a chef with a mission, two jobs, and what must be a crackerjack support team. When he's not supervising the three-star kitchen at Gramercy Tavern, he's reducing cooking (or elevating it, depending on your point of view) to its most basic elements, a tactic that works only when the ingredients are of the highest possible quality, procured from small family farms and artisanal producers. At his first solo venture, literally around the corner from Gramercy and decorated in a similarly elegant modern style, he and his chef de cuisine, Marco Canora, like any good craftsmen, collaborate on a high-concept menu that focuses almost obsessively on the raw materials. • 43 E. 19th St. (212-780-0880). (M-E)

**★ D'Artagnan, The Rotisserie**
After fifteen years of selling foie gras and game to restaurants, D'Artagnan has opened its own: a narrow, high-ceilinged duplex countrified with tiled floors, rough ocher walls, a communal table, and Basque linens. Besides the signature terrines and charcuterie, there's seriously rib-sticking Gascon fare like cassoulet, spit-roasted free-range chicken, and "la garbure et son chabrot," a duck-confit soup dense enough to be eaten with a fork—or drunk in the true Gascon style, directly from the bowl. • 152 E. 46th St. (212-687-0300). (M-E)

**★ Dim Sum gogo**
What do you get when a French-American food writer (Colette Rossant) collaborates with a Hong Kong chef (Guy Lieu)? Dumpling dough flavored with beet juice, seasoned beef patties on steamed buns with taro fries, roast chicken smothered with fried garlic stems, and 24 kinds of dumplings. Plus four variations on the dough-wrapper theme, four different sauces, and microwave-safe takeout containers. • 5 E. Broadway (212-732-0797). (I-M)

**★ Figs**
Until they install one of those restaurants with waiter-masseuses and beds instead of tables, the next best thing in tri-state airport noshing is this 125-seat branch of Todd English's Figs. During flight-delay downtime, curb your air rage with a lively Boston-bibb-and-watercress salad sprinkled with Maytag blue; spaghettini with roasted tomato and toasted breadcrumbs; or a killer to-go flatbread pizza topped with figs, prosciutto, and Gorgonzola in a box designed to fit your seat-back tray. • Central Terminal Bldg., La Guardia Airport, Queens (718-446-7600). (I-M)

**★ Fleur de Sel**
Chef Cyril Renaud wanted his first restaurant to be a personal statement. So he hung his own watercolors, painted the menu covers, and named the place after the highly prized, hand-harvested sea salt that's native to Brittany, just like him. His $62 prix fixe menu is small and changes daily, so there's no telling when you might see that lobster-avocado salad or venison fillet with juniper berries and orange zest again. • 5 E. 20th St. (212-460-9100). (M-E)

## Ground Rules

These listings are a selective guide to the city's restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. Stars (★) indicate our critics' recommendations. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: **(E)** = expensive; **(M)** = moderate; **(I)** = inexpensive. Restaurants listed accept all major credit cards, except where noted; **($)** = cash only; "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted card.

**★ 44 & X Hell's Kitchen**
John Tesar's inspired new American cooking packs this handsome room nightly with Hell's Kitchen locals and clued-in theatergoers, happy to find such good food and friendly service this far west. After feeding Wall Street warriors downtown at Vine, Tesar's traded in some of his fancier flourishes for a renewed focus on down-home dishes like rich and gooey mac-and-cheese, crispy buttermilk fried chicken and chive waffles, and individual meat loaf swathed in tomato sauce. • 622 Tenth Ave., at 44th St. (212-977-1170). (M-E)

**★ Hampton Chutney Co.**
SoHo can be a soulless place, not to mention maddeningly expensive, and in desperate need of good karma and cheap, delicious grub. This eighteen-seat offshoot of a popular Amagansett enterprise satisfies both criteria with its Indian-chant soundtrack, gurgling fountain, and addictive dosas and uttapa made from rice-and-lentil flour and stuffed or topped with everything from traditional spiced-potato-masala to untraditional tuna and avocado ($6.50 to $10.50). Plus daily soups, chai teas, cardamom coffee, and fudgy brownies. • 68 Prince St. (212-226-9996). (I) ($)

**Heartland Brewery & Chophouse**
With hefty hunks of prime aged beef, braised buffalo short ribs, lobster-and-crab stuffed ravioli—not to mention a superb artisanal cheese-and-beer tasting plate—this third branch of the popular brewpub chain is clearly the most culinarily ambitious. And at 12,000 square feet of dark, polished wood and vintage brewing memorabilia, it's also the biggest. But the mood is still mellow, especially at the bar, a rare, comfortable Times Square spot to toss back some of the terrific hand-crafted brews. • 127 W. 43rd St. (646-366-0235). (M-E)

**Hudson Cafeteria**
The room is big, dark, incredibly handsome, cavernous, more humming than boisterous, unfocused but friendly. Think of Hudson Cafeteria as a community center for the privileged. And while the food tries to be more ambitious than that of its downtown counterpart, Canteen, the stuff that makes the surprisingly diverse customers happiest is beef stew, macaroni and cheese (without the foie gras), and a banana split. It's become very canny to claim discomfort with comfort food, but those eating it here want more and couldn't care less. • 356 W. 58th St. (212-554-6500). (M-E)

**★ Ilo**
After six years competing with the view at the River Cafe, chef Rick Laakkonen is understandably sensitive about calling Ilo a hotel restaurant—just another boutique amenity at Philip Pilevsky's new Bryant Park hotel. But with such daringly original food as ragout of grilled octopus and Manila clams in lemon-thyme broth, not to mention the seven-course beef bonanza called "For Beef Lovers Only"—it's clear that Laakkonen is determined to make his kitchen the uncontested draw. • 40 W. 40th St. (212-642-2255). (E)

**It's Greek to Me**
In case the name doesn't give it away, the blue-and-white color scheme and the panoramic photos of Aegean island life let you know what you're in for: fresh, flavorful Greek fare, from garlicky skordalia to heaping souvlaki platters, a great value at $10.95, including grilled pepper and tomato, tsatsiki, and lemon-and-oregano-dusted fries. • 128 E. 7th St. (212-473-0220). (I-M)

**Jane**
Just what every neighborhood needs: a casual spot featuring smartly affordable, creatively conceived American fare like fried oysters with creamed corn and red-chili vinegar, grilled hanger steak with Gruyère piroshki, and honey-braised pork with mascarpone polenta and orange-parsley salad. Since entrées max out at $19, you might feel less guilty splurging on the caramel-banana-cream pie with hazelnut brittle. • 100 W. Houston St. (212-254-7000). (M)

Photograph by Dasha Wright Ewing.

**★ Jewel Bako**

The façade of this tiny East Village jewel box of a restaurant references those forbidding midtown restaurant-cum-clubs with Japanese-only clientele, but the welcome from owner Jack Lamb and his wife, Grace, couldn't be warmer. The charmingly snug 24-seat dining room is clad in dramatic bamboo arches that lead back to the six-seat sushi bar, where unsung chef Tatsuya Nagata (BondSt, Tanuki) reigns over a piscatory realm of imported rarities like Japanese spotted sardines and ark-shell clams. • 239 E. 5th St. (212-979-1012). (M–E)

**★ Josie's**

In these uncertain agricultural times, people question where their food comes from, and Louis Lanza, chef-owner of Josie's on the Upper West Side and its new Murray Hill outpost, is full of reassuring answers, most of them printed right on the menu. The sleek design shatters every health-food-restaurant cliché. And from a mesquite-burning oven, inherited from the previous tenant, come Lanza's iconoclastic dairy-free pizzas with a spelt-oat-bran crust. • 565 Third Ave., at 37th St. (212-490-1558). (M)

**La Madrastra**

While there's no greater compliment you can pay an Italian chef than telling him his cooking is "just like mamma's," saying that his technique reminds you of your stepmother's is another matter entirely, which may make you wonder about a restaurant named La Madrastra, an unusual spelling of the Sicilian word for Papa's wicked new wife. Not to worry, chef and co-owner Salvatore Zapparata's mostly Southern Italian recipes—a rich rigatoni melanzane with ricotta salata; grilled sardines; a satisfying soup of fava beans, green peas, and celery—come from his Sicilian mother and it shows. • 93–95 First Ave. (212-475-6620). (I–M)

**Le Souk**

On a rapidly gentrifying Alphabet City block, two Egyptian brothers have carved out their own North African niche and accessorized it with Moroccan tile, glowing lanterns, and camel-skin chairs. A Tunisian chef oversees an evolving menu of assorted tajines and couscous, and meze like grilled octopus and Merguez sausage. But food is only half the story. Linger long enough to smoke a hookah and admire the belly dancer. • 47 Ave. B (212-777-5454). (I–M) ($)

**★ Le Zinc**

Once you open a place like Chanterelle, where do you go from there? If you're Karen and David Waltuck, you head two blocks south and two blocks east to open a casual bistro—the perfect spot to unwind after a long night shaving truffles. The menu, a French framework embellished with Asian, Jewish, and Hungarian highlights, reads like the homespun work of someone who's sown his wild *hautes*: charcuterie, steak-frites, crispy duck wings, Grandma Gaby's stuffed cabbage. A burger, even. And nothing over $19. • 139 Duane St. (212-513-0001). (I–M)

**★ Locanda Vini & Olii**

A beautifully restored 130-year-old Clinton Hill pharmacy complete with apothecary drawers and rolling ladders right out of Henry Higgins's library is the charming backdrop for this terrific Tuscan restaurant. Two young chefs recruited from Italy turn out uncommon antipasti and salads; main dishes like rabbit civet; and a wealth of exquisitely sauced pastas like carrot maltagliati with fava beans. The excellent house wines are sold "consumption"-style. The bottle is left on the table, you help yourself, and whatever's left is theatrically measured with a homemade stick. It's the most fun you can have in a drugstore without a prescription. • 129 Gates Ave., Brooklyn (718-622-9202). (M)

**Lundy's Times Square**

The legendary fish emporium has taken over three floors of prime Times Square real estate as spacious as the Brooklyn location. It's good news for theatergoers, tourists, and anybody in the mood for a classic Lundy's shore dinner (including chowder, a whole steamed lobster, and a half grilled chicken) but not a trip to the shore. • 205 W. 50th St. (212-586-0022). (M–E)

**★ Mangiarini**

There may be more Italian restaurants on the Upper East Side than there are cannoli on Mulberry Street, but few as bare-boned chic as this one. The designer of the Calvin Klein boutique went commensurately minimalist at this narrow 30-seater, where spaghetti with lemon and basil and sandwiches like prosciutto and melted goat cheese on semolina flatbread are as stylishly stripped down as the décor. • 1593 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (212-734-5500). (I)

**★ MarkJoseph Steakhouse**

"Your steak will be out any minute," says our waiter. "I just saw the chef chasing the cow." If that line plus the house specialty—porterhouse for two, three, or four, served family-style and ritually baptized with pooled juices—sounds familiar to habitués of that steak shrine across the river, it's no coincidence. The general manager and a cadre of remarkably friendly, seemingly rehabilitated waiters came straight from Peter Luger, and brought their meal-ending schlag with them. • 261 Water St., nr. Peck Slip (212-277-0020). (M–E)

**★ Mary's Fish Camp**

Here's a tip for anyone who's ever paced up and down Cornelia Street waiting for a vacant stool at Pearl Oyster Bar: The West Village is now home to *two* sources of world-class lobster rolls, silken clam chowder, and fragrantly moist, herb-stuffed whole fish. One of Pearl's chef-partners left to open this sunny corner spot equipped with a tin ceiling, a curved stainless-steel counter (ten tables, too), and new additions to the Pearl repertoire, like crispy kernel-studded corn fritters and a lush, sherry-enhanced lobster potpie. • 246 W. 4th St. (646-486-2185). (M)

**Max SoHa**

This charming offshoot of Max, the perennially cramped East Village trattoria, has settled in a previously broccoli-rabe-bereft Morningside Heights neighborhood. The cooking—hearty rigatoni with meatballs and Italian sausage, toasted garlic bread with anchovies, osso buco—is as good as it is at Max downtown, so, at least until the competition arrives, you can take your waiter's word for it when he announces that this is the best tirami su around. • 1274 Amsterdam Ave., at 123rd St. (212-531-2221). (I–M)

**★ Merge**

Chef Sam DeMarco and his partners have a knack for creating neighborhood restaurants good enough to leave your neighborhood for. At Merge, in the former Indigo space, they've done it again. A cool, comfortable room, a friendly staff, a festive mood, signature "tiny tini" cocktails, and DeMarco's inspired multiculti neo-American cooking are an irresistible draw for locals as well as interlopers. Sunday evenings, "Gino's *Soprano* Style Dinner," a $25 prix fixe Italian-American feast, is an absolute steal. • 142 W. 10th St. (212-691-7757). (M) AE only

**Minotaur Restaurant**

The menu at this sophisticated Greek restaurant reaches back four millennia or so and includes "ancient Hellenic tastes," like venison Artemis in a red-wine sauce with chestnuts, pine nuts, and pomegranate seeds. But Athenian chef Stefanos Taktikos also caters to modern appetites with an assortment of grilled fish, and a fresh take on appetizers, like an aspic of red snapper with dill and avocado, and mussels saganaki with feta and chili pepper. • 44 W. 58th St. (212-759-0502). (M–E)

**Nick & Stef's Steakhouse**

Los Angeles chef Joachim Splichal opened the first branch of this steakhouse in his hometown, knowing it might play even better in red-meat-loving Manhattan. There's twelve of everything, from salads and starters to potatoes and sauces. And where's the beef? Front and center, hung out to dry in a steel-and-glass aging chamber. • 9 Penn Plaza (212-563-4444). (M–E)

**No. 9**

The East Village has always been short on swank, and this low-lit, high-style restaurant and lounge hopes to remedy that deficit with dark-stained maple furniture, cowhide-upholstered booths, and a menu that aims high. The frisée salad wears a champagne-hazelnut vinaigrette. The Napoleon of tuna tartare is infused with sesame oil, soy sauce, and ginger, and Chilean sea

### Tasting

## Tonic Boom

For a time **The Tonic** was too hot not to cool down. When the feckless armies of the night decamped, veteran restaurateurs Steve Tsolis and Nicola Kotsoni shifted gears. Now the woody tavern has been softened with burgundy banquettes, upholstered slipper chairs, and ottomans. Beyond the din, in the sedate dining room with its full-blown roses, and chef Joey Fortunato (pictured) bossing the range, we revel in a quartet of sensational starters: perfectly seared sea scallops on spicy-merguez-confetti'd polenta with tangy grape-and-olive salad. Three frisky fish tartars deliciously spiked with Key-lime vinaigrette. And lush rabbit ravioli with morels, peas, and a Vidalia-onion confit. None of us can get enough of the chef's lamb three ways. So I'm puzzled by a dreary swamp of fettuccine, sulky seafood stew, and the too-cooked halibut that follow. Happily, pastry whiz Dalia Jurgensen quickly melts the chill with warm banana tarte Tatin, her lemon blast with shortbread and blueberry frozen yogurt, and tingling sorbets. Having loved Fortunato's ways at Layla, Scarabée, and Quantum 56, I want to believe he's on his way to mastering the menu. (108 West 18th Street; 212-929-9755.)

G.G.

hotograph by Patrik Rytikangas.

bass is seared in orange marmalade. • 109 E. 9th St. (212-529-5333). (M–E)

**ONEc.p.s.**
Alan Stillman, along with executive chef David Burke and designer Adam Tihany, has rewired the Plaza's Edwardian Room. Tihany has colored the oaken walls caramel and put huge scarlet lampshades on the chandeliers, and the irrepressible Burke has concocted a whimsical menu that includes a foie gras–spiked burger, and a rack of lamb accompanied by a disc of shepherd's pie. Note to nostalgists: The mosaic floors and ceiling remain untouched, and the view of Central Park is as grand as ever. • 1 Central Pk. So. (212-583-1111). (E)

**★ Ouest**
After cultivating a coterie of foodie followers at places like Alison on Dominick and Cascabel, Tom Valenti brings his distinctive style of boldly layered flavors—and yes, those signature lamb shanks—to a neighborhood legendarily short on sophisticated grub. Clearly, he's doing his darnedest to turn the tide with reprises of old favorites like potato, goat cheese, and truffle terrine with transcendent beets; mustard-and-crumb-crusted terrine of pork; and lusty short rib on an ooze of polenta perfumed with smoked onions. • 2315 Broadway, near 84th St. (212-580-8700). (M–E)

**Palma**
It might not have a seat on the exchange, but the husband-and-wife catering company that runs this rustic Mediterranean restaurant has gone public. After years of catering fashion-industry shindigs, they've opened their salvaged barn doors to the rest of us. The rustic 35-seat dining room is furnished with a chestnut-beamed ceiling and Jerusalem-limestone bar, and a Sicilian chef (by way of Los Angeles) serves up a seafood-heavy Italian-Provençal menu featuring fried whitebait, brandade, and the house specialty, frutta di mare al cartoccio. • 28 Cornelia St. (212-691-2223). (M) ($)

**★ The Park**
Were you around during the eighties when places like Mudd Club and Area, "mom and pop" emporia in SoHo, and art in the East Village, made New York nightlife feel like the coolest island in the world? If you were, then stop watching the reality-based show you're hooked on, and go play in the Park. If you weren't around, well, then it could be your hard luck, for the Park is a great sandbox for urbanites who used to be kids but now have some of their own. If you've ever enjoyed the Odeon, you'll get into it. If not, this ain't your playground. • 118 Tenth Ave. (212-352-3313). (M–E)

**★ Pio Pio**
Upper East Side fans of juicy, complexly spiced Peruvian rotisserie chicken who mourned the closing of El Pollo have reason to raise their Pisco sours once again. The Queens-based chicken chainlet Pio Pio has moved into the old El Pollo space and brought its own secret spice-rub recipe. Try the "matador combo," a whole supersavory bird with a tableful of side dishes for only a couple bucks more than you'd pay in Queens. • 1746 First Ave., nr. 91st St. (212-426-5800). (I–M)

**★ Pipa**
Doug Rodriguez has done Nuevo Latino at Patria and Chicama. Now he's tackling old-world Spanish (sort of). A field trip to Galicia yielded dozens of recipes for tapas, casseroles, soups, and flatbreads, all of which undergo subtle and delicious transformation in the chef's inventive hands. To wit: bocarones in escabeche with almond-crusted queso de cabra, crispy anchovies wrapped in sage leaves, and churros with warm chocolate dipping sauce for dessert. Much more radical is the conversion of the old Parlour Cafe into a seductive Iberian oasis with serrano ham hanging from beams and walls studded with enough shells to stock Sanibel Island. • 38 E. 19th St. (212-677-2233). (M)

**★ Quartino**
All that separates this rustic Italian osteria and wine bar from the South Street Seaport is a few short blocks and one major mind-set. It's all about the good life, Italian-style, which of course involves wine, served by the mini-carafe; delectable cured meats and imported cheeses; pasta; pizza; strong espresso; and convivial conversation. But amazingly, no smoking. The owners may be Italian, but they're also (with one or two exceptions) doctors. • 21 Peck Slip (212-349-4433). (I–M)

Data

# The Other Whitefish

"**Halibut** is the new tuna," declares Canteen owner John MacDonald of the flaky fish that's suddenly as ubiquitous as chopped salad. Throw your impressions of dried-out seafood-house fillets overboard: The low-fat snowy flesh, if not overcooked, is a perfect blank canvas for the sauces and stylings of creative cooks. "There's hardly a muscle in it," marvels Jonathan Eismann, chef at Thom in the 60 Thompson hotel. "If you cook it gently, it's subtle and wonderful." Steaming, poaching, searing, and flash-grilling are the methods of choice, and the preparation possibilities are endless.

BETH LANDMAN KEIL

Herb-steamed halibut at Quilty's.

| THE WATERING HOLE | THE LURE |
|---|---|
| **Le Bernardin**<br>155 West 51st Street<br>212-489-1515 | Steamed fillet served over purée of sugar snow peas and sweet peas, with a sauce o black-truffle butter, snow peas, fava beans, and asparagus flavored with oregano. |
| **Quilty's**<br>177 Prince Street<br>212-254-1260 | Halibut fillet steamed over aromatic herbs with wild-mussel-and-watercress fumet, pickled chanterelles, and Iroquois corn griddle cake. |
| **Mai-Lin**<br>205 East 75th Street<br>212-517-7509 | Lightly grilled halibut over jasmine and sticky rice, in lemongrass broth topped with arugula. |
| **AZ**<br>21 West 17th Street<br>212-691-8888 | Soy-ginger-steamed halibut with Chinese sausage an bok choy. |
| **Michael's**<br>24 West 55th Street<br>212-767-0555 | Pan-seared halibut with fennel-potato purée, salsify, cèpes and vanilla-saffron-butter sauce, topped with fresh green and lemon juice. |
| **Isla**<br>39 Downing Street<br>212-352-2822 | Layered tower of honey-glazed halibut, cilantro-infused rice rum-soaked black beans, avocado, and tomato escabèche. |
| **Town**<br>15 West 56th Street<br>212-582-4445 | Halibut poached in olive oil, served with braised fennel an slow-cooked tomatoes. |

**★ Rose Water**
Chef-partner Neil O'Malley used to work at Oznot's Dish in Williamsburg, and it shows in his meze platter and lamb brik. But his tenure at Savoy, where he met partner John Tucker, is equally conspicuous. The menu's seasonal fixation guarantees a harvest of white-lightning corn and heirloom tomatoes in the summer. But the careful service, Brooklyn-mellow ambience, and sublime breaded pork chops are good year-round. • 787 Union St., Brooklyn (718-783-3800). (M)

**Rothmann's Steakhouse & Grill**
A sophisticated steakhouse with something for everyone, from "Asian-fried calamari" and "West Coast chicken" to the $132 porterhouse for four. Carnivore should know they're in good hands—those of the Christopher Hollis, fresh from Les Halles' steak-frite factory. • 3 E. 54th St. (212-319-5500). (E)

**★ Sandro's**
Though neither as ingenious as Babbo nor as familia as Baldoria, Sandro's cooks the kind of forthright, robust Italian food you wish you knew how to make i your own home. In a room as basic as his flavors ar direct, bucatini amatriciana resonates, snapper satiates lemon pasta invigorates, and the fried artichokes tickle at least two senses. • 200 Ninth Ave., nr. 22nd St. (212-633-8033). (M)

Photograph by Patrik Rytikanga

**Slate**
Shoot a game of eight ball, then have a kebab. At Manhattan's first billiards club–cum–full-service restaurant, poolside dining means contemporary Middle Eastern specialties—a "Mediterranean raw bar" plate with fava-bean-horseradish sauce, mini kufteh pockets, and tangerine-glazed chicken—amid all the action from the 34 pool tables.
• 54 West 21st St. (212-989-0096). (I-M)

**★ Strip House**
The Glazier Group and chef David Walzog, the same team responsible for Tapika, Michael Jordan's, and our slightly lower life expectancy, take a Gallic approach to the New York steakhouse menu with starters like a five-ounce foie gras torchon and sides like goose-fat potatoes and truffled cream spinach. (Try ordering that at Gallagher's.) Meanwhile, designer David Rockwell has given the former Asti's space a saucy new look to go with its naughty new name. • 13 E. 12th St. (212-328-0000). (M-E)

**Sushi Samba 7**
Co-chefs Eiji Takase and Michael Cressotti bring their innovative Latino-Japanese seviches, samba rolls, and sashimi to a Sheridan Square offshoot big enough to handle the caipirinha-fueled overflow from their Gramercy flagship. There's a sunken cocktail lounge, an oyster bar, and a bold new Brazilian accent, especially in the churrasco a' Rio Grande: a feijoada-inspired fantasy of beef, pork, quail, sausage, rice, beans, greens, and farofa. • 87 Seventh Ave. So. (212-691-7885). (M)

**★ Todd English's Olives NY**
Chef Todd English has a genius for artful, HungryMan dishes. He stuffs his pastas with delectable fillings (sweet chestnuts, shredded veal) and slathers them with creamy cheeses. He moulds cupolas of foie gras flan, builds pagodas of hanger steak, constructs pill boxes of tuna tartare with crunchy shrimps buried at the base. It's delicious, but a little overwhelming, especially if you tag on thrombotic desserts like the peppermint bombe (creamy chocolate with mint syrup inside). The cramped, frenetic space (in the lobby of the Union Square W Hotel) makes lunchtimes a more restful experience. • 201 Park Ave. So. (212-353-8345). (E)

**★ Town**
A delightful sensation takes over the moment you descend into Town—that all too infrequent feeling when you know you're going to be glad you came. From a front desk actually focused on you to a subterranean room aglow in plush but sleek romanticism, Town revels in being all grown up. But the restaurant's real forte is chef-owner Geoffrey Zakarian, who, eschewing gimmicks like chili peppers from around the world, prepares subtle, sophisticated dishes like tuna in ramp-and-sea-urchin sauce, and duck steak with buckwheat pilaf. • 15 W. 56th St. (212-582-4445). (M-E)

## Manhattan

### Lower New York

**★ Alfanoose**
This spotless but otherwise nondescript falafel joint flanked by $10 discount emporiums makes the best—and neatest—falafel sandwich in town. Co-owner Mouhamad Shami meticulously rolls his expertly seaoned falafel and fresh condiments in an unusually hin and pliant pita, like a burrito, so that all the harmonious components merge in every bite. It's also a great source for Middle Eastern appetizers, flatbreads as well as suberb lamb or vegetarian kibbeh. • 150 Fulon St. (212-349-3622). (I)

**American Park**
Sophisticated seafood preparations and wonderful water views merit a special trip to the southern tip of Manhattan. In warm weather, outdoor seating is ideal for cocktails and light bites from the raw bar, but even in winter, walls of glass windows remind us that this is a coastal town, after all. Catering available. • Opposite 17 State St., Battery Park, next to Ferry Terminal (212-809-5508). (M-E)

**★ Aquagrill**
Ever since we tasted chef-owner Jeremy Marshall's inspired falafel-crusted salmon, the notion of a naked pink fillet has been tough to swallow. But despite the high level of cooking, an offbeat and well-priced wine list, and unexpected grace notes like a welcoming *amuse-bouche* and complementary petits fours, it's still a rollicking neighborhood spot, where you can park yourself at the lively bar and watch the dexterous oyster shucker in action. • 210 Spring St. (212-274-0505). (M-E)

**☆ Canteen**
It's not that the food is bad; just that it can't compete with the furniture (the orange-wool-upholstered chairs in particular). Executive chef Matthew Kenney has veered off his Mediterranean path to make people-pleasing comfort food like macaroni and cheese, rendered here with Wisconsin Asiago. An abbreviated menu is available late at night, when those fabulous chairs are most in demand. • 142 Mercer St. (212-431-7676). (M)

**Capsouto Frères**
Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. • 451 Washington St. (212-966-4900). (M-E)

**★ Chanterelle**
The Waltucks, Karen and David, have specific ideas about how to make an evening unforgettable. The walls are without art. You will hear no music. Chairs are huge; plates are, too. The goal is to get you to concentrate solely on who you are with and what you are about to be presented—the stunning juxtapositions of David's quail and star anise, lamb with cumin crust, crabs in ginger and strawberry mille-feuille with elderflower sorbet. • 2 Harrison St. at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E)

**The Greatest Bar on Earth**
This, the most casual component of the Windows on the World complex, has become a popular meeting spot for downtown office workers and, of course, tourists. The view, obviously, can't be beat, and the snacky menu includes bites like fried calamari, barbecued ribs, and sushi. • 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (M)

**Hudson River Club**
From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. But your attention may very well be diverted by the eye-catching American food—seafood sausage with white beans, potato-and-truffle ravioli, seared yellowfin tuna with caramelized foie gras—right in front of you. • 4 World Financial Center (212-786-1500). (M-E)

**Layla**
A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. • 211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (212-431-0700). (M)

**★ Montrachet**
No matter how many more restaurants the indefatigable Drew Nieporent has up his sleeve, this one's his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. The wine list is killer. • 239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (212-219-2777). (E)

**Omen**
Step off this quiet SoHo side street, and you're suddenly transported to Kyoto—a feeling that's reinforced by the traditional menu and decorative calligraphy and ceramics. • 113 Thompson St. (212-925-8923). (M-E) AE only

**★ Quilty's**
There's something prim and ladylike about the understated room, a muted canvas for chef Katy Sparks's exotic, flavor-saturated cooking: Tamarind-barbecued squab on sweet corn curry. Panko-fried rabbit paillard with jicama-mango slaw. Macaroni with "many cheeses" in an herbed-chili crust. And a scene-stealing twice-baked potato worth ordering the steak for. • 177 Prince St. (212-254-1260). (M-E)

**☆ Vine**
It will take a lot of duck confit with sweet-potato hash to make a village in the canyons of Wall Street. But the bold pioneers at Vine are game to gamble. Their bull-market menu is big on seafood like lobster pan roast with corn fritters and coconut-curried grilled shrimp. There's a quick-service café and grocery next door, and private party space (plus extra lunch seating) downstairs in what used to be, and still resembles, bank vaults. • 25 Broad St. (212-344-8463). (E)

**★ Wild Blue**
It sounds like a bar right outside the NASA compound, but in fact, it's an intimate, unpretentious room that doesn't try to compete with the famous view. Chef Michael Lomonaco's menu is solid, superlative American, with a touch of the steak house in side dishes like creamed spinach and butternut-squash hash. Don't wait for a special occasion to take the 107-flight elevator ride. • 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7107). (E)

**Windows on the World**
Yes, tourists love it. But Michael Lomanaco's sophisticated American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs and lobster potpie with truffle cream manages to steal some attention away from the main attraction, that spectacular view of Manhattan Island. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. • 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E)

### Below 14th Street, East

**★ Five Points**
Every neighborhood needs a place with a good bar, a serious kitchen, and zero pretensions. NoHo has one in this Med-American restaurant, where a split log running down the center of the dining room conveys a babbling brook. Zen though that may sound, chef Marc Meyer's hearty cooking is more boldly passionate than coolly contemplative. Duck–and–foie gras sausage and wood-oven roasted Magret duck show enough spikiness to make you look down and go "hmmmm" before you go back to the conversation. • 31 Great Jones St. (212-253-5700). (M)

**★ Gnocco Caffe**
Co-owner Pierluigi Palazzo named this East Village café after the traditional Modenese snack of crispy, puffy fried dough, usually served with prosciutto di Parma. But just to complicate matters, the gently-priced menu also offers two versions of gnocchetti (an entirely different, equally delicious thing), plus well-dressed, unusually fresh salads and an unassuming pork tenderloin lavished with Parmigiano-Reggiano shavings and an aged-balsamic emulsion. • 337 E. 10th St. (212-677-1913). (I)

**Osso Buco**
Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. • 88 University Pl. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M)

**★ Prune**
There's not a wrinkled plum in sight at this American bistro. But chef Gabrielle Hamilton's childhood nickname indicates the sort of unpretentious home cooking at which she excels, a grab bag of eccentric, multicultural influences that is, at heart, American—as any place whose quirky bar menu includes Triscuits alongside serrano ham with fresh figs must be. Minus the traditional categories for appetizers, main courses, and sides, the menu gives as prominent placement to vegetables like creamed corn and roasted beets as to the more entrée-ish capon on a savory garlic crouton, or the pastrami duck breast with a rye-flavored, fried-shallot omelet. • 54 E. 1st St. (212-677-6221). (M)

### Below 14th Street, West

**★ Annisa**
Deft designer tricks like a raised dining space in soothing shades of off-white, and secluded nooks give this room a dignified grandeur, and the food backs it up. Chef Anita Lo finds inspiration everywhere from Shanghai (soup dumplings crowned with seared foie

gras) to Provence (chickpea-stuffed zucchini blossoms with tomato and saffron sauces). The name means "women" in Arabic, so pay special attention to the gender-specific wine list. • 13 Barrow St. (212-741-6699). (M-E)

☆ **Blue Hill**
Alex Urena's seasonal American menu draws on his cooking tour of France and Spain, which is where he picked up the haute habit of garnishing food with foam (to wit: a delicious asparagus soup with Parmesan froth). But despite a certain culinary trendiness, the atmosphere couldn't be more congenial or the service less pretentious. The room is pretty, too, comfortable and sophisticated, and the three-sided limestone bar accommodates diners and drinkers alike. • 75 Washington Pl. (212-539-1776). (M-E)

★ **Isla**
With its cool-blue Formica tabletops, Miami Beach tile, and white Naugahyde booths, Isla is Diane Ghioto's sexily lit invocation of fifties Havana. That's her in the flowing prom dress. Good-looking and savvy scenesters share the seviche sampler, the mussels perfumed with smoked tomato and garlic chips, seafood paellita, or a mammoth stuffed pork chop with sour-orange mojo. • 39 Downing St. (212-352-2822). (M-E)

**Monte's**
Since 1918, this Village trattoria has weathered the nouvelle-Italian storms and the coming of Mario Batali and continues to serve its traditional brand of old-world fare in a neighborhood still charmingly populated by cafés that predate Starbucks. All the familiar bases are covered, from pastina en brodo and zuppa di pesce to chicken parmigiana, tortellini alla romana, and on Mondays, osso buco alla Milanese. • 97 Macdougal St. (212-228-9194). (M)

**Osteria Fiorentina**
Live piano and violin music lend this casual Italian restaurant that old-time Village ambience. The menu offers standards like risotti, open ravioli, zuppa di clams, and veal chops. • 281 Bleecker St. (212-633-2941). (M)

★ **Pastis**
Keith McNally's Pastis looks more like a grander Lucky Strike than a repro of the visually faultless Balthazar, but not only does the slight downshifting make perfect sense; considering the tallow-rivulet-ribboned neighborhood, it also renders the new place instantly less imposing. Service is breezier, the crowd more genially noisy, and the only thing disappointing is that you don't live closer. • 9 Ninth Ave. (212-929-4844). (M)

★ **Wallsé**
Who knew veal goulash could be elegant? Kurt Gutenbrunner's version is an artful mound of tender meat you almost regret toppling. And though dishes like tafelspitz and wiener schnitzel seem like a culinary memoir, the guiding principle here is less goulash than Greenmarket. Local farmers supply Gutenbrunner with lemon thyme for his pike, heirloom tomatoes for his lamb salad, and the sweet strawberries that garnish his elderflower sorbet. Don't miss the quark dumplings. • 344 W. 11th St. (212-352-2300). (M-E)

## 14th–42nd Streets, East Side

**Bambou**
A hint of the tropics on 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like crab cakes with avocado and molasses or eggplant soup with coconut and curry amid a relaxing, palm-fronded bar and dining room. • 243 E. 14th St. (212-358-0012). (M)

★ **Chicama**
Douglas Rodriguez is so disarmingly inventive that he could serve his spectacular seviches, his drippingly seductive goat stew, and his daunting, did-Mom-ever-make-it-like-this? suckling pig from a lean-to in Union Square and there'd be no room left for the other vendors. Instead, he inhabits a rustic dream hut that takes you somewhere north of Brazil, east of Mardi Gras, and south of Heaven. • 35 E. 18th St. (212-505-2233). (M-E)

**Commodore Grill at the Grand Hyatt Hotel**
Commuters and business travelers can enter this formal hotel restaurant directly from Grand Central Terminal, for a quick drink in the cigar bar or a full meal from the French-influenced American menu. • 42nd St. and Lexington Ave. (212-850-5999). (M-E)

☆ **Eleven Madison Park**
While this soaringly grand space in the MetLife lobby will never be a room for clandestine assignations, the compensating grace of the staff, and simple but big-flavored dishes—capon stuffed with pistachio and garlic, cod with sausage and mustard greens that don't get lost in the landscape—make it a vibrant place to do business and an incredibly sensible choice for the family. • 11 Madison Ave. (212-889-0905). (E)

**Meli Melo**
This cheerful neighborhood spot offers a very reasonable fixed-price dinner—$31.50 for four courses. The seafood-heavy French menu has Asian and Mediterranean touches in dishes like seared tuna with baby bok choy and rack of lamb with couscous. • 110 Madison Ave., nr. 29th St. (212-686-5551). (M)

**Metronome**
This lofty Flatiron space is well suited to private functions, but even the lone diner will find the Deco design welcoming and the food—riffs on a Mediterranean theme like "pinchos" of vegetables with roasted ricotta salata, and ribeye of lamb—satisfying. Live jazz performed Wednesday through Saturday. • 915 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400). (M)

**Mi**
A talented team of cooks with impressive-sounding résumés (Mercer Kitchen, Hatsuhana) collaborate on a menu including sushi and sashimi, pad Thai, Malaysian spare ribs, and Korean bibimbob at this four-flavor pan-Asian restaurant. • 66 Madison Ave., nr. 27th St. (212-252-8888). (M-E)

**Rodeo Bar & Grill**
This place bills itself as "the longest-running honky-tonk in New York," attracting bikers, families, and music-industry insiders who come for the live nightly music as much as for the Tex-Mex grub. Try the house-smoked baby back ribs, bison burgers, and Santa Fe hand rolls, or just grab a drink at the horse trailer that's been converted into a bar. • 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (212-683-6500). (I)

★ **Tocqueville**
At the loveliest new mom and pop shop in town, Marco Moreira and Jo-Ann Markovitzky have taken what they've learned from a decade of catering and added to it all the things they couldn't do in someone else's home to come up with a gently idiosyncratic nook that will take about twenty minutes to charm you. • 15 E. 15th St. (212-647-1515). (M-E)

★ **Veritas**
Does the wine list make the restaurant? Luckily, if you've got a chef like Scott Bryan whipping up arctic-char carpaccio with warm fingerling potato salad and a sublime, marrow-and-wine-fortified fillet of beef, it doesn't have to. His elegant American fare ($68 prix fixe only) perfectly complements the massive cellar, a joint obsession of the owners, who seem to take intense pleasure in sharing their private collection with the paying public. • 43 E. 20th St. (212-353-3700). (E)

**The Water Club**
This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the yacht-club like setting. There's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. • FDR Drive via 23rd St. (212-683-3333). (E)

## 14th–42nd Streets, West Side

**Applebee's Neighborhood Grill & Bar**
This national chain invades Manhattan's freshly scrubbed and reinvented 42nd Street with an eager-to-please, affordable menu heavy on burgers, steak, and fajitas. • 234 W. 42nd St. (212-391-7414). (I-M)

★ **AZ**
If you think pan-Asian fusion is so last decade, make haste to the Flatiron triplex that used to be Flowers, remade with a glass elevator and retractable roof and now home to chef Patricia Yeo and her inspired culinary inventions. What works? A trio of sensational chutneys on Indian flatbread, and lapsang souchon–smoked quail with scallion pancakes, for starters. A street-level lounge caters to lighter appetites. • 21 W. 17th St. (212-691-8888). (E)

**Hush**
Part bar, part nightclub, part restaurant. If you find that last part the most interesting, you'll appreciate the New American menu noshes like Peking-duck pizza and corn-meal-fried shrimp with braised Swiss chard, served in shareable portions. • 17 W. 19th St. (212-989-4874). (I-M)

★ **Lotus**
Everything you wanted from a trendy club-bar-restaurant and less. Less attitude, less discomfort, less elbow contact, and less forgettable food. Lotus is a blooming surprise. A slight kitschiness keeps it warm. Nice-guy owners keep it friendly. And chef Richard Farnabe keeps you well-fed. Think of the velvet rope outside as a ribbon. And Lotus as a gift. • 409 W. 14th St. (212-243-4420). (M-E)

**Moran's**
Charming and timeless New York City tavern that's been around for over 40 years. Six fireplaces and comfort food like steak, seafood, and pasta make this a warm and cozy Chelsea haven. • 146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (212-627-3032). (M)

**Ohm**
An all-in-one entertainment center offering dinner, dancing, and the ever-popular lounging on velvet furniture. Plus an eclectic menu including sesame chicken tenders, Black Angus steak, and grilled salmon with lemon-caper beurre blanc. • 16 W. 22nd St. (212-229-2000). (M-E)

★ **Sandwich Planet**
Owner Will Brown got his start in the sandwich trade a dozen blocks north with his thriving Island Burgers and Shakes. At Planet, he reprises his boldly seasoned, lavishly garnished chicken churascos and hamburgers but also expands his Island oeuvre to include the kind of two-fisted retro sandwiches—Reubens, cheesesteaks, clubs, and croque-monsieurs—that have been displaced recently by wraps and other raised-pinky deviations. • 534 Ninth Ave., nr. 39th St. (212-273-9768). (I) ($)

**Simply Pasta**
Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant has a specialty martini list, and offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and pastas—over two dozen of them. • 120 W. 41st St. (212-391-0805). (I)

**World Yacht Dining Cruises**
Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—and sup on a selection from the "Best of New York" menu: featuring dishes based on recipes from the Sea Grill's Ed Brown and Aquavit's Marcus Samuelsson among others. Jacket required. • Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E)

## 43rd–56th Streets, East Side

★ **Avra**
Just as they are uptown at sister restaurant Trata, Fulton Street–fresh whole fish are priced here by the pound and described on the menu the way some restaurants' wine lists like to talk about their wines. *Barbounia*, for example, is a "Mediterranean delicacy that tends to be bony but flavorful." Elsewhere on the menu, spinach pie goes Gallic as spanakopita napoleon and grape leaves get an unexpected stuffing of raw salmon, tuna, and cucumber. • 141 E. 48th St. (212-759-8550). (M-E)

**Café Centro**
A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one o the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. • 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-818-1222). (M)

★ **Della Femina**
It might be easier to score a table here than at the infamous ad man's East Hampton address, but don't read too much into that: the souped-up seasonal American menu tastes just as good in the 212 area code. There' a little country and a little city in his cold corn soup with black truffle coulis, and Dover sole "fish sticks'

vith a caviar remoulade. And you can almost smell Georgica beach in the lobster roll. • 131 E. 54th St. (212-752-0111). (E)

**Divine Bar**
This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, ouch-filled living room where local office workers an often be found unwinding. • 244 E. 51st St. (212-319-9463). (I–M)

**Giambelli 50th Ristorante**
Upscale Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and neat dishes are as carefully considered. • 46 E. 50th St. (212-688-2760). (M)

**★ La Grenouille**
With a $45 prix fixe lunch (doubled at dinner), this n't the place to pinch pennies. But it certainly feels ke du vrai de vrai, with its untranslated menu and s classic cuisine. The menu runs the Gallic gamut, om potage Saint-Germain (pea soup) to grilled ole. Still, for the money, you get gracious service nd plush surroundings that transform any meal in o a special occasion. Bouquets that big aren't rrangements. They're statements. • 3 E. 52nd St. (212-752-1495). (E)

**☆ Maloney & Porcelli**
Maloney & Porcelli claims it isn't a steakhouse, but the tide of pinstriped bankers and big, big hunks of food suggest otherwise. The best meat dish, though, isn't steak but a mammoth "crackling" pork shank—which arrives with a steak knife thrust deep enough into it to hide the blade—and the welcoming, unstiff service couldn't be nicer. • 37 E. 50th St. (212-750-2233). (E)

**☆ Michael Jordan's The Steak House N.Y.C.**
If you're looking for him, he ain't there. But if you've come for great beef, that's another story. A better slab of New York strip sirloin would be hard to find, no matter which train you board downstairs and no matter how far you travel. And you're surrounded by the most spectacular restoration this city has seen in years. It's almost as exciting as sitting courtside. • 23 Vanderbilt Ave., Grand Central Terminal (212-655-2300). (E)

**Monkey Bar**
Many talented chefs have made their way through this revolving door of a kitchen, which, in its latest incarnation, has taken on a distinctly Asian accent that's reflected even in house classics like baked Alaska, rendered exotically Eastern with yuzu and litchi sorbet. Thankfully, David Rockwell's swanky design and the monkey-muraled bar remain unchanged, and plushly comfortable in an Old New York way. • 60 E. 54th St. (212-838-2600). (E)

**Montebello**
Upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. • 120 E. 56th St. (212-753-1447). (M)

**Nino's Positano**
An upscale Italian restaurant specializing in food from the southern regions, Positano in particular. Pastas range from the simple (fusilli with tomato-basil sauce) to the more complex (Cognac-infused seafood risotto), and main courses traverse similar territory. • 890 Second Ave., nr. 47th St. (212-355-5540). (M)

**★ Oyster Bar**
Unperturbed by the arriviste competition in the food court next door, the jewel of the pre-renovation Terminal continues to serve superlative pan roasts and clam chowders, and an overwhelming assortment of East and West Coast oysters. The sprawling subterranean space has the hustle-bustle feel of a cafeteria, which its snaking counters resemble, but don't be fooled—you pay for the privilege of eating under that vaulted tile ceiling. • Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M–E)

**★ Peacock Alley**
In this cushioned cocoon of a dining room off the lobby of the Waldorf Astoria, chef Laurent Gras—a disciple of Alain Ducasse—offers diners a chance to mix and match bite-size "courses" chosen from categories like Ocean and River, Field and Forest, and Farm. Or put yourself entirely in his hands with the seven-course "tête à tête" menu, each streamlined dish composed of just two ingredients achieving, in Gras's words, a "single clean note." • 301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (212-872-4895). (E)

**Smith & Wollensky**
Urban cowboys herd together between deals over big steaks with outsize knives to match (for sale, of course) at impresario Alan Stillman's signature chophouse. The place has that landmark-steakhouse look—bare oak floors, a raffish air, and bustling waiters wearing service stars. There's surf and turf aplenty, improvisations from the chef at lunch, and an enviable wine cellar. • 797 Third Ave., at 49th St. (212-753-1530). (M–E)

## 43rd–56th Streets, West Side

**Adrienne**
Maybe you're not an out-of-towner on a spending spree, but you can pretend to be at this posh hotel restaurant overlooking a particularly swank stretch of Fifth Avenue. Chef Oliver Dudler's modern French menu changes seasonally, and incorporates to-be-expected luxury ingredients like lobster (in a trio of soups), foie gras (with red-onion compote), and poached Dover sole. The $50 prix fixe dinner is a (relative) steal. • 700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (212-903-3918). (M–E)

**★ Baldoria**
Frank Pellegrino Jr.'s father earned the nickname Frankie No after years of politely declining requests for reservations at Rao's, his ten-table East Harlem celebrity hangout. Junior offers better odds in the theater district: 136 seats, plus a raw bar upstairs. A fugitive from Felidia's posh kitchen adds some verve to the home-style Neapolitan seafood salad and roasted peppers Pellegrino borrowed from his dad uptown. • 249 W. 49th St. (212-582-0460). (E)

**Bello**
Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking with dinner after 5 P.M. • 863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (212-246-6773). (M)

**Ben Benson's Steak House**
This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. At a time when our town's steakhouses were famous for rudeness and hauteur, Benson's made a point of homeyness. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is

# Ask Gael

## What's this about a price war in the Hamptons?

Reality strikes. Some of the greediest restaurants in the Goldhamptons are bending low to woo penny-pinchers and the affluent wounded. At least mercilessly expensive **Pacific East** (415 Main Street, Amagansett; 631-267-7770) runs its $19.99 early-bird discount all night Thursdays. Don't expect to see the price-cut menu till you ask, of course. So eat some humble pie to get Prince Edward Island mussels in a kicky coconut red-curry broth, and deliciously caramelized lamb shank on garlic mashed potatoes or the cautiously crumbed Moroccan salmon. And rice-pudding fans will swoon over the haunting sticky rice goo in a coconut shell. Lurid sunsets over a tranquil marina that could be somewhere in small-town America draw crowds to their no-reservation fate at otherwise friendly **Beacon** (pictured, 8 West Water Street, Sag Harbor; 631-725-7088), where the prices are gentler to start. The two-course $22 prix fixe offers soup or salad and the entrée of the day. Tonight: a rich puddle of creamy chowder with smoked shrimp or iceberg wedges and poached tomatoes in Roquefort dressing, and then roast chicken. Twelve minutes to get a Bloody Mary? It's amateur night at **Lure at the Independent** (2468 Main Street, Bridgehampton; 631-537 5110), where the $23 menu is a secret unless you know to ask. Tonight we have a choice of sprightly gazpacho with smoked shrimp or the lackluster Caesar. And one of three entrées. No substitutes, please. One day the chef may learn to spare the soy and to sear tuna rare but not cool. The salmon isn't so thrilling, either, but boneless organic chicken is fine and all the adornments—summer-corn succotash, smashed Bliss potatoes, baked Yukon Golds—are appealing. Granted, we're tough to please. And the portions are huge—including three generous scoops of sorbet or ice cream. I'm figuring the same deal à la carte could run $47. How can they afford to do it? I ask the waitress. "Beats me," she says.

hotograph by Kenneth Chen.

devoted entirely to the consumption of prime-aged beef and steakhouse standards. And there's a canopied outdoor terrace. • 123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E)

**Benihana**
Long before *Iron Chef* taught us just how quick-handed knife-wielding Japanese cooks can be, there were the lickety-split tableside cooking shows that are *still* the main draw at this teppanyaki steakhouse. Kids, of course, love it. • 47 W. 56th St. (212-581-0930). (E)

**Bombay Palace**
This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori prawns, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent Indian breads. • 30 W. 52nd St. (212-541-7777). (M)

**★ Christer's**
No, Swedish food isn't all about salmon. But we'd be disconsolate if Christer Larsson ever stopped serving his archetypical oak-board-baked filet. And even though he acquits himself well with the compulsory gravlax and herring, he's a gifted cook who borrows freely—and imaginatively—from other culinary styles. The cozy décor, on the other hand, is David Rockwell's whimsical riff on a Scandinavian hunting-lodge theme, with copper fish "scales," a glowing fireplace, rough-hewn walls, and Marimekko colors. • 145 W. 55th St. (212-974-7224). (E)

**Cité**
Ambassador of beef Alan Stillman cops a French accent at this soaring midtown steakhouse known for its popular prix fixe wine dinners. Meat is just the hard core of the menu, a document that also includes pan-roasted salmon "choucroute," grilled chicken merguez sausage, and desserts big enough for two or more to share. For more casual, less expensive dining, try the Cité Grill next door. • 120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M-E)

**Da Rosina**
A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other Italian fare, like baked polenta marinara and veal scallopine. Try the $19.99 prix fixe dinner. • 342 W. 46th St. (212-977-7373). (M)

**★ Del Frisco's**
Want to see what mahogany fashioned by testosterone looks like? This is without question the most urbanely elegant steakhouse you will ever see, its meat locker filled with terrific beef. Now if they can only figure out how to get their staff up to the level of their surroundings and kitchen. The place is New York landmark potential. • 1221 Sixth Ave., at 49th St. (212-575-5129). (E)

**★ Grand Sichuan Int'l Midtown**
Each successive branch of this Szechuan chainlet has become progressively glitzier, culminating in this location's chandeliers and wall-to-wall carpeting. What separates this one from the kung pao pack is menu oddities like the eight dishes inspired by a Chinese TV show and a super-spicy category called "Mao's home cooking." (The chairman liked his chili peppers—who knew?) • 745 Ninth Ave., nr. 50th St. (212-582-2288). (I)

**La Veranda**
Northern Italian food. A popular theater district spot offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta and brunch on weekends. Free parking (with dinner) from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M. • 163 W. 47th St. (212-391-0905). (M)

**★ Le Bernardin**
Criticizing Le Bernardin is like analyzing rainbows. Just try to describe the snapper in coconut milk or the black bass with truffles and celery root. No matter what you say, you sound like a fool. Submit to the sorcery of chef Eric Ripert, the bewitchery of owner and co-creator Maguy Le Coze, and experience the thrilling sensation of having everything that surrounds you perfect. • 155 W. 51st St. (212-489-1515). (E)

**Martini's**
Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing sidewalk café and rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. • 810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M)

**Palio**
Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous ground-floor muraled bar depicting the Palio race and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like sliced hen pheasant on salad with white truffles, and monkfish ravioli with asparagus and fresh tomato. Jacket required. • 151 W. 51st St. (212-245-4850). (E)

**Randolph's**
Housed in the Warwick Hotel—which William Randolph Hearst built for his mistress, Marion Davies—this cozy restaurant and lounge has a lush, old-world feel and an eclectic menu of international snacks and entrées, from dim sum to a filet mignon sandwich. • 65 W. 54th St. (212-247-2700). (M-E)

**St. Andrews**
In what might be New York's only full-fledged Scottish restaurant, the bartenders wear kilts, the scotch is single-malt, and the décor revolves around pictures of famous golf courses. The hearty steak-and-seafood menu features rack of lamb and brook trout stuffed with crabmeat and Irish oatmeal in a scotch-whiskey sauce. • 120 W. 44th St. (212-840-8413). (I-M)

**★ Thalia**
The striking interior may not prepare you for the simplicity of this theater-district restaurant's preparations. Nevertheless, grilled black sea bass in a lobster creme, honey-cured salmon in puff pastry with whipped dill creme fraîche and lamb with peach-mango chutney are not plats du jour at Beefsteak Charlie's. Then again, roast chicken with mashed potatoes and steak-frites sound just right after marching in your seat to *The Music Man.* • 828 Eighth Ave. (212-399-4444). (M-E)

**'21' Club**
You no longer need to wear a necktie at lunch, and chef Erik Blauberg has slightly modernized the country-club-classic menu— try the foie gras with black mission figs and pomegranate and the crispy black sea bass with champagne sauce. But the tablecloths at this famous Prohibition-era speakeasy are still red and white, toys still hang from the ceiling, Nixon's wine is still in the vaults, and, in spite of the lunchtime dress code, the crowd here doesn't have anything against neckties. • 21 W. 52nd St. (212-582-7200). (E)

***Utsav Festive India***
The bar of this regional Indian restaurant is located at street level while the contemporary dining room is built into a bridge spanning two midtown skyscrapers The lunch buffet costs only $12.95, and à la carte entrées include ginger rack of lamb, tandoori filet mignon, and Bengali fish paturi. • 1185 Sixth Ave., nr 46th St. (212-575-2525). (M)

### Opening

## New State of Mind

Parched Turtle Bay bon vivants might beg to differ, but there's much more to Zarela Martínez than the sublime margaritas (and terrific regional specialties) that keep her fourteen-year-old restaurant, Zarela, hopping. A self-proclaimed conservator of Mexican culture, she's written a cookbook on the food and culture of Oaxaca and has now turned her culinary attention to Veracruz, the Mexican state whose distinctive cuisine integrates Spanish, African, Cuban, Italian, and indigenous flavors and ingredients in a savory stew that Martínez discovered while she was there shooting a cooking show. "I fell in love," she says, and out of that grand passion came not only the thirteen-episode *Zarela! La Cocina Veracruzana,* premiering in October on WLIW, but also *Zarela's Veracruz,* a cookbook due out next month, and **Danzón**, Martínez's second restaurant, which she opened last week with her daughter Marissa Sánchez (pictured, at left, with her mother). As in the state of Veracruz itself, seafood dominates the menu, from fried rolled fish tacos and lime-marinated conch cocktail to the classic red snapper veracruzana. And Martínez couldn't be happier with the wine list, which is limited to Spanish and Mexican producers: "I'm sick of people eating my food with margaritas." (126 East 28th Street; 212-252-1345.)

Photograph by Kenneth Cher

### 57th-60th Streets

**★ Alain Ducasse at the Essex House**
After a harrowing ride through the critics' spanking machine, six-Michelin-star chef Alain Ducasse ha emerged if not triumphant then at least standing. Al his Cartier pens have been dutifully stolen, the array o mysterious knives presented in a leather case is gone but the extravagantly Art Deco cocoon of a room feel more like a $160–prix fixe Michelin supernova now that the kitchen has pulled up its socks. Dishes tha were very good to begin with have gotten even better—pea soup with crab cakes; silken woodcock pheasant, and foie gras terrine; halibut with sea-urchin

custard; glorious cheese; luscious rhubarb clafouti—and even the few disappointments don't sting so badly now that the chastised Ducasse has shown us his warm and fuzzy side. • 155 W. 58th St. (212-265-7300). (E)

**☆ Bouterin**
It wasn't enough for chef-owner Antoine Bouterin to re-create the Provençal food of his childhood. He furnished his dining room with country antiques, potted herbs, and assorted tchotchkes as if it were a farmhouse in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge. And his menu pays loving tribute to pre-fusion French comfort food with its "old fashioned onion soup," vegetable soup au pistou "my Grandmother's way," and "old fashioned roast chicken and potatoes." • 420 E. 59th Street (212-758-0323). (M–E)

**Café Botanica**
The Essex House hotel's other restaurant—the one without Alain Ducasse is an airy, plant-filled respite from the congestion of Central Park South. Sunday brunch is a neighborhood fixture; at night, sample the chef's renditions of grilled salmon with pisto manchego, and duck magret with finger potatoes and tapenade. • 160 Central Park So. (212-484-5120). (E)

**Dawat**
You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey supervises the very popular and wide-ranging menu. • 210 E. 58th St. (212-355-7555). (M)

**Gabriel's Bar & Restaurant**
ust four blocks from Lincoln Center, this acclaimed Northern Italian favorite of theatergoers and neighborhood regulars is unintimidatingly comfortable and culinarily sophisticated at the same time. Hearty dishes include gnocchi in duck ragù, braised short ribs with a semolina custard, and wood-grilled tuna with fresh horseradish. The hot chocolate has a cult followng. • 11 W. 60th St. (212-956-4600). (M–E)

**★ Guastavino's**
They could serve tuna casserole and you'd still be in awe of one of the most spectacular restorations of a neglected urban space. Don't worry. It's ok to drop your jaw at the first sight of the towering Alhambran arches. Everybody does. Though you may not be as impressed with what's put in front of you, Guastavino's is one of those massive undertakings that may ake a long time to get things right. In the meantime, enjoy the scenery. • 409 E. 59th St. (212-980-2455). M–E)

**The Manhattan Ocean Club**
Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. A pictorial menu features a dozen or so smiley-faced fish with a check mark indicating availability. Preparations range from classic (Dover sole meunière) to creative (grouper with roasted pineapple and black peppercorns). Or have the chef prepare your fish any way you like. • 57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E)

**★ Norma's**
Anyone who equates French toast or biscuits with Mom and unconditional love might agree that the Parker Meridien's spiffy Norma's, with its exuberant ll-day breakfast, is worthy of the Nobel Peace Prize. Pancakes by a mom on Prozac. Complimentary fruit-smoothie shots and a duo of croissants oozing smoked-salmon-flecked scrambled eggs. If there really can be too much of a good thing, then breakfast here ought to be against the law. • 118 W. 57th St. (212-08-7460). (M)

**★ Shelly's New York**
The latest restaurant Shelly Fireman has created in his own image inhabits the space that was originally an Art Deco–era Horn & Hardart Automat. Only the assimilative Fireman would offer towering shellfish platters alongside newfangled chicken chow mein, barbecued ribs, and a burger audaciously crowned with seared foie gras and make it work. • 104 W. 57th St. (212-245-2422). (M–E)

## Above 60th Street, East Side

**The Boathouse in Central Park**
Claim a table by a flowery umbrella on the pondside deck and give thanks to Frederick Olmsted and generations of park champions for preserving this precious greenery. The American menu leans toward fresh seafood like pan-roasted monkfish with spring onions and garlic confit, and seared wild striped bass in a warm citrus vinaigrette. • E. 72nd St. and ParkDrive N. (212-517-2233). (M–E)

**☆ The Dining Room**
You know how you love cooking those intimate dinners at home for just you and your close friends? Oh, you don't. Well, then don't you wish you were at one? This scrumptious example of turning lemons into lemon soufflé not only transforms an awkward layout into a series of cozy hideaways but it gets you all warm and snuggly with hearty American cuisine that surprisingly weighs less than the conversations around it. • 154 E. 79th St. (212-327-2500). (M–E)

**★ Etats-Unis**
Behold a small, square, dramatic, and spartan room, devoid of any table-hopping, cell phones, or change-of-life blondes. The daily-changing menu choices are spare, but consistent in their bent towards slow roasting, robust sauces, and great vegetables. Nota bene—beware the local intellectuals who cleave to this place. "We're all living in the world's history," one actually said one night. Maybe it would've sounded better spoken into a cell phone. • 242 E. 81st St. (212-517-8826). (E)

**Mark's**
Decked out like a private London club, with plump, tasseled pillows to nestle against. Fine French-American cooking (torchon of foie gras with cranberry-kumquat compote, pan-roasted lobster with Armagnac jus), award-winning wine list, and a Willy Wonka–worthy chocolate tea. • 25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E)

**Nino's**
Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. • 1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E)

**★ Park Avenue Cafe**
A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like salmon pastrami with crushed pepper and a fabulous swordfish chop. • 100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E)

**★ The Post House**
How grand can a steakhouse get? If you took a meat-and-potatoes guy who liked to hang out at the Art Student's League, gave him a few years at Princeton, and financed his *Wanderjahr* abroad, he might come home and open the Post House. It's clubby but not snooty, with a collection of Americana spiced up with a Christo here and a Twombly there, and a well-traveled menu that includes everything from a Cajun rib steak to venison osso buco. • 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E)
• 24 E. 81st St. (212-249-5720). (E)

## Above 60th Street, West Side

**★ Avenue Bistro**
Linger over a scrambled-eggs-and-apple-pancake breakfast until three in the afternoon, or come for dinner, when the pastry counter becomes a wine bar, votive candles flicker on tiny tabletops, and the menu shifts to sophisticated French-American fare like sweetbreads, foie gras terrine, and crisp roast duckling. Chef-owner Scott Campbell is justly proud of his creamy Valrhona hot chocolate, which he freezes into ice cream in the summer, and he's shrewdly responded to the neighborhood's demographics by concocting his own line of baby food, made from all-natural ingredients. • 520 Columbus Ave., at 85th St. (212-579-3194). (M)

**Bello Giardino**
As the name implies, this pleasingly priced neighborhood Italian has a nice garden and a friendly staff serving well-prepared standards. Try the lobster ravioli and the gnocchi with portobello mushrooms and goat cheese. • 71 West 71st St. (212-875-1512). (I–M) ($)

**River**
The *faux*-tropical atmosphere provides a serene, bamboo-bolstered background for the familiar assortment of Vietnamese and Thai dishes. Standouts include chicken satay; pad Thai; spicy coconut chicken soup; and marinated beef with garlic, ginger, and plum sauce. • 345 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 76th St. (212-579-1888). (M)

**☆ Ruby Foo's**
In what might be Auntie Mame's duplex during her high mah-jongg period, the black-bean sauce is vibrant and the wok steamed lobster is worth its weight in jade. And regardless of where you sit, you have to walk down the Mamescent staircase at least once. Screaming "Live! Live! Live!" is optional. • 2182 Broadway, at 77th St. (212-724-6700). (M)

**Sabor**
As the abiding popularity of tapas proves, grazing never goes out of style. Customize a tiered tray of pan-Latino nibbles like shrimp empanaditas, octopus salad, smoked-chicken croquettes, and tuna seviche and watch the Upper West Side roll by, in all its dog-walking, stroller-pushing glory. • 462 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-579-2929). (I–M)

**Sapphire Indian Cuisine**
A couple of partners from TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regional Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain, and all the trendy territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. • 1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M)

## Brooklyn

**★ The Grocery**
Like Savoy, where the Grocery's co-chef-owners, Charles Kiely and Sharon Pachter met, their 30-seat storefront mom-and-pop shop exudes a low-key charm that's hard to resist. Their Brooklyn location, however, allows them to charge sub-SoHo prices for inspired dishes like duck-confit strudel; seared pork loin with mashed sweet potatoes and roasted pears; and Eden Brook trout stuffed with spinach and shallots with spaetzle. For dessert, there's a crème fraîche cheesecake with guava sorbet that couldn't possibly inhabit the same universe, never mind borough, as Junior's. • 288 Smith St. (718-596-3335). (M)

**★ Peter Luger**
Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own Peter Luger credit card, or bring cash. • 178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($)

## Queens

**★ Mombar**
An artist at heart, chef-owner Moustafa El Sayed designed and built this sort of Alice-in-Arabian-Wonderland dedicated to Egyptian clay-pot cookery, where teacups protrude from walls, and tabletops double as canvases for his surrealistic visions. And El Sayed is as creative with food as he is with paint and tile; his menu changes daily, depending on the season and the market. Try the meze plate, or the egga, a sort of Egyptian frittata, and then move on to El Sayed's raison d'être, the all-encompassing clay pot, which on any given night might be filled with stewed rabbit, lamb tajine, or chicken and olives. • 25-22 Steinway St. (718-726-2356). (M)

## Westchester

**Equus**
No ordinary hotel restaurant, this one is housed within a hundred-year-old castle called, appropriately enough, the Castle at Tarrytown, a Relais & Châteaux property with Hudson River views. Dinner is a $58 prix fixe, and offers such contemporary French fare as terrine of foie gras with Calvados, pan-roasted wild striped bass with corn ravioli, and medallions of venison with red cabbage and root-vegetable cakes. Jacket required. • 400 Benedict Ave. (914-631-1980). (E)

cue

# Nightlife

Edited by Ethan Brown

## Concerts

**Gillian Welch**
8/2 at 8. • Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St (212-307-7171); $45.

**Trey Anastasio**
8/3 at 7:30. • Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171); $32.50.

## Small Stages

**B.B. King Blues Club & Grill**
7/30: Lee Roy Parnell. 7/31: Otis Day and the Knights. 8/1: Oleta Adams. 8/2: Sister Carol. 8/3: Magic Dick and J. Geils Bluestime. 8/5: Geno Delafose. • 243 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144).

**Bottom Line**
7/31: Keith Urban. 8/2–8/3: The Flatlanders. 8/4: Stanley Jordan. • 15 W. 4th St. (212-228-6300).

**Bowery Ballroom**
7/31: Black Jack Johnson. 8/2–8/3: Cibo Matto. • 6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).

**"Celebrate Brooklyn"**
8/1: Choreographers in Residence. 8/2: "The Blue Angel." 8/3: Culture; Judah Eskender Tafari. 8/4: Bern Munisteri Dance Projects. • Prospect Park Bandshell, Prospect Park West and 9th St., Brooklyn (718-855-7882 or www.brooklynx.org); free.

**"Celtic Nights"**
Free Celtic-music concert series outside the World Trade Center. All performances begin at 6. 7/31: Solas. • World Trade Center, enter at Church and Dey Sts. (212-995-1898); free.

***Central Park SummerStage***
8/4: Ricky Skaggs; John Herald. 8/5: Living Colour; Asian Dub Foundation; the Propellerheads. 8/6: Erykah Badu, $45 (general admission) and $65 (bleacher). • Rumsey Playfield, 72nd St. at mid-park (no phone). For more info, go to www.summerstage.com. All shows free unless otherwise noted.

**"City Folk With WFUV FM"**
Free outdoor concerts in front of the Twin Towers, Wednesdays from 6 to 8. 8/1: Luna. • Tower 1, One World Trade Center (212-435-4170); free.

**Fez**
Thursdays: Mingus Band Band. 7/30: Francis Dunnery. 7/31: JC Hopkins. 8/1: Good Downie; the Dinner Is Ruined. 8/3: Jackie Beat; Freddie Scott. 8/4: Jackie Beat; "Va Va Va Voom Room." 8/5: Margarita Pracatan; Jackie Beat. • Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).

**Irving Plaza**
7/31: Buckcherry. 8/1: Clutch; Candria; Bellvue. • 17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).

**Joe's Pub**
An intimate space that boasts the most eclectic booking in town. Expect everything from torch singers to underground hip-hoppers to New Age composers. Mondays: "Downtown Rock and Roll" with ever-present spinner Paul Sevigny. Tuesdays hip-hop and R&B with D.J. Rich Medina at "One." Thursdays: "Benefit," a downtown music revue. Fridays: Editors, scene-makers, and boldface names take turns spinning their favorite records with the "Personality D.J. Series." Saturdays: "Hideaway" with Kiki and Unik. Sundays through July: The Howard Fishman Quartet. 7/30: Hazelle Goodman. 8/5 Rokia Traore. 8/6: Sarah Silverman. • 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

**Knitting Factory**
7/30: Johnny Lives!; the Blow Up. 7/31: Burton Greene's Klez Jazz Feat. 8/1: Skyrocket. 8/2 Whirligig; Remy Zero. 8/4: Him; Alex Blake. 8/5 Burnt Sugar. • 74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055); $.

**Makor**
7/31: Paulo Maura & Cliff Korman. 8/1: Stacey Earle; Erin McKeown. 8/2: Cheryl Wheeler with Kenny White. • 35 West 67 St. (212-601-1000).

**Manitoba's**
Mondays: Beat Rodeo. Fridays: Adam Roth. Tuesdays "Popcorn Tuesdays." • 99 Ave. B (212-982-2511).

**Maxwell's**
7/30: The Samples. 8/1: Dave Davies Kink Kronikles 8/3: The Dictators. 8/4: Black Rebel Motorcycle. 8/5 The Rapture. • 1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201 653-1703).

**Mercury Lounge**
7/31–8/1: Pete Yorn; Ours. • 217 E. Houston St. (212 260-4700).

**"Music at Castle Clinton"**
Free concerts in Battery Park. 8/2: John Scofield. Castle Clinton at Battery Park (212-835-2789); free.

**S.O.B.'s**
8/1: Ultra Nate. 8/3: Jaguar. • 204 Varick St. (212-243 4940).

**The Village Underground**
7/31: Dakota Moon. 8/2 Mer; Elio; the Co-Defendants. 8/3: Acoustic Syndicate. • 130 W. 3rd St. (212 777-7745).

**Wetlands**
8/1: Rana. 8/2: Blueground Undergrass; Railroad Earth. 8/3: Spacehog 8/4: Zen Tricksters. 8/5 TSOL. • 161 Hudson St. (212 386-3600); $.

## Clubs

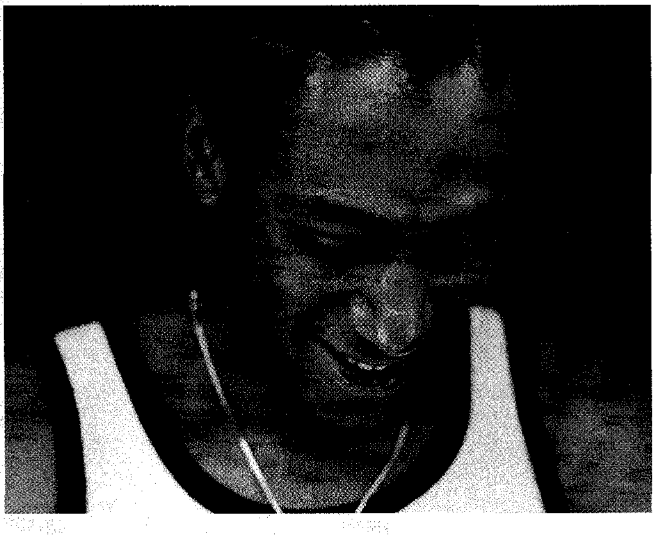
**"Alize Cruise to Passion Dance Party"**
Fridays, 7 and 10; Saturday at 10. 8/3: D.J. Serg. 8/4 Ian Sugarman. • Pier 16 South Street Seaport (212 630-8888); $20.

**Baktun**
After a nearly year-long wait, this small meat-packing district nightspot finally has its cabaret license And just in time, as the city has been left with onl a handful of superclubs and a smattering of uninteresting bars because of Giuliani's quality-of-lif crackdowns. The first Friday of every month: Rotating house music D.J.'s spin at "Confusion." Secon

### Performance

## Mos Excellent

It would be easy to describe **Mos Def** (pictured) as a hip-hopper full of contradictions: He's a rapper best known for a soulful *song* ("Umi Says" was featured in a Nike commercial) and a lyricist who has recently put together a rock band called Black Jack Johnson. But Mos Def (born Dante Beze in Brooklyn) says such seemingly opposite traits aren't contradictory at all. "I studied emceeing; I loved Big Daddy Kane," Mos Def says. "But Black Sabbath, Pantera, Faith No More—I feel like that's me, too." To bring those disparate influences together, the emcee recruited bandmates from groups with similarly diverse influences: former Parliament-Funkadelic keyboardist Bernie Worrell, Doug Wimbish and Will Calhoun from the funky heavy-metal band Living Colour, and Dr. Know, a member of the Rastafarian punk group Bad Brains. Named after the black boxing champion of the twenties ("Jack Johnson is the champion America didn't want, and this is a record the industry doesn't seem to want, either"), the group made a somewhat rocky debut at a Lyricist Lounge show last year. But "we've developed our sound a lot since then," Mos Def says, "and we've got a lot more of our own material, so we're not gonna have to rely on covers. I think we're really the first group to integrate hip-hop sonics, not just a D.J. doing some scratching, into their sound." Ultimately, though, Mos Def isn't looking for a crossover smash but to educate black youth about rock's real roots. "All of rock's pioneers, from Ike Turner to Bo Diddley, look like me, but somehow black Americans feel excluded from rock's heritage," he says. "I'm hoping that Black Jack Johnson will open up the ghetto to rock music." The group plays at the Bowery Ballroom July 31. (See "Small Stages.") E.B.

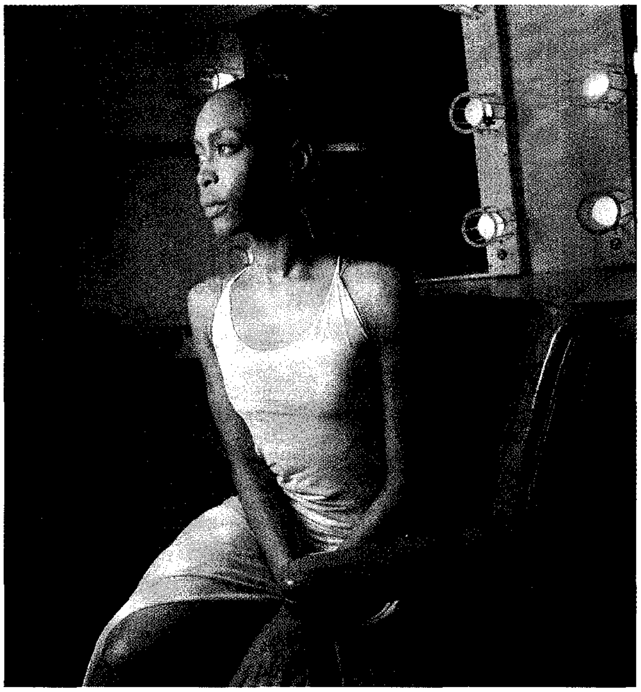


Photograph by Calabazitaz Tierna

Performance

# No Longer Under Wraps

Erykah Badu (pictured) is rightly credited for reshaping R&B in her funky, down-to-earth image: Just ask inheritors like Jill Scott, India.Arie, and Sunshine Anderson. And although her most recent album, *Mama's Gun,* was underrated, perhaps because it didn't connect with audiences, perhaps because its lead single lazily sampled Dr. Dre, Badu's supple, scatty voice is still something to behold. She'll display it—and one of pop's most famously concealed haircuts—at Central Park SummerStage on August 6. (See "Small Stages.")



riday: Long-running house party "Bang the Party" vith Lorie and E-Man. Third Friday: Eclectic dance nusic with D.J. Wayne Pate at "Soularium." Fourth riday: Icelandic promoters Holmar and A. Gram's uper-cool "N'Ice." Saturdays: drum 'n' bass at "Diect Drive." Tuesdays: House great Tony Humphries. hursdays: deep house with D.J. Jamyz Nylon. • 418 V. 14th St. (212-206-1590).

**entro-Fly**

nce dominated by the bottle-service set, Centroly has now achieved a near-perfect mix of Wall treeters with loosened ties, D.J.-bag-carrying lance-music fanatics, and track-suited deep-house ieads. And the club's new downstairs area, the Pinky oom, is a triumph of both design (three cheers for ts tacky, rec-room porno feel!) and programming D.J.'s like Artful Dodger and Dimitri from Paris have lready graced its kitschy environs). Tuesdays: Sparkle City," with D.J.'s Mark Ronson and Q-Tip. Vednesdays: "Little" Louie Vega. Thursdays: "Subliminal Sessions," with D.J. Erick Morillo and big-name pecial guests. Fridays: "GBH" (Great British House) iosts some of the more adventurous nights at the lub with D.J.'s like Ashley Beedle and Marshall Jeferson. Saturdays: Energetic house and big beat with Plant"; in the Pinky Room, Chez Music honcho Veil Aline hosts "We and the Music." 7/31: Gilles eterson. 8/2: Deep Dish. 8/4: Pete Moss. • 45 W. 1st St. (212-803-7859).

**ilter 14**

ery quietly (and with almost no promotion to peak of) this meatpacking-district nightspot has beome a favorite of the dance-music congnoscenti hanks to its bangin', deep-house-oriented Friday ights (which have seen the likes of David Morales, ony Humphries, and Teddy Douglas on the turntales), as well as its Tuesday-night party with legndary dance-music producer turned tech-trance con Satoshi Tomiie that goes into the wee hours of he night. • 432 W. 14th St. (212-366-5680).

**lalcyon**

et another excellent, unpretentious outer-borough ightspot with an eclectically minded lineup of house, rum 'n' bass, and electronica. Sundays: Deep house in he afternoon with "Hangover Helper." Mondays: .J.'s spin with films that inspired them playing in he background at "Adhesive." 8/6: D.J. Spinna plays vith classic footage from "Soul Train." Wednesdays: THC: Tech-House Connection." Thursdays: D.J. ay Velasquez spins electronica, soul, and bossa nova t "Balanco Azul." Fridays: drum 'n' bass and twotep at "Acupuncture: Therapy With Needles." aturdays: Rotating house-music parties like Underground Railroad" and "Rollercone." • 227 mith St., bet. Butler and Douglass, Brooklyn (718-260-AXY).

## round Rules

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

**"Journey"**

House music gets a great new home Fridays in Brooklyn: Caviar Studios, a loftlike space with a cute, intimate dance floor and a cozy lounge. Before midnight, the party has an after-work pickup vibe, but late in the evening, the space fills with dreadlocked dancers and head-wrap-wearing divas dancing to the sweet grooves of resident D.J. Kim Lightfoot and guests like Kalim Shabazz. • Caviar Studios, 46 Washington Ave., bet. Park and Flushing Aves., Brooklyn (718-222-9456).

**"Overboard"**

Raucous Sunday-night dance parties aboard the PaddleWheel Queen. 8/5: Layo and Bushwacka! • PaddleWheel Queen, 23rd St. and the East River (no phone; www.matter-form.com); $25.

**The Roxy**

Fridays, the Roxy enlists D.J. Jason Ojeda for the relaunch of its night for the weekender straight crowd. Saturdays: The Chelsea boys dance all night to a rotating set of house D.J.'s now that superstar Victor Calderone has departed. • 515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404); $.

**Shine**

This downtown spot is now host to excellent, enthusiastically received D.J.-oriented nights as well as up-and-coming rock and dance acts. Tuesdays: Brazilian music with Ze Luis. Thursdays: The gloriously great D.J. Ron Trent and special guests like Phil Asher and Norman Jay. Fridays: House, techno, and trance D.J.'s unite for "Touch." Saturdays: "The Show" with D.J. Big Ben. • 285 W. Broadway (212-941-0900).

**Spa**

The health-and-wellness theme (white walls, bathrooms designed to look like saunas) is thankfully mostly unobtrusive, and the crowd is thankfully not excessively chic. Spa promoter Steven Lewis maintains the kind of balance between office *zhlubs*, club kids, and A-listers he pulled off so nicely in the early days of the now-defunct Life. Wednesdays: Rock and roll spun by D.J.'s like Paul Sevigny. Thursdays: A listers and fashionistas take over with "Ultra" featuring D.J.'s Mark Ronson, Lady Bunny, Cameron Douglas. Saturdays: Overdressed Euros line up for "Jet Set" with D.J. Eric LaPeau. • 76 E. 13th St. (212-388-1060).

**Vinyl**

The recent quality-of-life crackdowns have taken a toll on the club's once extradorinarily open vibe, but the parties—"Shelter" and "Body & Soul" in particular—continue to be strong. Fridays: Hard, trippy house from D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which at about seven in the morning becomes the city's most adventurous party as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro-beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Arrive early (before seven) or you'll face a devastatingly long line at the door. • 6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).

**The Warehouse**

Manhattan-centric clubbers have been eating their bridge-and-tunnel-dissing crow thanks to this house-music paradise located in, of all places, the Bronx. Saturdays are the night to head up to the Warehouse and check out D.J.'s like T-Pro and Andre Collins. Could this be the beginning of an outer-borough clubland renaissance? • 141 W. 140th St., bet. Grand Concourse and Walton Aves. (718-992-5974).

## Jazz

**Birdland**

Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Sundays: Chico O'-Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band. Mondays: The Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays: From 5:30 to 7:30 P.M., David Ostwald's Louis Armstrong Centennial Band. Tuesdays: The Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra. Wednesdays in July: The Cab Calloway Orchestra. 8/2–8/4: New York Powerhouse Ensemble featuring Mickey Bass, Craig Handy, Gary Bartz, Eric Allen, George Cables, Hilton Ruiz. 8/5–8/6: Tito Puente Orchestra. • 315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).

**Blue Note**

With a great sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 7/31–8/5: Kenny Burrell's Birthday Bash. • 131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).

**City Hall**

Fridays in the Granite Room: The Charles Mingus Orchestra. $15 cover, $10 for students. • 131 Duane St. (212-227-7777).

**Detour**

With no cover and top-notch young players, this Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. 7/30: Renaud Penant Trio. 7/31: Josh Benko Quartet. 8/2: Dan Pratt Quintet. 8/3: Matt Hong Quintet. 8/4: Brooklyn Boogaloo Blowout. • 349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).

hotograph by Paul Natkin/Image Direct.

**Guggenheim Museum**
Fridays and Saturdays in August: "Worldbeat Jazz" with composer and acoustic bassist Joel Forbes. • 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500); free, with museum admission. Performances begin at 5 P.M.

**Iridium**
Formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend grace this legendary jazz spot, now at a new location in midtown. Monday nights, the Les Paul Quartet holds office hours. Sets Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 and 10:30, with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 7/31–8/4: Andrew Hill Sextet. • 1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (212-582-2121).

**Jazz Gallery**
7/30: Frank Lacy's fourteen-piece "Vibe Tribe." • 290 Hudson Street (212-242-1063); admission is $10 per set. Reservations are recommended.

**"Jazz Salon"**
Intimate jazz performances in a loft setting. Admission includes open wine, beer, and soft-drink bar. 7/30: Ray Drummond Trio; Paul Meyers Duo. 8/6: Ravi Coltrane Birthday Trio with Ralph Alessi and Scott Colley. • 177 Prince St., between Thompson and Sullivan Sts., top floor (1-800-730-6992); $40.

**Red Blazer**
Mondays and Tuesdays: Sam Ulano's Jazz Band. Wednesdays: Felix Swing Band; Alan Russell Big Jazz Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Swing Band. Fridays: Simon Wettenhall's Oceanic Dixieland Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Dixie & Swing Band. • 32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).

**Showman's Café**
Reopened right on 125th Street (though not, unfortunately, in its original location adjacent to the Apollo), the legendary jazz watering hole offers slow-cooked soul-jazz and funkified hard bop every night. No cover; two-drink minimum. • 375 W. 125th St. (212-864-8941); $.

**Small's**
Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. • 183 W. 10th St (212-929-7565).

**Smoke**
A great jazz lounge with low cover to boot. 8/2: Ronnie Ben Hur Quintet. 8/3–8/4: Irene Reid. 8/5: Chris Washburne and the Syotos. 8/6: Jam Session with John Farnsworth. • 2751 Broadway, at 105th St. (212-864-6662).

**Tonic**
Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. • 107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503); $.

**Village Vanguard**
Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 7/31–8/5: Greg Osby Four. • 178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037); $.

## Performance

# Long Live El Rey

Their leader may be gone, but the **Tito Puente Orchestra** lives on in his fiery, intensely percussive tradition. The group will pay tribute to Puente (pictured)—or "El Rey," as he's still known—at Birdland on August 5 and 6 and the following Sundays in August.

Photograph by Jack Vartoogian

## Comedy

**Boston Comedy Club**
*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 9:30; Fri.–Sat. at 8, 10, and midnight. • 82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).

**Carolines On Broadway**
In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 7/30: Susie Essman. 7/31: Hookin' Up With Christine Nagy. • 1626 Broadway, between 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100).

**Comedy Cellar**
A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 9, 10:45, and 12:30; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. 7/30–8/5: Colin Quinn; Allen Havey; Godfrey; Greg Giraldo; Tom Papa; Dave Attell. • 117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).

**Comic Strip**
Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. • 1568 Second Ave., between 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).

**Dangerfield's**
Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat. ($20 for 10:30 Sat. show), $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 7/30–8/5: Vic Henley; Richie Byrne; Carrie Karavas; Hood; Al Ducharme; Nancy Redman. • 1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).

**Gotham**
A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun., New Talent Showcase; Wednesdays with Robert Klein. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 with a $10 cover; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 with a $15 cover. Two-drink minimum. • 34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).

**Stand-up New York**
Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.–Sat. at 8, 10, and 12:15 A.M. $12 cover. • 236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).

## Cabaret

**Algonquin Hotel**
The Oak Room hosts some formidable names in it cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri and Sat.) Through 8/11: Daryl Sherman. • 59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800).

**Arci's Place**
A Murray Hill–area Italian restaurant with an intimate cabaret space. Sundays and Mondays: Klea Blackhurs in "Everything the Traffic Will Allow: The Songs o Ethel Merman." Mondays through July: Jim Caruso in "Laughing Matters." Through 8/11: "An Evening With Donna McKechnie." • 450 Park Ave. So., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).

**Cafe Carlyle**
Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band at 8:45. $60. • Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600).

**Cafe Pierre**
Tues.–Sat., singer-pianist Kathleen Landis celebrate her fourteenth year at The Cafe Pierre with a specia program called "Fascinating Rhythms: 50 Years o American Popular Song and Jazz." Sun.–Mon., Nancy Winston sings and plays piano. $19 minimum; jacket and tie required. • Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (212-940-8195)

**The Carnegie Club at Carnegie Bar and Books**
Fridays and Saturdays at 9:30 and 11: Sinatra impersonator Cary Hoffman, backed by Stan Rubin' eleven-piece big band. $20 cover; two-drink minimum. • 156 W. 56th St. (212-957-9676).

**Danny's Skylight Room**
8/1: Susan Ellman. 8/2: Sara Kuehl. 8/3: Sara Kuehl Jerry Scott. 8/4: Michelle Cooper. 8/5: Blossom Dearie. 8/6: Mark Hartman and Jeremie Michael. 346 W. 46th St. (212-265-8130).

**Don't Tell Mama**
What better way to wind down after an evening o overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? Thursdays: "Seth's Broadway Chatterbox." Fridays: "Poole Party!" Saturdays: "Gay and Lesbian Stand up and Musical Comedy Fest" with Michael Conle and Co.• 343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788); $.

**FireBird Café**
The theater district's best postshow snuggery, righ next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 9; Fri.–Sat. at 9 and 11. $30 cover; $15 minimum. • 365 W. 46th St. (212-586-0244).

**Judy's**
This cozy and friendly piano bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Jud herself. 7/30: "Leer Mondays." 7/31: Scott Christenson in "I'm Not The Boy Next Door." 8/2: Nanc Hausman with John Wallowitch. 8/5: Renee Smith in "No Strings" with Lauri Young; Thom Warren. • 16 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (212-929-5410).

# Classical & Dance

Edited by Alicia Zuckerman

## Ground Rules

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

## Classical Music

### Mostly Mozart Festival

**Season Opener**
Thirty-fifth season opens outdoors with Mozart's Symphony No. 20, Haydn's Trumpet Concerto, and Beethoven's Symphony No. 6 (*Pastorale*). Gerard Schwarz leads the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra. 7/30 at 8. • Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center (212-875-5399); free.

**Itzhak Perlman and Pinchas Zukerman**
Join the festival orchestra in Mozart's Symphony No. 20 and Sinfonia Concertante in E flat, and Beethoven's Symphony No. 6 (*Pastorale*). 7/31–8/1 at 8. • Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-765-2100); $30–$52.

**Emerson String Quartet**
Performs Mozart's Flute Quartet in D and Piano Concerto No. 14 in A (featuring Leon Fleisher) and Mendelssohn's Quartet in A minor. 8/2 at 8. • Avery Fisther Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $22–$42.

**Riverside Choral Society**
Schumann's Great Secular Oratorio will be performed by the chorus, the festival orchestra, and soloists, including Christine Goerke. 8/3–8/4 at 8. • Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $22–$42.

**Europa Gallante**
Minus the Mozart: Works by Sammartini, Geminiani, Vivaldi, Locatelli, and Corelli will be performed on period instruments. 8/5 at 5. • Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $40.

**Tallis Scholars**
Concert of sacred music before Mozart features works by Hieronymous, Buxtehude, Praetorius, Schutz, and Bach. 8/6 at 8. • Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $44.

### Other Performances

**"Bridgehampton Chamber Music Festival"**
Founder, director, and flutist Marya Martin kicks off the festival with music by siblings Fanny and Felix Mendelssohn, also Stephanie De Kennesy, 8/1 at 8; continues with Bach's *Brandenburg* Concerti Nos. 4 and 5 and Mozart's Divertimento in D major and Piano Concerto No. 13, 8/5 at 6:30. • Bridgehampton Presbyterian Church, 2429 Montauk Hwy. (212-741-9403); $30.

**Bargemusic**
Chamber music in a floating concert hall offers Bach, Brahms, and Beethoven, 8/2 at 7:30 and 8/5 at 4; Haydn, Debussy, Villa-Lobos, and others, 8/3–8/4 at 7:30. • Fulton Ferry Landing, next to Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-2083); $27.

**New Juilliard Ensemble**
"MOMA's Summergarden Concerts" presents twentieth-century works by Alejandro García-Caturla, Sofia Gubaidulina, Oleg Felzer, and Miguel de Águila. 8/3–8/4 at 6. • Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. between 40th and 42nd Sts. (212-708-9491); free.

**Bronx Arts Ensemble**
Performs movie themes from *A Hard Day's Night, Laura, Star Wars,* and *Titanic.* 8/5 at 2, Van Cortlandt Park; and at 4, Fordham University, Bronx Rose Hill Campus. Call for rain-date info. • Rockwood Drive Circle, Van Cortlandt Park; McGinley Center, Fordham University, Bronx Rose Hill Campus, Southern Blvd. (718-601-7399); free.

## Opera

**New York Grand Opera Company**
Vincent La Selva and company complete their remarkable and noble (it's free) eight-year project to perform all 28 Verdi operas in order. *Falstaff* is fully staged. 8/1 at 7:30. (Rain date is 8/6.) • Central Park Summerstage, near E. 72nd St. (212-245-8837); free.

## Dance

**Dancegalaxy**
Program includes two world premieres: *Orange,* by Australian choreographer Stanton Welch, set to Vivaldi, and *Reflections,* by the New York City Ballet's Peter Martins, with original score by Martins's son Nilas, a principal with the same company. 7/30 at 7; 8/1–8/3 at 8; 8/4 at 2 and 8. • Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave. (212-242-0800); $32.

**The Morgan Scott Ballet**
Begins its fifth season with classical (*Bach Oboe Concertos*), jazz (*Strayhorn Suite*), pop (*Over the Ocean*), and other works. Program details vary. 8/1 at 6, Bryant Park; 8/2–8/3 at 8, City Center Studios. • Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. between 40th and 42nd Sts.; free. City Center Studios, 130 W. 56th St. (212-439-4615); $25.

**Universal Ballet of Korea**
Acclaimed 120-member company performs two programs: Pepita's classic *La Bayadère,* 8/1–8/3 at 8; and *Shim Chung,* based on a famous Korean folk tale, 8/4 at 8 and 8/5 at 2. • New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center (212-870-5570); $10–$50.

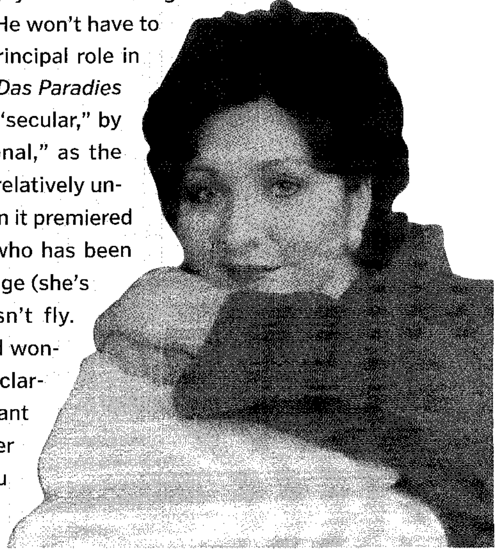
**Chamecki Lerner/Eun Me Ahn Dance**
Brazilian choreographers Chamecki and Lerner present a Summerstage commission. Korean-born choreographer Eun Me Ahn and company perform *Garden of Roses,* a nostalgic look at youth, and the U.S. premiere of *Apple.* 8/3 at 8:30. • Central Park Summerstage, near E. 72nd. St. (212-360-3777); free.

**"Celebrate Brooklyn!"**
Hometown boy Ben Munisteri and the Ben Munisteri Dance Projects and former Ailey dancers who now make up RhythMEK both present works-in-progress. 8/4 at 7:30. • Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. and Prospect Park West (718-855-7882, ext. 45); $3.

### Opening

## *Paradies* Found

"I've always wanted to be part of this festival," says soprano **Christine Goerke,** who's making her "Mostly Mozart" debut during the opening week of the festival's thirty-fifth season. Growing up in Patchogue, Long Island, Goerke dutifully toted her clarinet to lessons, to competitions, and finally to SUNY Fredonia with the intention of becoming a band teacher. Like all first-year music students, she was required to take sight singing. Her teacher was more impressed with her untrained voice than with her clarinet playing, and when the semester ended, Goerke left Fredonia. "I made a deal with my dad that if I wasn't supporting myself by singing in ten years, I'd go back and get an education degree," Goerke recalls. Now 32, she has been singing with major opera companies and orchestras around the world long enough to make good on the deal. Dad's proud, of course, even though "he's a Johnny Cash guy—he doesn't get anywhere near Mozart," she says, laughing. He won't have to for this performance; Goerke is singing a principal role in Robert Schumann's Great Secular Oratorio (*Das Paradies und die Peri*), based on an old Persian tale ("secular," by the way, seems to mean "nondenominational," as the theme is at least vaguely religious). Though relatively unknown now, it was a breakthrough piece when it premiered in 1843. Goerke plays the *peri,* a creature who has been born into a time and place where intermarriage (she's the child of an angel and a mortal) doesn't fly. Goerke describes it as "the most bizarre and wonderful and gorgeous and lush piece." As a clarinetist, she felt as if she were under constant scrutiny. But she says singing was easy for her from the beginning—an escape, even: "You get to unleash all of your emotions and get paid for it." A.Z.



Photograph by Christian Steiner.

# TheMix

Edited by Boris Kachka

## Radio Highlights

**Katharine Graham: "Mad About Music"**
Gilbert Kaplan's show happens to have gotten the recently deceased *Post* owner's last interview. She talked about her passion for Bach and Beethoven—and about growing up around family friend George Gershwin, who would try out pieces in her living room. • 8/3 at 7 P.M. and 8/4 at 8 P.M. WNYC, 93.9 FM.

**"Studio 360"**
On his weekly arts show, Kurt Andersen interviews composer Danny Elfman (who most recently did the *Planet of the Apes* score) and talks with Anthony DeCurtis and others about the phenomenon of zealous pop fandom. • 8/4 at 10 A.M. on WNYC, 93.9 FM and 8/5 at 7 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM.

**"Selected Shorts"**
Stories recorded live from Symphony Space and read by actors continue this week, with Joseph Wiseman reading Alexander Bodin's "My Dead Brother Comes to America" and Joe Morton delivering Langston Hughes' "The Blues I'm Playing." • 8/5 at noon on WNYC, 820 AM and at 6 P.M. on WNYC, 93.9 FM.

**Ann Patchett**
The author of the acclaimed novel *Bel Canto* talks about her work on the Lewis Burke Frumkes radio show. • 8/5 at 8 P.M. WPAT, 930 AM.

## Lectures and Panels

**"Enemies, a Love Story"**
Isaac Bashevis Singer's novel of a Holocaust survivor in the U.S. is the subject of a free-ranging discussion. • 7/31 at 7:30 P.M. Makor, 35 W. 67th St. (212-601-1000); free.

**"Manifesta: Growing Up With Feminism"**
"Third Wave" feminists Amy Richards and Jennifer Baumgardner talk about what to do with the legacy of feminism now that many of its hard-won benefits are taken for granted. • 8/1 at 7:30 P.M. Makor, 35 W. 67th St. (212-601-1000); $7.

**Bruce Feiler**
The author of *Walking the Bible* gives a reading and slide presentation detailing his long vacation in the Biblical heartland. • 8/2 at 7:30 P.M. Makor, 35 W. 67th St. (212-601-1000); $5.

**"From Darkness, Light"**
In the second of four instructional workshops, artist William Kasuli demonstrates the basic techniques of charcoal and stumping. • 8/3 at 6:30 P.M. The Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008); $10.

## The Written Word

**Philip Gourevitch**
The journalist and author of *We Wish to Inform You That Tomorrow We Will Be Killed With Our Families* reads from his new book, *A Cold Case*. • 7/31 at 6:30 P.M. Housing Works, 126 Crosby St. (212-334-3324); free.

**Peter D. Kramer**
The psychiatrist and author of *Listening to Prozac* reads from his new novel, *Spectacular Happiness*, and signs copies. • 7/31 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

**Gail Woerner**
The author of *Cowboy Up! The History of Bull Riding* makes an appearance at an appropriate venue to sign copies. • 8/2, noon to 6 P.M. Buffalo Chips Bootery, 335 W. Broadway (212-625-8400); free.

**Zachary Karabell**
The author reads from and signs copies of his book, *A Visionary Nation: Four Centuries of American Dreams & What Lies Ahead*. • 8/2 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

**Jeffrey Frank**
The *New Yorker* editor reads from his first novel, *The Columnist*, and signs copies. • 8/2 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (212-420-1322); free.

**"The Trojan Women"**
The CYPRECO theater group presents the Euripides tragedy about the devastation wrought by war. • 8/4 at 2 P.M. The Brooklyn Public Library, St. Agnes Branch, 444 Amsterdam Ave., at W. 81st St. (212-877-4380); free.

**Women of Color Writing Workshop**
Members of the workshop read material from their publication *Voices of Brooklyn*, a compilation of poetry and short stories. • 8/4 at 2 P.M. New York Public Library, 125th Street Branch, 224 E. 125th St. (212-534-5050); free.

**Rivka Shifman Katvan**
The photographer talks about her contribution to the recently published *Backstage: Broadway Behind the Curtain*, presenting a slide show and signing copies. • 8/6 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 675 Sixth Ave., at 22nd St. (212-727-1227); free.

**Jack Murnighan**
The editor of *The Naughty Bits*, a collection of erotic excerpts from great writers, reads from and signs copies of his compilation. • 8/6 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (212-420-1322); free.

## Special Events

### Tours

**Immigrant New York**
A late-afternoon trip through the Lower East Side, Chinatown, and Little Italy also encompasses the former neighborhoods of Little Germany, Little Ireland, and Little Africa (specific stops include the African Burial Ground and Mulberry Bend). • 8/2 at 6:30 P.M. Meet at City Hall Park, at the southeast corner of Broadway at Chambers St. (212-439-1090); $12.

**"East River Vistas"**
Carl Schurz Park and surrounding areas—including the Cherokee Apartments, the Henderson Place Historic District, and Holy Trinity Church—form an enclave of surprising architectural diversity, highlighted by historian Francis Morrone. • 8/4 at 11 A.M. Meet at the southeast corner of York Ave. and 75th St. (212-935-3960); $15.

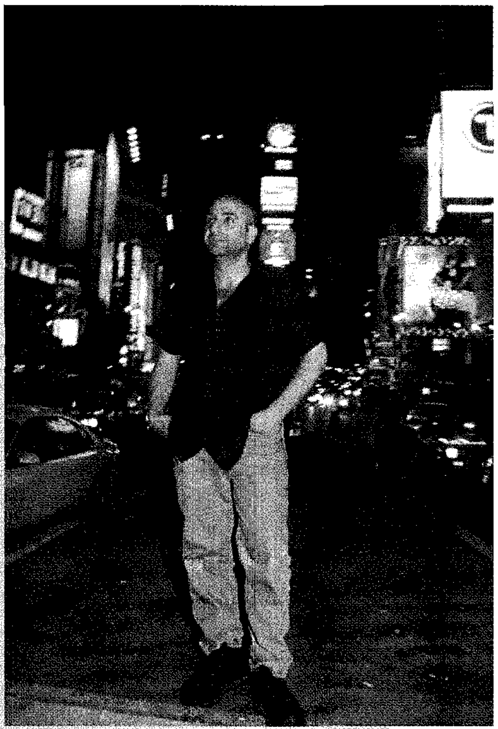
**Astoria**
Visit the world's largest Greek neighborhood outside Greece, with all the tasty food and colorful culture that entails. • 8/4 at 4:30 P.M. Meet at the southwest corner of 13th Ave. and 31st St., Astoria, or meet in Manhattan at 3:45 P.M. at the northwest corner of Lexington Ave. and 59th St. (212-265-2663); $5.

**SoHo and NoLiTa at Twilight**
See the sun set over the one-time Italian neighbor-

## The Tube

# Night Fevered

**Dave Attell**'s new Comedy Central series, *Insomniac*, is messing with his schedule. "Now that I'm a working man, I've got to get up at like eleven in the morning," he says, at about 2 A.M. Tonight, he'll be up till seven, as usual. *Insomniac* traces the stand-up comedian's after-hours life in New York and the other cities he frequents on business trips. "In Tijuana, they have a police station right next to the Avenue of Underage Whores," he reports. "It's really the kind of town where you just have to have the right letters from the right people to get anything done." Who are the right people? "Salma Hayek?" he guesses. But it wasn't all bad there. "We met a guy who lives inside a giant, anatomically correct sculpture of this woman he loves. It's the most romantic thing I ever saw in my life." The first episode of Attell's show, shot in New York, finds him night-riding with the Federation of Black Cowboys on horseback through Brooklyn; visiting a 24-hour fortune-cookie factory; and drinking, everywhere. "I get into some trouble with that," he admits. "The other day I woke up with something wet in my pocket. I thought it was a human heart, but it was just a Chipwich." But in his own nocturnal way, Attell is working very hard. "When I was growing up, there was this girl in Long Island who would ride around on her bike all night long and we all thought: *What a freak.* Now I'm kind of her." (*Insomniac With Dave Attell* premieres at midnight on Sunday, August 5.) ARIEL LEVY

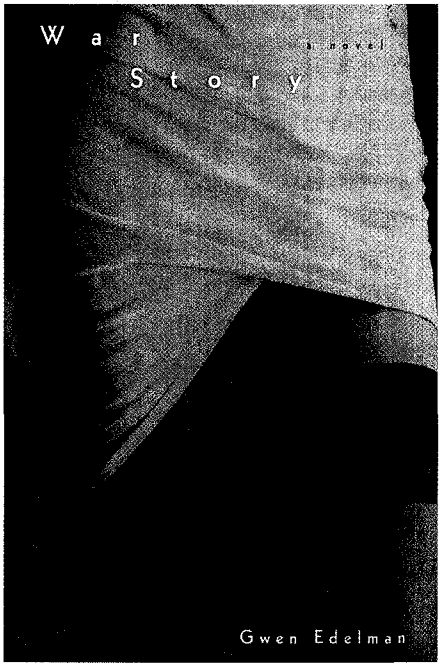


Photograph by Al Levine

## In Print

# European Vocation

"Most people do something one step removed from what they really want to do," says **Gwen Edelman**, who just published her first novel, *War Story* (Riverhead, $21.95), at age 51. Edelman's career in publishing (as an editor and then as a literary agent) may have been a touch more exciting than her "fantastically conventional" Bronxville upbringing, but the New York scene wasn't making her own writing any easier. "You always feel that energy and that rhythm. It's the opposite of what you need to write." So Edelman gave up her agency, moved to Paris, and returned to the one subject that had always fascinated her: the Holocaust. In *War Story,* a naïve New Yorker has an affair with a world-famous playwright and Holocaust survivor nearly twice her age who ultimately returns to Europe. Edelman, for her part, finds the Continent far kinder than our town. "In New York," she says, "when people hear you're a writer, they want to know when your book's coming, what the advance was. In Paris, the simple fact that you're a writer is enough to earn anyone's respect."



ood-cum-arts colony now visited mainly for its bouiques and galleries. • 8/4 at 5 P.M. Meet at the southeast orner of Spring and Lafayette Sts. (212-439-1090); $12.

**amous and Infamous New Yorkers**
unique tour requires virtually no walking—just a wiftly rotating head to take in nearby sights associatd with all sorts of characters. • 8/5 at 11 a.m. Meet at he fountain at City Hall Park, Broadway at Park Row (973-15-7550); $10.

**West Side Magic: Central Park West"**
rban historian Marvin Gelfand shows you where inclair Lewis, Frank Costello, Madonna, and John ennon took up residence without neglecting landnarks like the New-York Historical Society and the panish and Portuguese Synagogue. • 8/5, 1 to 4 P.M. all 212-415-5500 for reservations and meeting place; $20.

**Where It All Began"**
trip through lower Manhattan focuses on lessernown sites associated with Manhattan's earliest histoy—like Trinity Church and Castle Clinton. • 8/5 at 2 .m. Meet in front of Trinity Church, at Broadway and Wall t. (718-655-1883); $10.

**rt Deco Midtown**
he GE building, the Waldorf, and the Goelet Buildng are stops on historian Anthony Robins' tour of he area's defining architectural masterpieces. • 8/6 at 1:30 A.M. Meet at the Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 1st St. (212-935-3960); $10.

## enefits

**The Turandot Project"**
preview screening of this collaboration between film director Zhang Yimou and the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra's Zubin Mehta—staging Puccini's work in the actual Forbidden City of Beijing—benefits the philharmonic. • 7/31 at 7 P.M. The Walter Reade Theater, 165 W. 65th St. (212-697-2949); $50–$250.

**"Dance 24/h"**
In a contest benefiting GMHC's Child Life Program, dancers try and make it through 24 hours of non-stop dancing, with hourly prizes awarded along the way and a surprise grand prize going to the best of those dancers left standing. • 8/3, 7 P.M. to 8/4, 7 P.M. Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Dr., at 120th St. (201-892-4841 or register at www.dance24h.org); spectators $100 and up, participants must have at least $200 in pledges.

## Game Week

HOME AWAY

| | Mon: 7/30 | Tue: 7/31 | Wed: 8/1 | Thu: 8/2 | Fri: 8/3 | Sat: 8/4 | Sun: 8/5 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ETS | | HOU FSNY 8:05 P.M. | HOU FSNY 8:05 P.M. | HOU FSNY 8:05 P.M. | ARI WPIX 10:05 P.M. | ARI FOX 4:05 P.M. | ARI WPIX 4:35 P.M. |
| ANKEES | | TEX FOX 7:05 P.M. | TEX MSG 7:05 P.M. | TEX MSG 1:05 P.M. | ANA FOX 7:05 P.M. | ANA MSG 1:05 P.M. | ANA FOX 1:05 P.M. |
| BERTY | | | DET METRO 7:30 P.M. | | | CLE NBC 4:00 P.M. | |
| OWER | PHI MSG 7:00 P.M. | | | CAR METRO 7:30 P.M. | | | BAY MSG 7:00 P.M. |
| ETROSTARS | | | | | | MIA ESPN 2 8:00 P.M. | |
| YCLONES | AUB NO TV 7:05 P.M. | AUB NO TV 7:05 P.M. | AUB NO TV 7:05 P.M. | PIT NO TV 7:00 P.M. | PIT NO TV 7:00 P.M. | LOW CH 29 6:00 P.M. | LOW NO TV 5:00 P.M. |

## Exhibits

**"Flophouse: Life on the Bowery"**
A multifaceted exhibition complete with artifacts and photographs documents the sordid history of America's best-known skid row. • 7/31 through 11/4. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); free with $5 admission.

**"Muppets Forever! The Legacy of Jim Henson"**
All of Henson's creations—*Sesame Street*, his adaptations of fairy tales and myths, and, of course, his Muppets—are included in this wide-ranging TV exhibit, along with behind-the-scenes documentaries. • Through 9/16. The Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6600); free with $6 admission.

**DeVito/Verdi Retrospective**
The city's most creative and controversial ad agency celebrates ten years in business with a retrospective featuring more than 50 of its ground-breaking advertisements. • Through the summer. The One Club Gallery, 32 E. 21st St. (212-979-1900); free.

**"Victorian Ornamentals"**
A new floral exhibit at the Bronx garden features the vivid colors and classic designs that filled flower beds in the Victorian and Edwardian eras. • Through 10/21. The New York Botanical Garden, Bronx River Pkwy. at Fordham Rd., the Bronx (718-817-8700); $10 comprehensive admission.

## Events

**SummerNights at the Jewish Museum**
The latest weekly event features Indian tabla music from Chris Rael and Deep Singh and screenings of *Cheers, Square Pegs, The Dick Van Dyke Show, Rhoda,* and *Brooklyn Bridge.* • 7/31, 5 to 9 P.M. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3271); pay as you wish, $2 surcharge for the Chagall exhibit.

**"Living on the Edge"**
Socrates Sculpture Park in Long Island City is the setting of the Museum of the Moving Image's outdoor festival, which each Wednesday presents one ethnicity's music and food along with one of its films. This week, Eastern European food accompanies *A Jumpin' Night in the Garden of Eden*, a documentary about two contemporary Klezmer groups. • 8/1, music begins 7:30 p.m., screening at sunset. Socrates Sculpture Park, Broadway at Vernon Blvd., Long Island City (718-956-1819); free.

# Sports

**Nike PlayOff Festival**
You've seen the commercials: basketball gods, anonymous or not, moving the ball to a rhythm all their own. Now Nike is scouring the city for the best freestylers in all sports, including—but not limited to—double-dutch, BMX tricks, break-dancing, hackey-sacking, and anything else embodying the concept of "play." This week the series visits Brooklyn and Queens with competitions for a trip to the finals in Central Park on 8/25. • 8/4 from noon to 5 P.M., Jamaica Arts & Music Summer Festival, Jamaica Ave. at Parsons Blvd., Queens (www.nike.com/play); free.

**Harlem Week Basketball Tournaments**
Both the Philadelphia vs. New York Inter City Youth Basketball Classic (8/4) and the Rucker Basketball Tournament (8/5) take place in Holcombe Rucker Park. • 8/4, 1 to 6 P.M. and 8/5, 1:30 to 7 P.M. (212-348-3010 or www.wnbc.com); free.

**Manhattan Half-Marathon**
The fourth in the NYRRC's Half-Marathon Grand Prix Series begins in Central Park on East Drive at 72nd St. A raffle for Continental Airlines tickets to anywhere in the U.S. follows. • 8/5 at 7:30 A.M. (212-860-4455 or www.nyrrc.org); limited race-day registration, 5:30 to 6:30 A.M., $15 members, $22 nonmembers.

**Harlem Week Bike Tour**
Celebrating the renaissance of northern Manhattan, this 12-mile tour features rest stops with live music at historical sites. • 8/5 at 11 A.M.; W. 135th St. and St. Nicholas Ave. (212-484-1222, 212-460-6942, 212-410-0030 ext. 239, or www.wnbc.com); registration before 8/3, $15 adults, $5 children; day-of, $25 adults, $15 children.

# cue Kids

Edited by Susan Avery

### Opening

## Ohmward Bound

How many times does one have to practice the yogic sun salutation before one remembers the entire series of twelve steps? Admittedly, I'm not a devotee of Eastern exercise; despite its current trendiness—I'd rather get my ya-yas out through running—but the few times I delved into yoga I was embarrassed that I couldn't remember the posture series from one class to another. Yoga teacher Laurie Miller and her collaborator, Benjamin Tollefson, were themselves well aware of the lack of yogic retention in their own students. A sudden epiphany—why not set the poses to music?—blossomed into a more ambitious project: **Ohmland Live**, a kids' show that melds world music and yoga into a sweet story about a butterfly's predawn journey to the sun. During the one-hour performance, animal characters come out into the audience and encourage kids to try the movements themselves on mats set up stage right. Surprisingly, Miller (pictured, with glasses) says, "we never mention yoga in the play. We never say, 'Let's play yoga.' The plot is an exploration of the creative process." And for Miller, that's not just theatrical hot air. As a 16-year-old, she smashed into an eighteen-wheeler and spent a lengthy stretch in a wheelchair. When introduced to yoga, she began to make recuperative headway toward her current, miraculously recovered status—and developed a passion for sharing yoga with kids as young as possible. "When I teach, I give children the opportunity to be creative with their movements. They want to make up a pose for everything—roadkill or squashed banana." By the end, the bravest among them are invited onstage to show off what they've learned. And if the producers get a positive response to their VIP invitation, Lourdes Ciccone may be striking a pose right next to them. (See "Children's Events.") S.A.

## Children's Events

**In Chanting**
Don't think of *Ohmland Live* as a show about electricity. This one-hour performance is shocking in its own right, bringing yoga to the young'uns. A cast of nine plays animal characters (butterflies, snakes, dogs, and grasshoppers) and makes up the world of Ohmland, while the tale is told from the point of view from Poof the butterfly. The show incorporates original world music—African percussion, Latin salsa, hip-hop, and Eastern sounds—with a stimulating introduction to the practice of yoga. Reservations suggested. • Saturdays at 11 A.M. through 9/1; 45 Bleecker Theater, 45 Bleecker St. (212-206-1515); $15 adults, $7 kids.

**Chillin' at the Zoo**
Manhattan's coolest residents, Central Park Zoo's polar bears and penguins, get frosty with us during Chill Out Weekend. Listen to tales of Antarctic life at 11:15 A.M. At 1 P.M., watch master chefs compete against zookeepers to concoct a meal fit for a bear, which may include turkey legs, chocolate sauce, peanut butter, and, naturally, fish. Ice-sculpting happens at 1:30. Throughout the day, kids can play iceberg hopscotch, make a polar-bear fan, and race for the rocks to build a life-size penguin nest. • 8/4-8/5 from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; 64th St. and Fifth Ave. (212-861-6030); $3.50 adults, $1.25 seniors, 50 cents for kids 3 to 12, free for youngers.

**Lay Kepie**
After trying to count sheep, reading a book, and even trying a round of thumb-sucking, Jake just can't fall asleep. In *Wide-Awake Jake*, a production of Tada!, Jake's cousin sends him in search of Yami the Yawn. Along the way, he meets your standard-issue fire-breathing dragon, and a sneeze-laden giant. • Through 8/5; 120 W. 28th St., between Sixth and Seventh Aves. (212-627-1732); $15 adults, $6 kids 15 and younger.

**For Kids, By Kids**
Closing the season at the Lehman Center for Family Fun is *The Really Good and Funny Show*, a performance of stories based on the writings of grade-school children themselves. Highlights include *The Tallest Tower*, about a royal duel; *Dragons Don't Sing Opera*, which depicts the fiery beast who can't get a job because of the bursting flames; and *The Nice Man*, a tale of a baker who receives some unexpected guests. • 8/4 at 2 P.M.; Lehman Concert Hall, 250 Bedford Park Blvd., the Bronx (718-960-8833); $5.

**Brown Bear, Brown Bear**
Grizzlies, black bears, and polar bears in Manhattan? The American Museum of Natural History has the engaging new IMAX film, *Bears*. National Wildlife Federation footage follows these omnivores and explores their legendary past and tenuous future. • Through 9/28; Central Park West at 79th St (212-769-5200); $15 adults, $11 students and seniors $9 kids 2 to 12.

**See the Light**
Creatures of the night glow for the South Street Seaport Museum's bioluminescence show. Discover the origin of plankton and how and why light is made by these marine phenoms. Demos with live bioluminescent life found in New York Harbor and the Hudson River. • 8/5 8/12, and 8/19 at 1 P.M. and 3 P.M.; aboard the tall ship Peking at Pier 16 at South Street and the East River (212-748-8600) $5, kids 11 and younger free.

**Pride Over Prejudice**
Go face-to-face with discrimination at the latest exhibit at the Brooklyn Children's Museum. This multimedia, thought-provoking production shows how to identify and combat discrimination in positive ways and provides tools for appreciating diversity. Twelve components present kids with various situations, e.g., the Peace Dinner shows the problem with name-calling; Name That Stereotype is a game that dispels such sweeping generalities. • Through 1/6/02 145 Brooklyn Ave. (718-735-4400); $4.

**Compose Yourself**
The Bridgehampton Chamber Music Festival returns and this season brings the perennial favorite the Kids' Concert. Fourteen-year-old composer and New York native Athena Adamopoulos presents the world premiere of her own piano concerto, Trio in G minor. • 8/7 at 5 P.M.; Bridgehampton Presbyterian Church, 2429 Montauk Hwy. (631-537-6368); $10.

**Make Like a Tree**
Become a tree detective. Kids can join a scavenger hunt to find the name, age, seed, and bark of some of the hundreds of trees at the Staten Island Botanical Garden. Reservations required. • 8/4 from 11 A.M. to 12:30 P.M.; meet at the Visitors' Center at Snug Harbor Cultural Center; 1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-273-8200); $5.

**There's No Place Like Long Island**
On your trip out east, stop off at the Suffolk County Vanderbilt Museum in Centerport for the family production of *Dorothy in the Land of Oz*. In this audience-participation version, kids are invited to travel along with Dorothy, Scarecrow, Tin Man, and Cowardly Lion to that magical land. A production of the Arena Players Repertory Company. • Fridays and Saturdays through August at 1 P.M.; 180 Little Neck Rd. (631-854-5511); $8.

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Photograph by Carol Rosegg

# REAL ESTATE

**Douglas Elliman**

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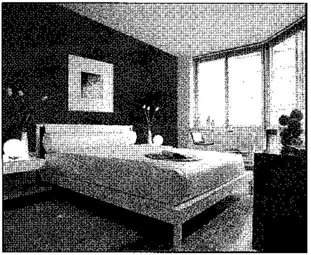

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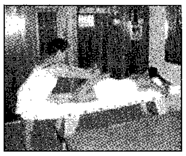

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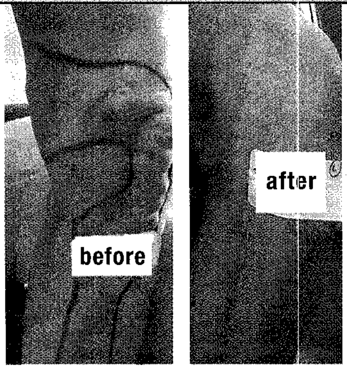

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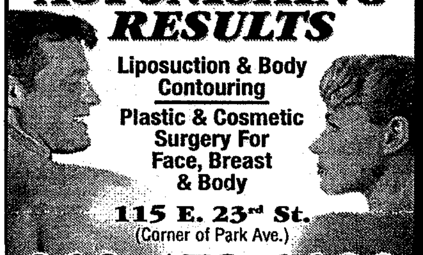

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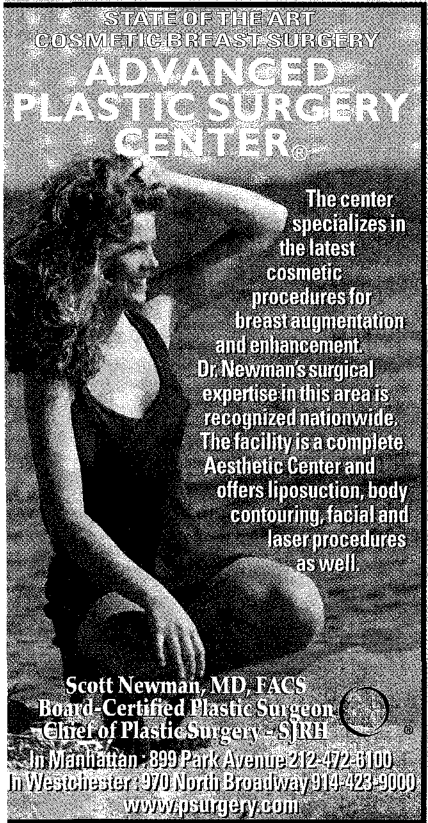

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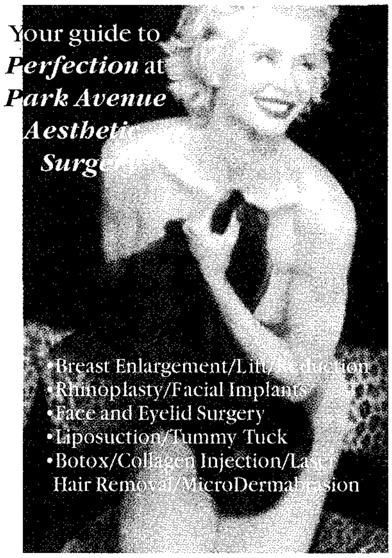

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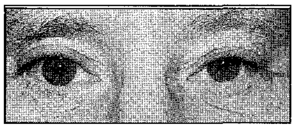

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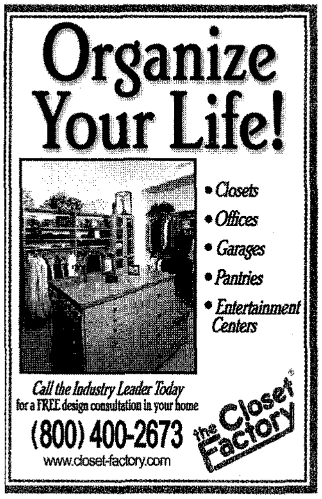

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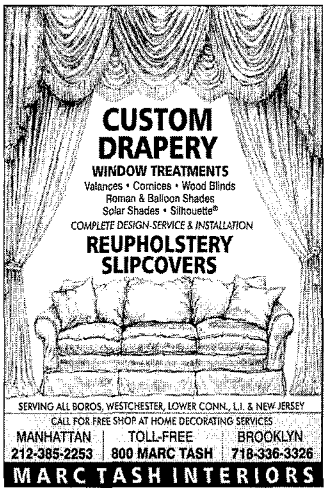

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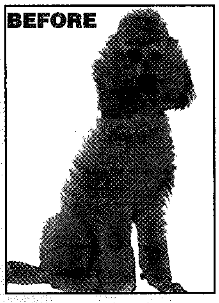

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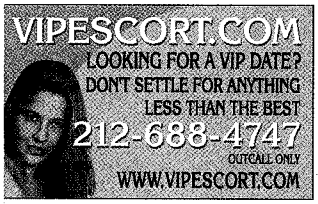
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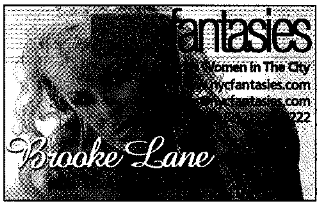
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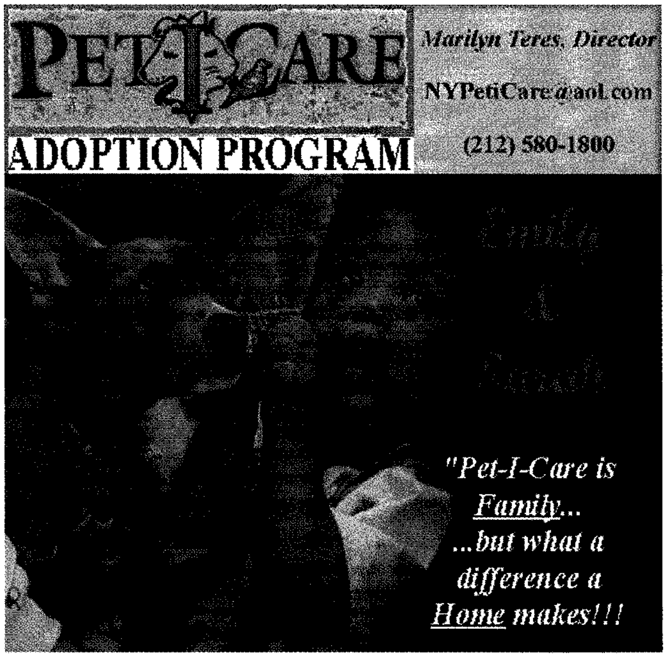
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**ou: Pretty Asian Girl**—Me: tongue-ed Jewish boy. Ummm, I saw you in a ream and was wondering what you were oing for the next, oh, 50 years or so. lo big deal...just thought we could hang ut and see 3,041 movies and eat 18,247 inners. (You like sushi?) I'm guessing ou're between 23 and 33. As for me, I'm 7, nice, smart, never-married, responsi-le...umm...nice, and wanting for nothing this life other than you and possibly thesaurus. Physically, I'm blue eyes, rown hair, stately athleticism and natural race (sort of) commingling in a 5'10", 75-lb frame that is the very essence f "attractive". Careerwise, I'm a former urnalist turned owner of two restaurants. Iy passion is travel, and I spend about vo months of every year in another ountry. But on that most important urney...the search for meaning, happi-ess...umm...love...I've gone as far as I in go without you. So...if you're not, e, doing anything, send me a letter and ioto, okay? lotsofdinners@aol.com 8408✉

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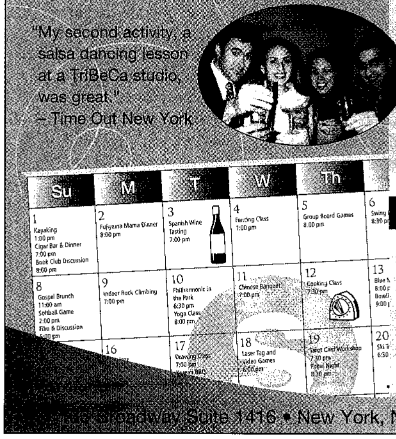
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M
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2 Fujiyama Mama Dinner 8:00 pm
3 Spanish Wine Tasting 7:00 pm
4 Fencing Class 7:00 pm
5 Group Board Games 8:00 pm
6 Swing 8:30 pm
8 Gospel Brunch 11:00 am Softball Game 2:00 pm Film & Discussion 6:00 pm
9 Indoor Rock Climbing 7:00 pm
10 Philharmonic in the Park 6:30 pm Yoga Class 8:00 pm
11 Chinese Banquet 7:00 pm
12 Cooking Class 7:30 pm
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16
17 Drawing Class 7:00 pm Korean BBQ
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**Handsome Male**—6'3", well-built, very successful, 48, seeks attractive, fit female, 29-37, who is ready to enjoy life. Serious relationship only. 8389 ✉☎

**Unassuming, Low-Key Man**—Jewish professional, healthy, seeks tall, youngish NJ lady, brainy, robust/strong. 8382✉☎

**Light Up My Heart With Your Smile**—Do you have a great sense of humor? Are you down-to-earth? Let's hang out like regular people. Professional, attractive, fun-loving lady looks forward to laughter with a nice guy in his 40s. 8405 ✉☎

**Special Lady Wanted**—By handsome gentleman. Successful, educated, divorced white male, 6', 175 lbs, 59, seeks interesting, very attractive, passionate, single/divorced white female, 48-57, nonsmoker, to enjoy theater, arts, music, romantic dinners, the shore, mountains and much more. Please send note, photo and phone number. 8403 ✉

**SEND**

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**Here's How:**

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**5'7", Long Dark Hair**—Slim, pretty Jewish dentist, 30, cultured but down-to-earth, seeks successful, sensitive man, 29-37, for happily ever after. 8418 ✉☎

**Pretty Woman, Teacher**—White, sincere, loyal, sense of humor, seeks a good man for the long run, 60 plus. Photo. 8376✉☎

**Swiss Jewish Lady**—Multiply attractive, cosmopolitan linguist, intelligent, beautiful, elegant, excitingly feminine, sensitive, pleasant, self-sufficient, looking for a serious, kindhearted, financially independent, refined and generous gentleman, up to his youthful mid 60s, to share his life, make him truly happy and enrich his existence. Residents in the USA, Europe or Israel equally acceptable. 8394 ✉

**Jewish Male, 45**—Bicyclist who seeks a woman friend to cycle with. I am a very interesting person, intelligent, converse well in matters of science, very athletic and fit. The woman I seek should be the same. 8378 ✉☎

**Cute, Perky Professional**—Who likes sports, skiing, travel and life in NY, seeks 29-35-year-old, fun-loving, professiona Jewish man. Note/photo a plus. 8428 ✉☎

**Asian Admirer**—35, white, good-looking, kind, successful, seeks attractive female for relationship. Photo required. 8365 ✉☎

**Beautiful Smile**—Extremely pretty, 5'7", great legs, slim, warm, witty, sexy Jewish woman seeks special man, 47-58, to share golf, tennis, humor and more. 8417 ✉☎

**Warm, Pretty Blond**—46, 5'9", Jewish professional, single mom, seeks single dad to share happiness with me and my son Photo/note. 8393✉☎ or leslie235@aol

**Sensuous, Athletic, Jewish**—Auburn-haired beauty with class, seeking successful, traditional man, 50 plus, who is sensitive yet strong, kind, with a sense of humor and a passion for life. Should enjoy fine dining, have a healthy lifestyle and want to fall in love and be adored by a truly beautiful woman. Photo. 8413 ✉☎

**Looking For Soul Mate**—52-year-old health care executive living in Brooklyn divorced, lover of golf, movies, politics and the Borscht Belt - looking for attractive, short, slim Jewish woman, between 30 and 48, to share love of life. Mus be nonjudgmental - I am a warm, caring person with great sense of humor... Hopefully you will share same qualities - mus love kids and cats and at least tolerate golf if not like it. Note/photo a must. 8409 ✉

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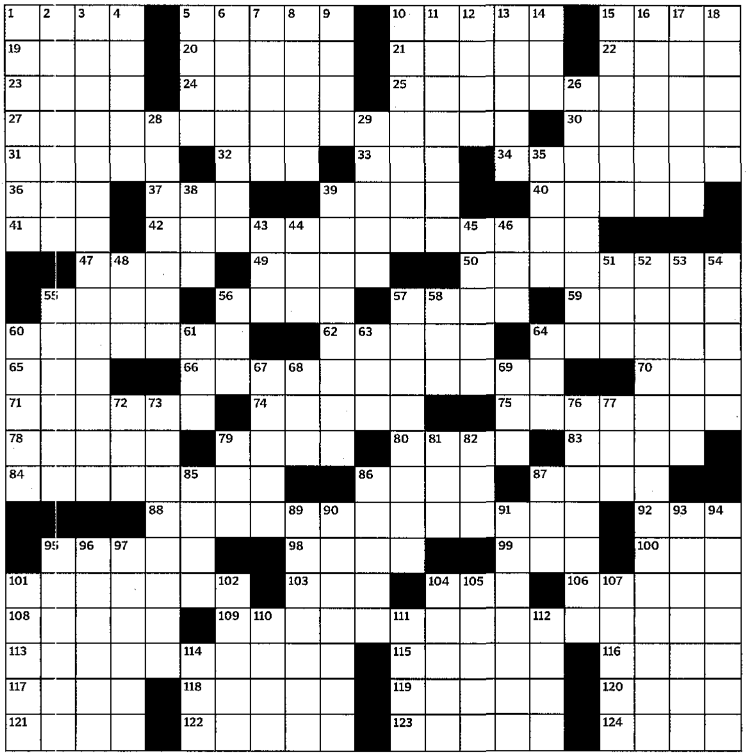
# 'V.I.P. Assemblage'

## 'Cue' Crossword by Maura B. Jacobson



**ACROSS**

1 Catcher's need
5 Pennants
10 Take aback in outrage
15 Prefix for eight
19 Between will and wisp
20 Olivier, to friends
21 Repeated word in a Yale song
22 Drug cop
23 ——-do-well
24 Mongolian, for one
25 Merry Bombay V.I.P.?
27 V.I.P.'s Bronx boulevard?
30 Verse form used by Horace
31 Dustin's "Midnight Cowboy" role
32 Ending for panel or novel
33 Med. diagnostic procedure
34 Arizonan or Mexican border city
36 Summer, to Simone
37 Roadhouse
39 Puts on some speed
40 Televised
41 Gaelic sea god
42 V.I.P.s lacking charisma?
47 Periodicals, familiarly
49 Beggar's cry
50 Flavor receptor
55 Neighbor of Java
56 Power particle
57 Name chosen by the most popes
59 Building level of a maison
60 Adirondacks Lake
62 Lasting forever: poetic
64 Where the ark parked
65 Investigation: abbr.
66 Russian V.I.P.'s birth announcement?
70 Lennon's spouse
71 Flatten into a pulp
74 Microwave devices
75 Slangy phrase of refusal
78 Hotel rental
79 In the sack
80 "Beauty —— beauty does"
83 Tra followers
84 California National Park
86 Battery fluid
87 Halo glow
88 Kuwait V.I.P.'s trifle?
92 Sgt., e.g.
95 Billiards shot
98 Freudian factors
99 Both auto-racing Unsers
100 Driver's license abbr.
101 Hieroglyphics-deciphering stone
103 Slip up
104 Partner of abet
106 Publish
108 Between: Fr.
109 Statement from a stoic V.I.P.?
113 V.I.P. from Brazil?
115 Got the squeaks out
116 Going price
117 Land measure
118 Lease again
119 Turn —— new leaf
120 Imitator
121 Dissenting votes
122 Retort to "am not!"
123 Far from neat
124 Sees the preacher

**DOWN**

1 Dog-show reject
2 Say over
3 Playgoing V.I.P.?
4 Sea swallows
5 Antiaircraft fire
6 Applying the whip
7 Diva's repertoire
8 Bestow
9 Sound-sight coordination, for short
10 Swears off
11 Rather impoverished
12 City-hall pros
13 Memorable Gracie
14 Install, as linoleum
15 —— with (of equal status)
16 Coax by flattery
17 Swapped
18 Feels rheumatic
26 Enroll
28 Bumping off
29 Leaves out
35 Acorns' sources
38 Phone-bk. listings
39 Banged a nail
43 Double-crosser
44 "Do Ya" rock gp.
45 Folk culture: prefix
46 Scottish form of 57-Across
48 West of Ga.
51 Schedule info. at J.F.K.
52 Outdoor painting by a V.I.P.?
53 Entebbe's locale
54 Artoo-—— ("Star Wars" robot)
55 "Macbeth" victim
56 Be a thespian
57 Lange and Tandy
58 Sphere
60 Oscar-winner Spacek
61 Say it to the doctor
63 Pewter component
64 Yucatán year
67 On the wagon
68 Lex. or Mad., in N.Y.
69 M.D.s' associates
72 Ingested
73 School-year division
76 Informs about, in a way
77 Bernese Alps river
79 Domestic airline of Italy
81 Win at musical chairs
82 Citrus drink
85 "—— a man with seven wives"
86 Athenian marketplace
87 Everybody
89 Gibb brothers band, with "The"
90 Come to terms about
91 Firemen's climbing equipment
93 Wooed
94 Those responding to commands
95 Seles of tennis
96 "Tell me ——" (bedtime request)
97 Worsted fabrics
101 Gave a second viewing
102 Baseball's Doubleday
104 In the flesh
105 Small land masses
107 Soda-fountain freebie
110 Not working
111 Hotel rental
112 '40s Big Band singer Anita
114 Coach Parseghian

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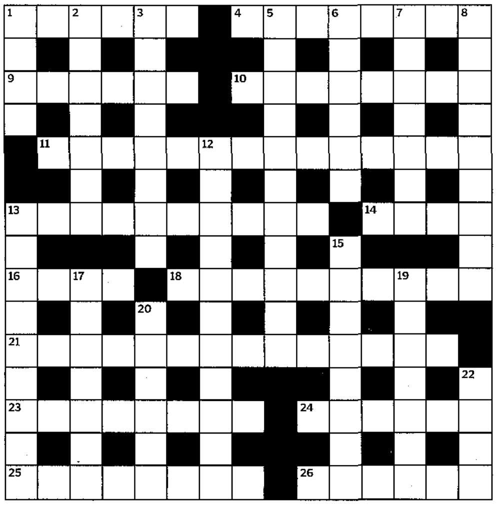
# The 'Guardian' Crossword

Set by Bunthorne



**ACROSS**

1 Kitchener's orders (in the Delian mode?) (6)
4 Neo-Platonist finds nothing can disturb a sign of positivism. (8)
9 King Wilfred the First, a lover of Wilfred of Ivanhoe. (6)
10 Said citizen perhaps "that handkerchief did an . . . to my mother give" (Othello). (8)
11 Post-operative lockstitch required here? (7,7)
13 The middle way, or close to it. (6,4)
14 Decline to speak of cinematic unison. (4)
16 Land of Milk and Honey not about to make bread. (4)
18 Blessing the German knows, by the sound of it. (10)
21 Incisive theatre criticism? (7,7)
23 Sanity adrift in the current; like the Romanovs. (8)
24 Large invasion of nuclear reactor could be hairy. (6)
25 Religious house providing a meals on wheels service. (8)
26 Flag taken on by Anglo-American Quaker. (6

**DOWN**

1 Extraordinary! It is simply not done! (4)
2 Thus Hereford signals: "It's about fifty below!" (7)
3 Catherine Turner gives help with wine-making. (3-5)
5 In Parliament, a member is delayed with a original interruption. (11)
6 They drink like fish on rivers. (6)
7 A railway line runs into this workshop. (7)
8 Shore-based grain clipper? (4-5)
12 Vulture's meal, grim ere digested. (11)
13 Intent on the end of the race. (9)
15 Romance that is ladies' fiction. (8)
17 The opposite of Brutus M? (7)
19,22 An epiphytic type of moose? Cor, Smith, send for the navy! (7,4)
20 'er indoors a country girl? Quite the reverse! (6)
22 See 19.

Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 78

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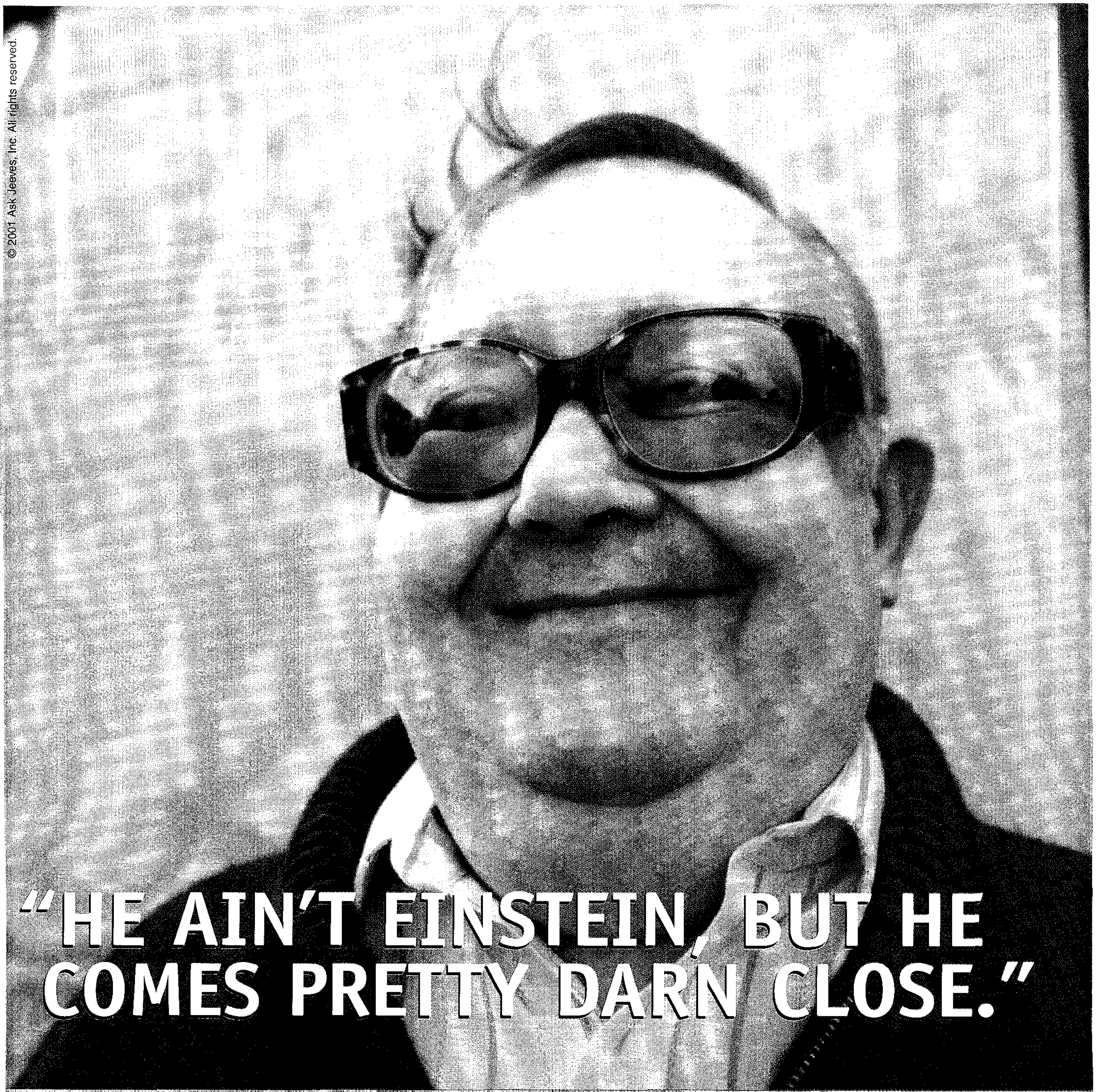

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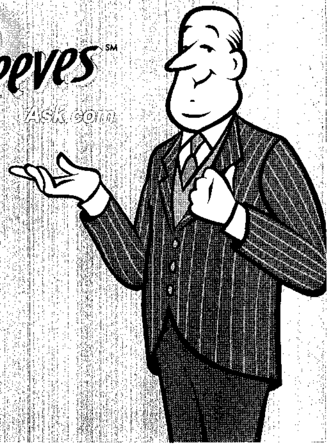

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